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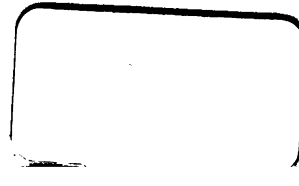

MEMOIR

OF

REV. BELA JACOBS, A. M.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM HIS

LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

By his Daughter.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER,

BY

BARNAS SEARS,

PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.

"Bereaved, yet bowing to our lot,
Our onward path we tread;
While mournfully we gather up
The mantles of the dead."

BOSTON:
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN.
No. 59 Washington Street,
1837.

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PREFACE.

THE records of a good man's life are generally short and simple. The incidents in his history are few, and, except to those who loved him, without interest. It was not otherwise with the subject of the following pages. His story might almost be written in the form used in Scripture. "And he lived fifty years, and he died." Yet as we believe that he did not live and die in vain, and as to some hearts, a selection from the papers of their friend and minister, will afford satisfaction, the selection has been made; and this little volume is now offered to them, in the hope that it may have an influence—as had the living presence of the departed, to comfort and to cheer.

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CHAPTER I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE—CONVERSION—PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY—LETTER FROM MR. PHIPPEN.

Bela Jacobs was born in 1786, in the town of Dighton, Mass. Concerning his early years, but little can now be ascertained. He has left no papers which record the circumstances of his childhood, and no relatives, from whom any information can be obtained. He was the youngest of his father's family, which consisted of nine children, none of whom are now living. The most that can be related of this period of his life, was gathered from himself in the unreserve of domestic intercourse, when he told stories round the winter's hearth. His father removed to Newport, R.I., before his remembrance. His mother was, for many years previous to her death, insane; so much so, as to need personal restraint. The only recollection of herself, she left her son, was that of just escaping a fork, which, while under the influence of this dreadful disease, she threw at his head. She must have died while he was very young, as he was at this time but "a little higher than the table,"

and never afterwards saw her. His father was a serious man of few words, much respected by his family; he died at sea of yellow fever, when his youngest son was not far from fourteen years of age.

Previous to the father's death, the sons had all been settled to some employment. Most of them had chosen the sea. One was in the shop of an apothecary in Warren; and the subject of this memoir had been placed as an apprentice to the business of rope-making. Disliking his employment, not pleased with his employer, and fascinated with the sea, he ran away from home, and requested a place as cabin-boy, in a vessel then ready to sail. The captain agreed to take him; "that is," added he, "if you are not a run-away apprentice." The youth, with the ingenuousness he always possessed, replied that he was, and consequently lost the place. Whether he was detected by his father in this attempt, or whether he despaired of success, he relinquished his design, and from this time labored steadily at his trade; working extra hours to furnish himself with the means of attending an evening school. As it fell to his lot, to be the hewer of wood and drawer of water to his master's family, this part of his duty was performed at times taken from his repose, and from his meals, that nothing might prevent his acquiring some knowledge of writing and arithmetic, to which attainments his ambition was at this time confined. Immediately on his father's death, he bound up his few clothes, and fewer books, and set out alone and unfriended, to go he knew

not whither. After walking till he was quite fatigued, he sat down on a stone, and wept bitterly; he thought of other boys, who had parents to care for them, and friends, while he, houseless and forlorn, was destitute of all. At length, his mind settled on one object, a little less dark than the rest. He had a brother in Warren, and he resolved to seek him; he arose from his stone, and walked rapidly forward, till he entered Warren; he did not there find his brother, but he found a friend in the benevolent apothecary of that town, Dr. Nathan Burr. For that gentleman and his family, Mr. Jacobs ever cherished the most grateful affection. The following extracts are from a letter written to the compiler of these papers, by a daughter of Dr. Burr. Between this lady and Mr. Jacobs, there subsisted a warm and uninterrupted friendship. After Miss Burr married, she was only occasionally resident in this country, and Mr. Jacobs rarely saw her; she was, however, affectionately remembered by him, and, "I hope sister Betsey is not at sea in this storm," was with him a never-failing accompaniment to a high wind.

"I think that my lamented friend, your father, came to Warren, when about the age of fourteen, from Newport, where he was an apprentice to a Mr. Cahoone. Mr. C. died, and the indentures binding your father to the wife, he remained at the walk, in care of the foreman, by whom he was sadly abused. This ill treatment preyed on his health and spirits, and determined him to seek for a friend. He knew his brother Justin Allen had served an apprenticeship in Warren, but his

ideas of his situation there, seemed very imperfect. He reached Warren, fatigued, hungry, and almost pennyless; and, after looking about with intense anxiety for his brother, he went into a barber's shop, where he saw cake and beer for sale; after eating a little, he rather loitered, which attracted the attention of the barber, who was a respectable colored man, and quite inquisitive. Suffice it to say, he drew from the boy his tale of wo, and then strongly insisted that he should accompany him to the house of my father, and make known who he was, assuring him of a welcome reception at the Doctor's, (as Prince would say.) Prince also told him that his brother was absent at sea, which was a deep wound to his heart, as he could not conceive of receiving kindness and care from his brother's master, having been so unkindly treated by his own.

"My parents received him with kindness and pity, and told him to remain with them until his brother's return, which, I think, would be in a few weeks. His great anxiety of mind brought on a fever during the night, and I perfectly remember that both my parents were up with him. (My mother's very delicate health made this so unusual, that I recollect it particularly.) He remained sick three or four weeks. After his recovery, and his brother's return, matters were adjusted with his mistress, my father was appointed his guardian, and he was again apprenticed to Mr. William Barton, of Somerset. When he was sixteen, I think, both master and apprentice were brought to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus!"

Mr. Jacobs was nearly seventeen, when his attention was first directed to the subject of religion. He had previously been in some danger of becoming a wild young man. Possessing naturally a fine flow of spirits, and easy, social manners, telling a story well, and singing a song finely, his society was much courted by the idler and gayer part of his associates. He had to some extent become profane, and perhaps the honorable, generous, and noble feelings he possessed, would not have afforded him strength sufficient to resist the temptations besetting him, had not the Lord in his mercy been pleased to impart the higher, holier influences of his Spirit.

Mr. Jacobs was for some time rather fearful, lest by becoming religious, he should forfeit the favor and assistance of his brother, "his sole remaining helper." While hesitating under the influence of this fear, he chanced to attend an evening meeting, whose results on his feelings were important. The meeting was held in a private house, and he, going early, placed himself in an entry, out of sight, as he supposed. He was however pressed forward by the crowd, and by the time service commenced, he found himself directly opposite the minister, who announced as his text, the words, "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The event proved that his fears were groundless. On the avowal of his feelings with regard to religious truth, his brother, now Captain Jacobs, expressed pleasure in the change, since, as he said, "religion was the very thing to make a

steady fellow of Bela." He was baptized in Somerset, by the Rev. Joshua Bradley, whose church in Newport he joined.

He still remained with Mr. Barton at the rope-walk, where he might have been seen day after day, working with some school-book always in his bosom, ready for use at any leisure moment. In this way he mastered some of the elementary branches of an English education. He applied himself also to the study of sacred music, in which he made considerable proficiency.

About this time he went to Boston, Mass., for the purpose of claiming some property belonging to him as heir to a deceased brother. While in Boston he summoned courage to call on Dr. Baldwin, as he was, to use his own words, "possessed with a keen desire to see a man of whom he had heard so much." The Dr. received his bashful visiter with his characteristic kindness; and when he took leave, invited him to call whenever he was in Boston.

Mr. Jacobs in after life frequently spoke of the pleasant, cheerful smile with which he was received by the *great man* whose house he had entered, and whose benevolent politeness was so grateful to the feelings of the uneducated but sensitive boy.

I return to the letter of Mrs. C. "Your father remained with Mr. Barton some time, perhaps a year, when Mr. B— relinquishing the business, gave up his indentures, and he came home to Warren, to decide on his future course. He daily felt the want of education, and earnestly desired to earn the means of obtaining it. He was thought competent by Mr. Barton, to

e charge of a rope-walk, and about this time had an offer to that effect from Boston. But, fore he was ready, the walk took fire and was nsumed. While in Warren he worked for a w days in assisting to make a cable; he here ceived a wound on his head, from which he ffered much; he was obliged to be cupped d bled, and was unable to work for several eeks. After getting well again, he sought for journey-work at Bristol, four miles from us, and rought with great diligence, often making seven days per week, and invariably getting up to our house on Saturday nights before tea, and spending the Sabbath with us; and I recollect it was often made convenient to send him down in a chaise on Monday mornings. After leaving Bristol, he again made our house his home, attending the school of Samuel Randall, Esq. I think he was there six months; he then went to the Rev. William Williams, in Wrentham. This was in the year 1807.

"His brother Justin Allen wished to assist him in pecuniary means, but this hope was also frustrated, as he was, we suppose, lost at sea. I have a few letters written by your father to mine, which I send you."

Wrentham, August, 1807.

Kindest of Friends,—I cannot let this opportunity slip, although I have nothing to write worth your attention. Nothing to write? There is enough. Jesus and his grace are inexhaustible subjects, if I knew how to write on them. The soul that has had a discovery of the beauty

of Jesus, can truly say, He is altogether lovely; while to those who know him not, he is without form or comeliness. While the latter are disgusted at the praise of Jesus, the former enjoy unspeakable delight in meditating on the fulness of his grace. I am sometimes permitted to take a peep at the glory of his love, and then I am refreshed; but I wander much, very much from him, and love that distance but too well. Unruly cares seize my mind, such as "what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and with what shall I be clothed?" an anxiety for the future, how I shall live, what I shall do, and how I shall do it. Sometimes I think that I will crawl into some rope-walk and spend my life. This is part of the dark side in my feelings. Sometimes I am brought to be in a measure reconciled to God, and then I trust the promise that saith "Verily ye shall be fed," and give myself wholly to the Lord, and pray to be made useful in the world. This I have received as part of my creed, that nothing but an humble dependence on God can make me happy, and that can; but it is hard to reduce my creed to practice.

October 19th, 1807.

Dear Brother,—I received your letter this evening, and the melancholy news that she whom you justly loved so well, and whom all who knew her prized, is now no more. The news was to me very solemn: I feel that by this stroke of death, I have lost an invaluable friend, and so have you and your dear family; but let us remember that he who holds the reins of

government in his hands doeth right. Let us, dear brother, look forward with joyful anticipation to the period when we shall join her who has passed over the Jordan, and has gained the peaceful shore to go no more out. I trust that we are on the road.

The foregoing was written on hearing of the death of Mrs. Lydia Burr.

October 25th, 1807.

Respected Brother,—Through the mercy of our God, I am still spared and in good health, for which I hope I am thankful. We are extremely prone to overlook the common mercies of God, and to neglect giving him praise for kindness bestowed daily. I am, as I suppose you and other Christians are, sometimes in the enjoyment of the smiles of Heaven, and sometimes, through my disobedience, I walk in darkness. I frequently make a short excursion into the neighboring towns; I was yesterday in Bellingham, where I heard Mr. Robinson, of Harvard, who is a good preacher and an agreeable man. I have also visited Mr. Reed, of Attleborough, and I intend at some convenient time to give Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, a call, and Mr. Fisk. Thus I try all things, I hope I shall hold fast the good.

Nov. 26th, 1807.

Dear Friend and Brother,—The good Lord is pleased to continue to me the inestimable blessing of health, together with some desire to

serve him, which is better than health. You will receive my cordial thanks for the line you sent me, with your other favors.

I am sorry to learn, by Br. M—, the backwardness of your people to attend the worship of Almighty God. It is not to be expected that the people of the world will always attend, but for Christians to forsake the assembling of themselves together, is not only repugnant to the scriptures of divine truth, but to the spirit they have received. I am persuaded that you feel some of the load of Zion, and see how she mourns that so few come to her solemn feasts. I hope you are enabled to keep the buyers and sellers out of your heart, and have that placed where true riches are.

I should write to some other friends in Warren if I had time and matter, but as there are some bright geniuses in my class, and as I am myself a dull scholar, I have to study pretty closely. We finish Virgil this week, and enter Cicero the next. I find the Greek to be as crooked as it looks; but they say it comes butt end foremost.

I hope you enjoy the smiles of our Divine Master. In your devotions remember me, and beseech with me the Lord, that in the pursuit of information I may not forget that wisdom which cometh from above.

Hoping, for the benefit of my studies, not to have any occasion for seeing you before spring, I am yours, &c. B. JACOBS.

It was during Mr. Jacobs' residence in Wrentham, that he first suffered from asthma, which

was in him not hereditary, but the result of a sudden and violent cold. He always preserved a grateful remembrance of the kindness shown him by the family of Mr. Williams. during the frequent attacks of this disease, which he experienced while there.

Extract from a letter lately received, from the Rev. Mr. Phippen, of Canton, Connecticut.

"I have busied myself this morning, in looking over my journal, while at Mr. Williams' and consulting other dates, for reminiscences of my much-esteemed friend and brother, and your beloved and very affectionate father. Allow me to say, I rejoice you have it in contemplation, to publish a little book—the memoirs of him who was so dear to you all—the daughter's tribute of affection. 'Tis well so to do; may Heaven smile upon your labor of love—'The memory of the just is blessed.'

"I hasten to answer your inquiries, in the order in which they stand in your first letter.

"Your father commenced study at Rev. Mr. Williams' private academy, in Wrentham, at the beginning of the summer or fall term, in 1807, and remained there, either a year or fifteen months. I cannot be positive on these points, as there is a deficiency in my journal about that time. My impression is, however, he commenced with the summer term, and remained there about fifteen months.

"He held a very respectable rank among his fellow-students: if my memory serves me, your father and myself were in the same class, in

most, if not in all our studies. He commenced with the English—went through Virgil and Cicero, in Latin, and the Evangelists, and the Acts of the Apostles, in Greek. At the time he left, he was well fitted to enter college. Four of us entered Providence college, that fall, from Mr. Williams', and we deeply regretted that brother Jacobs could not enter with us, as duty called him another way.

"As to your father's distinguishing characteristics, I would say—he was thoughtful without abstraction, cheerful without levity, scrupulously conscientious without bigotry or superstition—affable, frank, and generous. Many a time in our walks, he has referred to his boyhood—the scenes of early adversity, his struggles with poverty, and ignorance, his diagrams and arithmetical calculations, performed with a stick on the sand; his book under his arm, or placed in a spot to be seized at any moment, as he passed and repassed in the rope-walk, when in early life, he earned his bread; but of these, he has doubtless told his children time and again. They are the stories with which you yourself perhaps were amused in prattling infancy, or instructed in riper years. And I mention them for one object only, to show that your father possessed a noble spirit, a spirit to rise superior to the adverse circumstances which surrounded him in the morning of life.

"At the academy, I was the youngest professor of religion; much of the time, your father was my room-mate and bed-fellow. We were on terms of the closest intimacy, and friendship. As he

was several years my senior, I was in the habit of looking to him for advice and council, and cherished the utmost confidence in his disinterestedness and solid piety.

"We were four in number—Baptist professors, and all looking to the ministry of Jesus Christ, as our calling for life. We felt bound to watch over each other, and pray for each other, and we adopted several plans to promote the spirit of true piety among ourselves, into all of which your dear father heartily entered. Indeed he was always forward to aid, in every way, our spiritual prosperity.

"I find, in my journal, the copy of an agreement, into which those whose names are annexed, severally entered, for the purposes therein specified. It will, I presume, be interesting to you to have it, as the original, if I remember right, was written by your father, and afterwards submitted to those concerned, to make such alterations as they might think proper. And furthermore, when you are informed that we endeavored to live up to this agreement, you will have an answer to the character of his piety —his employment out of study hours, &c.

Wrentham, March, 1808.

"'We, whose names are undersigned, being brethren in the common cause of religion, and proposing to live some time together, for our mutual benefit and furtherance in the gospel, do solemnly, and in the presence of God, enter into this covenant among ourselves, viz. that we will endeavor to live more agreeable to our profession in future—to accomplish which we will

watch over each other in Christian charity, more faithfully than we have done; and for a help to our minds, and as a means to keep our minds upon the solemn duties of our high calling, we agree to meet among ourselves weekly, on Saturday evening, if there be no lawful impediment; that this time shall be entirely spent in religious duties—that the meeting shall be opened and closed by prayers—that the intervals shall be taken up in religious conversations, instruction, reproof, exhortation and praise; that in these meetings there shall be no warm disputes, but all shall be done for mutual benefit, in Christian candor, love and unity. And for the further improvement of our minds, in Literature and Theology, we agree that two of us shall, in the course of the week, write a piece of composition, on some religious subject, of our own choice, and present it at the weekly meeting for inspection. And further, as exercise is necessary for the refreshment of our bodies, as well as the relaxation of our minds, we agree to take a walk together every afternoon after recitation, if the weather will permit, and that in these walks, our conversation shall be confined to religious or useful subjects. These things we agree to, with what alterations and additions from time to time may be thought proper to be made.

BELA JACOBS.
ISRAEL ALGER.
DANIEL CHESSMAN.
GEORGE PHIPPEN.'

" Your father was occasionally the subject of depressed feelings, but he rarely spoke of them.

His piety was a happy mixture of principle and feeling, which showed itself in subdued passions, in love to God and the souls of men, and in making efforts to live for usefulness and heaven.

"At the time we entered into the above agreement, we were in the habit of rising at day-dawn and taking a long walk; towards night, we took another long walk of an hour. The time was occupied in conversing on texts of scripture, and some thesis previously propounded. These were profitable seasons, and no one was more interested in them than your father.

"We held meetings on Lord's-day evenings, and very frequently on week-day evenings, some two or four miles distant from our residence. Perhaps I more constantly attended those meetings than any other brother, and your father more frequently than any other one accompanied me. Many a precious season have we enjoyed together, not only in the little congregation of the saints, but by the way-side, or as we pursued our course over the meadows. We always walked, and almost always returned home after meeting. Memory loves to dwell upon those bygone days; but ah! they are gone forever.

"During the summer of 1808, your father often preached: I have frequent records of his preaching in different places; sometimes for Mr. Williams, and at others in different sections of the town; with the record, I have also the chapter and verse from which he spoke.

"I believe I have answered all your inquiries, whether satisfactorily I must leave, but I can assure you most cheerfully, I have been abundant-

ly rewarded for the little toil I have bestowed, in the chastening influence the calling up of by-gone scenes has produced upon my own spirit, and in trying to do a little to embalm the memory of a dear departed friend."

Soon after leaving Wrentham, Mr. Jacobs received from an English gentleman of large fortune, residing on Rhode Island, the offer of a collegiate education. Though deeply grateful for the kindness, he saw fit to decline availing himself of it. He had left Mr. Williams' with impaired health, and he felt anxious to enter on the duties of the ministry. The people of Somerset, where he had first commenced a religious life, were very solicitous that he should spend a year in preaching to them. For these reasons he relinquished his design of entering the college at Providence.

CHAPTER II.

RESIDENCE IN SOMERSET—PRIVATE JOURNAL—HE TEACHES A SCHOOL.

AMONG Mr. Jacobs' private papers, the earliest bears this date, "Somerset, October 1st, 1808. Saturday. Left Warren this morning for this place, in order to stay a little while and preach; but, alas! how insufficient am I for the work; my only strength is the help of the Lord. There is here a small Baptist church of about forty members, but they are mostly females, and poor. There are some Methodists in town, and many who care nothing about the worship of God, so that my prospects are small. But if the Lord will bless my labors to the comfort and benefit of his people, and to the teaching sinners his name, my purposes will be answered; for this I pray."

I find the following resolutions with regard to the employment of his time.

"I intend daily to take my walks in the fields, to meditate and pray. May I be enabled to enjoy communion with Heaven. The rest of the morning I will devote to study. I must keep up

the constant practice of reading a chapter in Greek. May the Lord give me understanding to know his word.

"*Tuesday, October 4th.*— Spent the forenoon in study. I have begun to teach souls—but my instructions will have but little weight, unless my life corresponds with my preaching; how then ought I ever to feel that I am accountable to God, that God who sees the hearts as well as the lives of his children.

"This afternoon took a sail with a number of my friends I regret that I lost my ramble in the fields to-day; had the pleasure of taking tea at ——, where I had some religious conversation with a gentleman from N. Hampshire. He is a Congregationalist; his wife a Free-will Baptist; he appears to be an understanding believer, she an humble Christian.

"*Wednesday, 5th.*—Spent the evening at home with a number of the female members of the church in conversation and reading; had a lovely time in prayer before we parted.

"*Thursday, 6th.*—Our church meeting; some difficulty between the brethren had not been taken up aright, which led me to explain to them briefly, the discipline of the church. There is, too, some uneasiness about politics, which induced me to talk a little on the duty of Christians to subject themselves to the higher powers, and to walk circumspectly before all men. Oh! if we had more love for our Master and for our brethren, all animosity would be destroyed, and we should walk in peace and union. I have felt to-day something of the greatness of the

work of preaching the everlasting gospel. I am much tried about it: shall I always feel as I do now? wading through darkness and sorrow? Those are happy who can follow their secular calling, and who are not impressed with the idea that it is their duty to preach. Lord, if thou hast called me unto this work, shine upon me, and enlighten my mind, and prepare me for usefulness.

"*Wednesday, October 12th.*—I dreamed last night of catching a vast quantity of fish, and of climbing very high. Though I put very little confidence in dreams, I will interpret these; first, the Lord will make me a fisher of men! may many be enclosed in the gospel net in this place and elsewhere; secondly, I should pray that I may not become high-minded, but fear—that I may not rise in my own esteem, but rather grow humble.

"*Friday, 14th.*—Was called this morning to visit a woman dying of consumption. I found her apparently unacquainted with her situation, yet she said she was resigned to death, and weaned from this world: she thinks sickness and pain have made her reconciled to die, and says she has always trusted in the Lord. I endeavored to talk plainly with her, and to lay before her the necessity of being born again. I prayed with her and left. The Lord have mercy on her.

"In the evening, crossed the river to attend a meeting in Freetown; spoke from Mark i. 15. 'Repent ye and believe the gospel.' As these people are in Smith's connexion, I tried to be

particular on one or two points in proclaiming to them the gospel; viz., the divinity of the Savior and the eternal punishment of the impenitent. Several of the young converts spoke afterwards, and on the whole we had a good meeting. We experienced much difficulty in returning, as it was low tide, and the boats all aground. We did not accomplish it till near midnight. I feel greatly for those young converts, and pray that they may be led into truth, and saved from errors that are prevailing.

"*Saturday*, 15*th*.—Again visited the sick woman spoken of yesterday. I found her very ill, and barely capable of speaking. There appears to be no alteration in her views.

"*Evening*.—She is dead; no change of feeling was perceived in her to the last."

On this evening Mr. Jacobs walked to Warren, and the next morning to Swanzey, to preach. The fatigue, added to the exertions of the Friday evening previous, induced a severe attack of asthma. The first day he was able to write, he makes this remark: "This is truly discouraging, yet God is good, and those who trust in him will find him so, to their abundant joy."

"*Friday, October* 28*th*.—We were warned this morning of the approach of winter by a flurry of snow and a cold wind, while my heart feels cold as the weather is. Oh! that I may be warmed by the sweet influences of the Spirit of God. I am quite feeble too in body—am oppressed with a weakness of the stomach, very disagreeable to a speaker; still would I say, 'the will of God be done.'

"*Sunday, November 6th.*—I hope I shall never again have the unhappiness to pass a Saturday-night like the last. There was below my room a frolic, on the occasion of choosing officers in the militia; they were drinking, shouting, singing, swearing, and fighting all night. I had but very little rest; a poor preparation for preaching to-day."

At this time he decided to commence teaching. It is pleasant to observe the self-diffidence with which he contemplated it: he says, "I have an idea of taking a school; but my abilities are so small, that I shrink at the thought. One thing is, I am quite a poor writer, I never expect to be a good one; and then there are other things."

Thanksgiving-day in Rhode Island, was spent in Newport with his friends in that place. The next day he writes,—

"*November 25th.*—Catherine's day; the rope-maker's holiday throughout the world. Not much mirth in the United States to-day, I presume, on account of the embargo. What reason have I to be thankful to God for his goodness to me, in redeeming me from the influence of these vanities.

"*Thursday, December 1st.*—Thanksgiving-day in this commonwealth. At our meeting I did not follow the somewhat general practice of discoursing on the politics of the day, but tried to exhibit to my hearers the duty of giving thanks to God. I hope it will not be all in vain, but prove of use to some soul. With what depth of humility should Christians confess their sins

unto God, and pray that he would lead them to himself, the fountain of all good."

Saturday, December 3d.—In view of the duties of the next day, he writes, "I have nothing more to say unto this people, and still I *must* preach."

This depression of spirits seems to have been very common with him at this time, as almost every week he uses such expressions as these—"What shall I say to this people?" "Ah! my Saturdays are days of labor and trial," and on one occasion he writes, "Preaching, alas! is become a task: what would God have me to do! Oh! may I walk uprightly."

"*Tuesday, December 6th.*—Opened school, and a task I had of it; the business is entirely new to me, and the children unruly.

"*December 7th.*—This school weighs down my spirits, but I hope that when I become more acquainted with the employment, I shall like it better; at least, if it is not so, I shall be unhappy indeed, for it occupies all my mind. The boys are very unruly, and keep me all the time talking and whipping; well, I shall conquer them bye and bye.

"*December 12th.*—I begin to be a little more reconciled to my new duties, but find it hard work to govern my school. I hope I am not so dull and obstinate to my teacher as are my scholars to me, but yet how little do I learn. Mr. B—— called on me to-day; the bare sight of this friend is refreshing

"*December 16.*—Would I had more ardent desires to learn of the best of masters, of him

who taught as never man taught, his enemies being judges. Was obliged to whip four of my largest boys for mischief done in the school-room during my absence. The mothers all belong to the church, and are very angry about it, thinking me in the wrong. I am inclined to wish I had never taken tho school, as I believe a minister has enough, and more than enough to do, without teaching; and he gets into difficulties, too, especially in a place like this, where the children have so long had their own way, and where the parents uphold them in all they do.

"*December* 17.—'Errare est humanum,' is a saying, the truth of which I experience every day. I had not trouble enough from yesterday's scrape—but I must run into another. Our state legislature, or rather two branches of it, have chosen the electors for President, which is not only different from the usual custom, but, as I think, unconstitutional. A number of individuals drew up a remonstance, which I signed, and this has disaffected the minds of some towards me. I should not meddle with politics in any shape; I hope this will teach me wisdom. This has been a sorrowful day to me. Oh! if to-morrow were not Sunday! Father in heaven do thou smile on me, if others frown; thy friendship is better than life.

"*Sunday morning.*—I feel wretchedly, my mind harassed and dark. I must go preach to the people, though it seems to me as if I could as readily fly. Only God can help me; hope thou, my soul, in Him.

"*Evening.*—The event has proved better than

my fears; for I spoke with as much, perhaps with more freedom than ever; but, as Bunyan says, 'the trial was put on directly," and never did I feel more inclined to despond. Did not appoint a meeting for this evening. Some of my friends called to comfort me; but it was in vain. I fear I shall never take any more comfort in this place.

"*December* 19.—In school all day. Spent the evening in reading Greek and Cowper's Task, which best suits my present state of feeling.

"*December* 20.—I may say of to-day as of yesterday; sickness is still with me in body and mind. Spent the evening at home, where I think my future evenings will be passed. I wish to see no one. My strength fails in this day of trial. The body of —— who was drowned on Sunday evening, has been found to-day. Death, there is a power stronger than thine, and fearful as thou art, thou shalt be overcome.

"*December* 22.—Stormy all day. Have done but little, and feel as if I could say nothing to-morrow. One of the sisters, who was grieved at my whipping her child, came to see me about it. She did not talk altogether as she ought, but I hope it will all be right at last. I must leave this place, if I am always to feel so here.

"*December, Tuesday*, 29.—Nothing new, save the mercies of God, which are ever new. My school duties do not allow me to think of any thing else. It will not do for me."

What were the petty trials and discouragements of Mr. Jacobs' situation at this time, he

has not recorded minutely; they probably arose from the narrow prejudices of the people around him, most of whom, though well meaning, were ignorant and bigoted; and from his own sensitiveness, which was, at this period of his life, extreme. The *sisters* of his church seem to have presumed on his youth, and inexperience; as I find mention of one who called, with the appearance of having been deeply aggrieved, to complain that the minister studied one very wicked book. On his requesting to be informed what it was, she replied that she did not know the name, but it was something about dealing with evil spirits. The volume to which she had reference was shown her, "Watts' Treatise on Logic," and its character explained; but though somewhat relieved, the good woman could not be made perfectly to understand the distinction between *Logic* and *Magic*.

The subject of this memoir had trials of another sort to encounter. His sister at Newport, the only remaining member of his family, was, at this time, struggling with poverty and sickness, and he was unable to afford the assistance she needed. On receiving a letter from her, he says "My heart bleeds for my poor sister, but I am utterly unable to help her; I can only commend her to the Lord."

In a day or two he received a letter from some unknown friend in Warren, R. I., enclosing ten dollars. We have good reason to believe that this seasonable donation was appropriated to the wants of his sister. On the Tuesday following, he writes in Newport.

"*January* 24, 1809. — My sister is better than I had feared. What cause for thankfulness." Under the same date he says, "It is very difficult for me to introduce religious conversation when in company with those who are averse to it. Oh Lord, seal my lips to vain communications, and open my mouth in wisdom.

"*Thursday, January* 26.—Endeavored to preach this evening from 1 Corinthians, i. 30. After meeting, had a pleasant interview with S——. Oh that the Lord would direct us aright, and if consistent with his will, open the way for our mutual happiness."

Having finished his engagement in the public school on Monday, January 30, Mr. Jacobs began taking private pupils. He seems to have been happier than before, but still expresses his opinion that a preacher of the gospel should "give himself *wholly* to the work." In all his after life, he constantly advocated the principle, that no secular pursuit should be allowed to occupy the time or thoughts of a minister. His own experience confirmed the truth, of what observation had taught him; that "the duties of a pastor were amply sufficient to fill the heart and the hands of any man."

"*Wednesday, February* 1.—The months roll round, but so little do I improve, or rather so much do I misimprove my time, that it turns to but little account. Still how plain is the lesson read to me by daily experience; the wickedness of my own heart, and the unchanging love of my heavenly Father.

"*February* 2.—A letter, and a present of ci-

gars, from my much-esteemed brother, B. C. Grafton." Of Mr. Grafton and Mr. Phippen, mention is very frequently made in Mr. Jacobs' papers; the attachment formed years before, continued throughout after life; and, in the case of Mr. Grafton, was accompanied by frequent intercourse, till death separated them. The other friends whose names most frequently occur, were Mr. Barton and Dr. Burr, of Warren.

"*Saturday, February* 4.—Have been invited to settle at ——. I pray for more and more humility, that the favorable notice of others may not affect me. Preached last night about a mile from home; the good sleighing drew out a large number. My subject was, 'All things are ready, come unto the marriage.' I feel as if it will not be in vain, but that the Lord will bless the humble effort. There were present two young lads of twelve years, who have seemed very thoughtful.

"*February* 9.—My twenty-third birth-day. Almost six years of that time, I have professed to live for the service of God; but alas! how little has my life corresponded with my profession. I have kept a diary most of the time for these three years past, and therein have recorded little else than coldness, wanderings, and disobedience on my part, and numberless undeserved mercies and blessings from God to me. Wrote to Newport, and devoted the rest of the evening to conversing with a number of my female acquaintances on religious subjects.

"*Sunday, February* 12.—Had been much distressed for several days, in the prospect of

preaching to-day at Dighton; set off yesterday, but was obliged to return on account of the violence of the storm. It was so excessively cold this morning, that my breath froze on my muffler. Had a considerable congregation, and did not feel so badly as I had feared. After meeting rode home, and had the pleasure of hearing Elder Sawyer in the evening. These people are certainly more attentive and serious than they were. Oh! that I may feel more for them, and be enabled to watch over them, with more fidelity and love.

"*Wednesday, February* 15.—The goodness of God still demands my praise for continuing me on his footstool day after day, and for blessing me with such unwearied kindness. Should it not create in me shame for my ingratitude? How should I ever remember that the mercies of God are to lead us to repentance; and, that 'few returns of love, hath my Redeemer found.' Had we more piety, we should no longer see such indifference to the solemn truths of religion exhibited by those around us: but the hands of our faith are withered; yet speak but the word, oh! our Savior, and we will stretch them out whole.

"*Warren, Wednesday, February* 22.—Came here to attend the anniversary of the Philanthropic Society, before which Mr. Randall delivered an address on Charity. This church have requested me to spend a few months with them. I am at a loss what to do.

"*Somerset, March* 1.—Church meeting. I have felt greatly tried respecting my leaving this peo-

ple: talked to my friends about it; they wish me to remain; I am undecided still. Heard a good sermon last evening from Mr. ——. He is a kind of half-way Methodist and Baptist; but, what is worth every thing else, he is a good man.

"*Saturday, March 4th.*—I should do well enough if I were willing to trust in the Lord, and be even a fool for Christ's sake; but my pride makes me fearful lest I shall not answer the people's expectations. I must seek to please, not man who heareth with the ear, but God who seeth the inmost heart."

One source of regret to Mr. Jacobs, was his inability to obtain suitable books; he speaks of his improvement being retarded, and his comfort diminished by the want of information, which he had no means of obtaining. Hill's Village Dialogues fell into his hands during this month; he speaks of it as quite an acquisition to his library, and mentions "reading it aloud in the family by way of preventing trifling conversation, and hoping its contents might impress on those who heard it, the necessity of a godly life."

"*March 10th.*—Our Savior taught his followers to pray for daily bread; that is, for every thing needful to supply the wants of both soul and body. What an inestimable privilege for the future. I hope to be more disposed to avail myself of it. It is not that I pass any day without prayer; but I do not pour out my whole soul before God, as a child asking from a father. I do not wrestle in prayer for a spiritual blessing,

as Jacob did. I resolve to give myself more to reading, meditation, and prayer.

"*Saturday*, 11*th*.—Notwithstanding my feelings yesterday, I am still the same. Are no motives strong enough to make a Christian live near the Lord?

"*Tuesday*, 14*th*.—Politics are the principal theme here now; parties are all the while contending, and the more weighty concerns of the soul are overlooked. How long will it be ere men are wise? May I be kept from again intermeddling.

"*Saturday*, 16*th*.—

> 'Awake my soul and soar above,
> Say, is not heaven worth thy love?'

Had company most of the day, not very pleasant to me; it is better to be alone on Saturdays. Received some papers and a letter from my dear friend, Dr. Burr. I think I desire to realize more what a Christian, and especially a Christian minister ought to be, and evermore would I pray, Lord, make me successful in thy service.

"*March* 24*th*.—Held a meeting this evening for the church, who are to receive the communion next Lord's day, the first time for a year. May a spirit of truth prepare us all for the solemn service. I am to exchange with Br. Bentley, of Tiverton.

"*Saturday*, *April* 1*st*.—A visit from Br. Barton. I feel quite unprepared for the duties of to-morrow. Death has been near us to day: one of our number, a child of about eighteen months, has bidden adieu to earth and time.

"*Sunday*, *April* 2*d*.—Felt this morning utter-

ly inadequate to the duties of the day. I was so affected in the morning at the low state of religion here, and at the vast consequences resulting from having the word of life faithfully or unfaithfully dispensed, that I could do little but weep. I tried, however, to speak from Rev. i. 7; 'Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they that pierced him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.'

"*Saturday, April 8th.*—Went to Warren on Tuesday, on some business; preached there in the evening, and was detained by the weather until now. I have great satisfaction in reading the Memoirs of Pearce, of Birmingham, Eng. I do not know in modern times a pattern I wish more to follow."

Mr. Jacobs always preserved his love for this book, and his admiration of the character of Pearce; he called him "the Lovely Pearce."

"On my return from Warren, I found a letter from S. ——: this was pleasant, and oh! it is truly delightful, after a few days absence, to sit down in my own little room to study the word of God. Oh! that the Spirit of the Heavenly One would fill my mind with truth, that I may come to this dear people to-morrow in the fulness of the gospel of peace; that my teachings may be more like those of my Savior.

"*Sunday, April 9th.*—Morning, 9 o'clock. Have just risen from my knees where I enjoyed a sweet season in prayer. Oh Lord, my Redeemer, I desire to thank thy holy name for all thy blessings, and none do I esteem so much as the light of thy countenance. Thou hast this

morning favored me. Oh! be with me through the day, and help thy people here to worship thee in spirit and in truth.

"*Noon.*—Preached this morning from that sweet text, 'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.' I feel, Lord, that I can put unbounded confidence in thee; strengthen me, and enable me now to dedicate a half hour to prayer and meditation.

"*Evening.*—Read and expounded the first ten verses of the 19th chapter of Luke. Several appeared to feel deeply. May it not be as the morning cloud and early dew, soon to pass away.

"*Monday, April 10th.*—Rose earlier than usual this morning, and, after beginning the day with God in joyful prayer, I commenced a closer study of the Bible; have begun reading it at three different places—Genesis, Psalms, Matthew. I need to pray for understanding in all things. After devoting an hour to Greek, I went into school, but I feel as if the weeks would not roll away swiftly enough, before I finish this term. I have tried to like the employment of teaching, but cannot."

Mr. Jacobs ever after continued the method of reading the Scriptures commenced at this time, making one entire perusal in each year. I can remember his telling me some years since, that he had then read it in this manner twenty times at his private devotions.

"*Tuesday 11th.*—Took tea at ——, the conversation was not such as it should have been, though I tried to direct it better; the evening we devoted to prayer. How sweet to seek our

Savior's face. May my soul *dwell* in the pleasing work. And now to thy hands, my Lord and my Redeemer, I commit myself body and soul Keep thou me, and I shall be safe.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—My mind has been like an April day; now a black cloud comes over, and all is dark; and now the sun breaks through, and all is beautiful and fair. Attended a prayer-meeting this evening; not many out, nor much said; but some appeared solemnly impressed with the importanee of religion; oh, that the Lord would lead them to the rock that is higher than they. My earnest prayer is, that my labors may be blessed to the benefit of some souls in this place; but though my devout petition should ever be, Let thy kingdom come in this place, may I never cease to add yet, Lord, 'thy will be done.'

"*Friday*, 14*th*.—What pleasing thoughts, what delightful anticipations are called up by that promise of a 'crown of glory that fadeth not away.' A crown—a crown of glory that shall never fade. My friends complain that I study too much, but I know that I have great need of study; may I be enabled to make every thing subservient to the cause of truth. Spent the evening with the —— family; the conversation turned on religious subjects, and we had a pleasant time in prayer; may the visit do us all good.

"*Saturday*, 15*th*.—Wrote to S. this morning, felt happy in speaking of the goodness of God to me, and in recommending to her and to myself, a closer walk with God.

"*April* 20*th*.—How much I need to consider

the words of David, 'So teach me to remember my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.' At our meeting this evening, a great number were present, and deep solemnity seemed to rest on the minds of all. I felt much engaged in recommending the delightful religion of Jesus, while the people appeared unwilling to go away, nor did they leave till nearly ten. May their souls be blessed with the light of truth from heaven.

"*April* 21.—Spent the evening in conversation with Mr. W., the Methodist preacher, on doctrinal points. We confined ourselves to two only; election, and the perseverance of the saints. After praying with each other, we separated. Oh Lord, lead both of us in the way *thou* wouldst have us to go.

"*Sunday, April* 23.—I feel more and more my insufficiency for the work I have taken upon me. I felt very much depressed this morning—I tried to pray, but could not feel as I ought, and as I wished to do. Went to meeting, suffering under darkness of mind; there were but few out. I endeavored to show what is implied in 'worshipping God,' but I fear I spoke in vain. In the afternoon my text was, 'It shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, &c.' Oh may those who are ready to perish, those outcast from the people of God hear his word—listen to the trumpet of the Gospel, and come to Zion with great joy. My most frequent employment, my daily exercise is to pray for sinners, to bemoan their careless state. Help me, oh my God, to devote myself,

my time, my all, to thy service. Inspire my heart with a real desire to live to thee as did Abraham, and to walk with thee as did Enoch. A large congregation this evening. I read part of the 12th of John, and Mr. W—— spoke.

"*Monday, April* 24.—Heard Mr. W. this evening, from 'Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone.' He did not touch on the chief beauties of the text; he only spoke of the properties of a corner-stone, such as its strength, its firmness, its standing though the building should be removed from it. Blessed be thou, oh Lord, who keepest thy saints by thy power, through faith which is thy gift, unto salvation.

" *Friday, April* 28.—Alas my heart how hard —how far do I wander from the right way. Some few weeks past, and I said, 'My feet shall never be moved.' Lord smile on me again.

> 'Thou who art thy people's sun,
> Shine upon thy work of grace,
> If it be indeed begun.'

" I believe the Spirit of God first kindled the fire, and it is He who must support the flame, for sparks of my own kindling can never effectually warm my soul.

" *Tuesday, May* 9.—If a holy prophet exclaimed, 'Oh my leanness, my leanness,' with how much more reason can I utter the same self-condemning exclamation. Truly, when I reflect, what goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and how small the returns of love and praise I have made, I see abundant reason to cry out against myself, and to smite my breast; and, not daring to look up

towards heaven, to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"*May* 13.—This morning, while engaged in study, I was not favored with any enlightenings of the mind, or warmings of the heart; but this afternoon I enjoyed a delightful meditation, while pacing through a rope-walk, which was, as I fondly trust, the scene of my spiritual birth. Took a retrospective view of the happy seasons I enjoyed in those days, and poured out my soul in prayer for a renewal of them. I felt like saying or singing—

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'

"*Sunday, May* 14.—'And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' I had a crowded house this evening. Began the Acts of the Apostles, from which I intend reading, each Sabbath, a chapter, or part of a chapter, on which I shall make brief remarks.

"*Thursday, May* 18.—Was cheered this afternoon by a visit from brother Reed, of Attleborough; he staid about three hours, and made me promise to supply his pulpit on next Lord's day. This is a great undertaking for me.

"*Saturday, May* 21.—Have been on a visit to Attleborough, and Wrentham; having finished school, I feel quite at liberty. Preached on Sunday, the 21st, to Elder Reed's people; went on Monday to Wrentham, to see my old preceptor and his family, whom I did not find at home, and called on several of my friends in W——.

I think I would rather be in Somerset than there. On Wednesday came home, found brother Leonard, of Plymouth, waiting for me.

"*May* 30.—Taking tea at —— was attacked by —— who calls himself a churchman, but who seems to me to be more fit for the synagogue of Satan. I talked to him very plainly.

"*May* 31.—Called on some of the poor supported by the town, among whom I found some, who I think have been made free by the Son of God; if so, they are rich indeed, and heirs to boundless wealth, in a better land than this. Among them, was one good old man, who cannot live long; he seemed to be perfectly resigned to death, waiting till his Master calls him. I talked to them, and prayed with them, commending them to Him who doth all things well.

"*Thursday, June* 1.—Much has been said during the past week, about ordaining me as an evangelist, but no mention was made of it at the church meeting this evening. I received to-day a letter from a cousin in Woodstock, whom I have never seen, and never before heard of, inviting me to go up there. It is possible I may do so in the fall.

"*Monday, June* 5.—A year to-day I preached for the first time, before the church for its approbation, and for eight months past I have been preaching in this place with a little, and *but* a little to encourage me.

"*Somerset, Friday, June* 9.—On Tuesday last, I went first to Swansey, heard Elder S—— preach, and saw him afterwards baptize two individuals. Then on to Warren, where I had the

pleasure of seeing Elder Burdon, and also of hearing him preach. He seemed to speak with difficulty, feeling, I conclude, as I often do, without any thing to say, and not knowing how to say that. On Thursday evening, I attempted to preach to a small congregation from Luke xi. 28. I think the work of the Most High is about to be revived in Warren; some have joined the church of late, and there are other candidates. May there be many more converted to the ways of holiness. To-day, about sunset, I reached home.

"*Sunday, June* 11.—The first Wednesday of next month has been appointed for my ordination. I think I feel at least in some degree the greatness of the responsibility which I am about to assume. If it be the will of God that I should thus enter more fully into the work, he will qualify me for rightly discharging its duties.

"*Monday, June* 12.—This morning, though not from inclination, I commenced school again. I am determined not to let it harass my mind, as it has done before; that is, *if* I can help it. Have been busy writing letters to the different churches, who are to be invited to send delegates for a council, with reference to my proposed ordination.

"*June* 16.—Rose early, to gain time for studying. Had a singing-school this evening, as several have requested me to instruct them, as far as I am able in music. I closed with prayer. God grant that we may sing with the spirit and with the understanding, that, at the last, we may all join the unnumbered choir, in praising the name of the Lord, our Savior.

"*Saturday, June* 17.—Spent the morning in the garden, the afternoon in my study. I daily need to make strong supplication, that God would make me more devotional, that, as I am at present considerably caressed, it may not prove to my hurt. May I have humility enough to go through good report, and grace enough to go through evil report. Lord, thou knowest I desire to love thee more, and serve thee better.

"*Sunday, July* 2.—I felt miserably this morning; I don't know when more so. I implored the assistance of God, and found him, as always before, far better to me than my fears. My text in the morning was, 'My son, give me thine heart.' In the afternoon I spoke with great freedom from Romans vi. 22. My congregation has increased very much of late, and I am consequently much applauded; but I know, and my God knows, how unworthy I am. I regret that I accidentally saw some poetry written in my praise. I feel very much fatigued since lecture. Thus has commenced an important week; how need I to pray continually, that I may be strengthened for the great office to which I expect to be solemnly set apart.

"*Tuesday, July* 4.—The thirty-third anniversary of our National Independence. Brother Phippen preached for me this evening. We took, as usual, sweet counsel together.

"*July* 5.—The important day has at last arrived, and I am to be solemnly consecrated to the great work of preaching the gospel to my fellow-men. My God, my God, strengthen thou me."

Mr. Jacobs mentions his regret, that the hurry and anxiety of the occasion deprived him of the opportunity for retired thought, and self-examination, which was desirable. I remember to have heard a conversation on this point, between himself and two of his friends,—the lamented Weston was one of them—in which they all agreed that on some of the most important occasions in their lives, they had felt comparatively little; and one of them, I think it was Mr. Weston, said that he experienced, on the day of his ordination, a sort of indescribable stillness, and want of emotion, and that it was not till afterwards, when the excitement had passed away, that the full solemnity of the act, by which he had been separated from the people, to be their priest and teacher, came over him with any degree of acuteness of feeling.

year; the term of my engagement has almost expired. The Lord has all hearts in his hands, and he can work wonders in the dispositions of men. There has certainly been a great change in this place since I have been here; some who appear anxious for my stay and exert themselves for it, were, when I came, bitterly opposed to the gospel and to its preachers.

"*Wednesday, September 20th.*—Spent the evening at home, with several of my Christian friends, in conversation on the internal evidences of religion. Alas! how few of them do I observe in my own heart.

"*September 23d.*—'So teach me to remember my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.' It seems probable that I shall stay another year with this people. May I be enabled to be a blessing to them in spiritual things.

"*Sunday, September 24th.*—A large congregation this evening. I noticed many of my hearers in tears. May they be the tokens of a repentance not to be repented of.

"*Saturday, September 30th.*—This closes the year I have spent in this place, during which time I have enjoyed some agreeable things, have had to encounter many difficulties, and have been made, in some, in a few instances, of use to the people. Mr. E. Norton and wife, with two other persons, were yesterday drowned at Tiverton; how should all such events impress on our minds the force of the scripture declaration, 'All flesh is as grass.'

"*October 2d.*—Received a letter to-day from my S——, informing me that her mother is very

sick, and that she intends setting off directly to see her. My God! grant thy blessing on this undertaking, and visit them in thy mercy, for thine own mercy's sake.

"*Friday, October 6th.*—Newport. This afternoon S—— left town for her sister's, in Exeter. Never did I feel so widowed, as I conceive, in my life. Heaven protect and bless thee!" On the succeeding Sabbath Mr. Jacobs preached three times in the two Baptist churches of Newport. As this was the first time he had addressed so large an audience, among whom were many of his early acquaintances and companions, he felt much embarrassment in the anticipation of his morning sermon; but, as he says, "when I rose to speak, I only remembered that I was speaking in the presence of God, to sinful and immortal souls.

"*Monday, October 9th.*—I strolled about town to-day, calling on several of my friends; but the town seems lonely and deserted, though but one individual is absent.

"*Saturday, October 14th.*—To-day, on looking over my accounts, I find that, during the year past, I have fallen in the rear. This, with some other things, fastened on me a fit of dejection, which has lasted all day. A reflecting, pious mind, I am persuaded, will continually derive instruction from the objects and occurrences of common every-day life. No situation is destitute of the means of improvement. Alas, for me! even in my place, what progress would a man with the spirit of Gardiner, or Pearce, have made. There were but few out at my last lec-

ture, so that I, who am easily led away by appearances, felt quite discouraged.

"*October* 21*st.*—I am continually looking forward to better days, hoping to see the people of God with hearts warm in his service, and sinners flocking to Jesus, the only Savior of souls: I hope, I believe I shall see this—but still I would be mindful of present blessings, and endeavor to keep my own heart warm and my own life bright, in a cold, dark time.

"*Lord's-day*, *October* 22*d.*—This morning I was under peculiar temptations and trials, but the Lord was pleased to deliver me out of them all. I felt, when preaching to day, as if I never had so preached before, as if I never should preach again. May the result of my feeble efforts in this place far exceed my expectations.

"*October* 24*th.*—Have been reading Newton's Life. Like him, I too have much reason to adore the matchless grace of God in bringing me to the knowledge of himself. But for His mercy, I should have been still indulging in sinfu revellings, and earthly vanities; but now, I trust, I delight to bow my knee to the Father of all mercies. Oh! may I ever lie down before Him, and adore His love.

"*Sunday*, *October* 29*th.*—Preached this morning from Ps. xlii. 11: 'Why art thou cast down, oh my soul!' I was indeed cast down, though I learned afterwards, that the subject was comforting to some of my hearers. Have finished reading Newton's Life and Letters. Happy those who live as he has directed. May I follow him as he followed Christ, and so in-

herit the promises. I desire to acquire knowledge, but without spiritual mindedness it will do no good; let me, then, strive to obtain heavenly wisdom, and lowliness of mind. I have been conscious, lately, of a great desire to draw back from duty: what a shame not to be engaged in the best of all pursuits. I feel daily, more and more my dependence, my utter dependence on Almighty power.

"*October* 31*st.*—Should not the goodness of the Lord lead us to repentance, when his mercies are new every morning, and renewed every evening? At our prayer-meeting this evening, very few were present, and no one offered prayer but myself. I yet hope for better days, when we shall behold the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"*November* 3*d.*—The coldness and dulness of the professors of religion in this place, is enough to chill the feelings of any one, especially if his own heart be not very near the Savior. All my preaching appears to do no good, and I am sometimes quite discouraged, and then I call upon myself to hope in God, for I *shall* yet praise Him.

"*Monday, November 4th.*—Several of us met, in order to form a society for the improvement of vocal music among us. Afterwards I spent an hour at ——'s house in religious conversation and prayer, with much satisfaction to myself, and I hope not altogether in vain.

"*November 5th.*—At the close of our singing-school this evening, I enjoyed unusual freedom in prayer. Oh, that these youthful hearts may

be brought to the love of the truth. But oh! my God! there is no life in us. As for myself, though my days roll away, I make no perceptible advances in the divine life.

"*Sunday, November 12th.*—I think I was never less prepared than this morning, and I had more than usual to do. After preaching twice at home, I spoke again, at 4 o'clock, to a small congregation about a mile from town, and afterwards had my usual lecture. When I reached home, after the labors of the day were over, I found that I was quite fatigued and hungry, having taken no refreshment since the noon.

"*November 17th.*—Spent the day as usual, in school, and met my pupils in singing in the evening: these labors are fatiguing, but it is my duty to spend and be spent, in promoting every improvement among us, and psalmody is not the least in importance.

"*November 24th.*—A very severe snow-storm from the north-east, more severe than any we have had for many years. I spent the evening at home in reading, but not comfortably. I can take no comfort while I think of my poor sister in Newport, suffering, during this cold storm, from want of wood; Heaven be kind to her, and incline some one to succor her and her poor babes: I, alas, am unable to help her. Have just read 'Faber on the Prophecies,' a book which opens some views to me entirely new.

"*Tuesday, December 12th.*—A letter from S., who has returned to Newport, though, alas, bereaved of her mother, who died soon after her

arrival in New York. May her's be the blessing of sanctified affliction.

"*Friday, December* 15*th.*—Having an opportunity to come to Newport, I gladly embraced it. I heard yesterday a funeral sermon by Mr. Gibson, and to-day have called on many of my friends: this evening S—— spent at my sister's. What need have I to pray, Lord, keep me near to thee, nor let an idol have the heart which would be wholly thine.

"*Saturday, December* 16*th.*—Rode by stage to Warren,—where I arrived just before night; one of my good sisters then took me in her chaise, and brought me half the distance. I walked the rest, and by seven o'clock was at home.

"*December* 22*d.*—My employments to-day have been various; teaching during the day, in the evening I offered to assist my landlady, who was dipping candles; and afterwards I had a pleasant time while meditating on a text of scripture. I sometimes feel as if set loose from the little things below; but ah! how rarely do I rise from earth toward heaven.

"*December* 24*th.*—At our lecture this evening, were present several Smithites from Swansey. After I had finished speaking, four of them, in turn, addressed the congregation; they ran on at a strange rate, aiming to pull down all doctrines. I rose and opposed them; the propriety of it must appear hereafter. Lord, grant us more humility and wisdom.

"*December* 25*th.*—A stormy Christmas: this is a day celebrated by a large part of the Chris-

tian world, as the day that gave to the world its Savior. It seems to me a part of the day's doings may well be omitted—the excessive feasting and mirth; and as the time cannot be well ascertained, and as the scriptures say nothing about it, those who carry about with them, at all times, a heart grateful to God for the unspeakable gift of his Son, evidently keep Christmas in the most appropriate manner. Such be my Christmas.

"*December 27th.*—Two years since, my dear sister bade adieu to time, and went home, as I believe, to her Savior. Every day she is remembered, and her early death deplored; and especially on this, the annually recurring day of her decease, am I reminded to prepare to follow her.

"*January 1st*, 1810.—A new year, a new era of life. Look back, my soul, and recount the many mercies of the Lord that have attended thee through thy short round of years, and examine carefully thy ways. How many have been the mercies of thy God, and how little to his glory hast thou lived. Father, forgive my sins, for my Redeemer's sake, and purify my heart by thy Spirit. I have so bad a cold, that, though I tried to sing, I could not, and accordingly I passed the evening at home, in conversation on religious subjects, and closed the interview by prayer to God, the giver of all our time, and the Judge of our manner of spending the years, days and moments which he has bestowed, in order that we may prepare for death, the judgment seat, and the society of heaven.

"*January 7th. Lord's day.*—Have labored to-

day under great difficulty of breathing, but was able to preach three times: there were many people out. Oh! that they may hear as for their lives, and may I preach as knowing I must meet them amid the dread realities of eternity. The quaint old hymn says,

> 'A Paul may plant, and till the ground,
> Apollos too may water;
> But all the blessings that abound,
> Come from another quarter.'

"*January* 17.—I preach to my people a progression in the divine life; but alas! how few advances in holiness do I make. Yet I would not be a mere guide-board. Abraham said, 'O! that Ishmael may live before the Lord;' so would I pray for my own soul—may it live. Each day, when I ask myself the question, what have I done for God, with shame I answer 'Nothing.' Yet my Heavenly Parent, how good, how kind, to his unprofitable servant."

On Wednesday, February 9th of this year, the subject of this memoir was married to Miss Sarah Sprague, the youngest daughter of Dr. Simon Sprague, of Newport. He returned to Somerset immediately, but did not commence house-keeping, or as he calls it "having a home" till the beginning of the following May. His diary shows the peculiar interest, which he felt, for the members of his singing school; he always concluded their meetings with prayer, and mentions them repeatedly in such expressions as these: "We sung very well this evening, but I was oppressed with anxious emotions concerning

their eternal peace." "I may afford some trifling assistance in improving the voices of these young people, but their hearts—their hearts—oh! Spirit divine, I beseech thee tune these hearts to the praise of the Eternal God."

"What a pleasing employment is this, of mingling our voices in these sweet hymns of Watts; I am always fatigued, but delighted by it." With his day school, he does not seem to have been so "delighted:" he says, March 20, "My heart is like a stone; 'tis hard to make an impression on it; and when warmed, like heated metal, it soon grows cold again. My school is injurious to my comfort of mind, and I should rejoice with exceeding joy, if it would please my Heavenly Father to grant that this hindrance to my usefulness may, at some future time, be removed." About the middle of the following month, he finally relinquished teaching.

A few more extracts will bring us to a close of Mr. Jacobs' residence in Somerset.

"*August 27th.*—My text on yesterday afternoon was, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God." I longed for words of power, and a voice of thunder, with which to force on their attention the importance of religious truth; but it is the still small voice of the Holy Spirit that must touch the sinner's heart. Had a very pleasant walk this morning; on my return, passed through the rope-walk—enjoyed there a sweet time in prayer. This rope-walk is my daily resort,—my Bethel.

"*August 28th.*—My sinful heart, why didst

thou ever depart from God, whose blessings are so great? What happiness was Enoch's when 'he walked with God?' what bliss was Enoch's, when 'he was not, for God had taken him?'

August 31st.—I am confident I have not enjoyed so much spiritual comfort for years, as I have within a week past. My hearers were unusually attentive this evening—at least, I thought so; perhaps because I so earnestly wished that they might feel. I have a very bad head-ache. Grant, oh great Physician, that though my whole head be sick, my heart may not be faint.

"*Saturday, September 1st.*—Have so much of the asthma, that I am quite apprehensive for to-morrow; but the Lord will do all things well, and to his hands I commit this poor body, as well as this sinning soul.

"*September 5th.*—For three days I have been very sick. It was as I feared, I could not preach. It was very distressing to see my people flocking to the house of God, and no one there to address them; the more so, as the day was pleasant, and a large number came out; my own mind, too, in a frame so happy, that preaching would have been a great enjoyment. But all His ways are love and wisdom."

On September 10th, Mr. Jacobs attended the meeting of the Warren Association, which was held in Providence; he writes on the 13th, "Left for home in the packet: we had a head wind the first half of the way, then fair, with a smooth sea: the opportunity was too good to be lost; so with the consent of the passengers, of

whom there were about 30, I preached from James i. 27. 'Pure religion, and undefiled before God,' &c. To me the time was most solemn. I wept over them as sinners, and they wept, I hope for their sins before God. I shall never meet them again. Said I never? Yea! I shall meet them *all* again; may that meeting be one not of shame.

"*September* 15*th*.—At my Bethel to-day, felt unusually desirous for the conversion of the youth of this place; they know not, they will not know the way of happiness."

Finding it impossible to live comfortably on the small salary, which the church at Somerset was able to give, and nearly discouraged with regard to his usefulness there, Mr Jacobs, though with regret, resolved to leave them, and on the first of November, he accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church in Pawtuxet, to settle among them.

"*Lord's Day, November* 18*th*.—Preached my farewell discourse to my people, with whom I have been for more than two years. I have endeavored to 'be instant in season, and out of season;' but it has not pleased the Lord to bless my labors very greatly. I have however reason to be grateful, if any thing has been accomplished for the cause of truth and holiness, by my instrumentality. My congregation has increased by nearly half, and I believe and am sure, that they are strongly attached to me. My farewell discourse was founded on Acts xx. 26. 'I take you to record this day, that I am free from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to de-

clare unto you, all the counsel of God.' I fear I shall not find another people, towards whom I shall feel as I have done towards my charge here. I pray most fervently that they may have some one to minister unto them the words of eternal life in a more successful manner than I have done, and that they may be blessed for all their kindness to me and mine."

We are now arrived at the close of one portion of Mr. Jacobs' ministry, of that part in which he thought himself to have been least successful. He had baptized two individuals only in the two years; and though his congregation was become much larger, and his people manifested increased respect for the Sabbath, and for other religious ordinances, he felt, perhaps rightly, that he ought to remove to some field of labor, where the returns might be more immediate and apparent. To this step he was also induced by the impossibility of living in Somerset, except he contributed to his support by teaching, and he was desirous of devoting himself entirely to pastoral duties.

How many of his flock in Somerset still survive to remember him, I do not know. May his many prayers and tears prove, at the last, to have been blessed to some of those young people, for whom he felt so tenderly.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—DOMESTIC AFFLICTION.

"*Pawtuxet, November 25th.*—Preached my introductory sermon to the church in Pawtuxet, from Acts x, 29. 'Therefore came I unto you, without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for; I ask, therefore, for what intent, ye have sent for me.' O Lord, my Father, grant that my coming here, may tend to the advancing the love of religion in this place. We had a charming conference this evening."

I can find no records of the year 1811. The date of the next paper is February 9th, 1812.

"My birth-day. For twenty-six years have I lived a monument of mercy. Some talk of looking back on a well-spent life with pleasure; but to me, there are no such pleasing retrospections. I have lived a transgressor against God's laws, and have sinned most grievously. For nine years past, I have professed to be a servant of the Most High; and, during that time, have enjoyed numberless mercies, both temporal and spiritual; what then have been my returns of

love and praise? Nay, Lord, I have returned love with indifference, and kindness with ingratitude, so that I know not which is more to be wondered at, the goodness of God, or my own insensibility. This morning I trembled at the view of the duties before me, as I had to preach twice, administer both ordinances, and attend a funeral: my text this morning was, 'Then I restored that which I took not away.' I baptized a candidate, and we partook of the supper. In the afternoon, I preached a funeral sermon in a private house, from 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.' On the whole, I may say, that the day has been a pleasant one to me, and my brethren appear to have been quickened. May our Master be glorified in us and by us. Amen.

"*April 19th.*—My Lord and Savior enabled me to speak to-day with a degree of freedom I have not enjoyed of late. Had another funeral sermon to preach this afternoon; selected, as my text, the passage in 2d Samuel, xiv. 14. 'For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up.' The occasion, was the death of a young man of this place, while absent in the West Indies. A very large congregation: May the Spirit of power impress eternal things on the minds of all. A good work seems to have been begun in Providence; numbers have been added to the churches, and many are now inquiring for the ways of righteousness and peace. May it spread till it shall reach us, even us in Pawtuxet.

"*April 23d.*—To-day our Brother Fuller fell

asleep, and, we doubt not, has, ere this, entered to enjoy forever, that rest which remains for the people of God. He has left a helpless family in indigence. To that God who has styled himself the widow's God, and the father of the fatherless, we commend them. *He* is at rest; *they* have yet longer to struggle with the sorrows and difficulties of this world's rough ways: may they all meet in peace at the last."

Mr. Jacobs was at this time called to experience a serious domestic affliction, in the death of his only child, a lovely little girl, of eighteen months. He says,—

Lords' day, June 21st.—"Yesterday our child was suddenly taken very ill; her illness increased through the night, and this morning she was in convulsions, from sunrise till noon. I could not attend meeting while my little girl was in such distress. Brother Newman, who was here, kindly officiated for me."

He says in a subsequent page,—

"This day (Sunday,) was the most distressing day of my life. I wrestled in prayer all day with God, for the life of my babe, for I said, 'who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live.' But ah! my prayers were not to be heard. On Monday, early in the morning, the Lord took our babe to be with him forever. To us how sudden, how heavy the stroke. Oh God, thou God of mercy, draw near and pity us, and comfort us. This child was our idol; we gave it the affections which should have been our Maker's, and this is his rod to bring us back. May it be sancti-

fied to us, and make us more devout, more attached to the things which are above, and over which death has no power.

"*Tuesday*, 23*d*.—To-day we consigned the precious remains of our beloved child to the dust. Thus fade all earthly joys. My reason told me it was fatal to our peace, to love so well any thing on the earth, but now I *feel* it true. We have buried our *all* in this daughter, and in our partial eyes, she was peculiarly fair; but she was mortal, and therefore faded; faded *here*, to bloom in a more congenial soil; sweet babe, she is no more to be the subject of pain or tears, but in the presence of her Redeemer sings praises to him, who scorns not the praises of 'babes and sucklings.'"

Some time after he writes,—

"Every thing wears a melancholy aspect; the world seems to be clothed in mourning, since what we loved most is no more. But I check myself—Jehovah reigns, and the Judge of all the earth will do right."

In all the after years of his life, Mr. Jacobs never mentioned this beloved and early lost child without great emotion. It was their first, their fairest.

"*July* 15*th*.—Visited a sick woman, who is evidently on the very borders of eternity, and still clinging to life, unwilling to die, relying on physicians, careless of Him, who alone can heal the soul. I talked with her a little, and, kneeling, sought the Great Physician's aid. Father Cornell called to-day, on his return from his mission. He brings good news from some parts

of our Master's vineyard. I have sometimes of late doubted my call to the ministry; if I were sent of the Lord, I think I should see some evidence of it in the good accomplished; sinners would, I think, be converted, and Christians would, by my example and preaching, be animated to duty; but, alas! none of these things appear. My brethren grow colder and colder; and for myself, I have reason to doubt whether I am a true Christian.

"*August* 23*d*.—Was called from meeting this evening, to the house of mourning, to witness the death of a young friend of ours, the wife of Mr. J. Harris, who had endured a long and painful sickness, but who in her last hours manifested a reliance on the mercy of God, and trust in the merits and atonement of her Savior.

"*August* 26*th*.—At the funeral of Mrs. Harris, preached from this text, 'Remembering mine afflictions, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance and is humbled in me.'"

It was the custom at this time, in Rhode Island, to have a sermon at the interment of almost every individual, and Mr. Jacobs was called on to perform the service, not only in the village in which he lived, but in the towns and villages in the vicinity. I think the number mentioned, averages one a month, during all his residence in Pawtuxet. The next extract I shall give, is dated,

"*Pawtuxet*, *October* 18*th*, 1814.—Have omitted writing for some time, as I had nothing to record. Oh! ungrateful wicked heart; nothing to record

of the goodness of God? Nothing of His long-suffering towards such a sinner as myself? I might have been in the world, where no hope may ever come, lifting up my eyes in keen despair, and yet I live—I hope: strange as it is, so great a sinner may hope in God. If ever I I am saved, it will be matchless grace indeed. It will be God's choice, and not my own.

> 'Tis He must work my works in me,
> And give the rich reward.'

"I have been reading to-day the memoirs of Mrs. Harriet Newell, who died at the Isle of France, while accompanying her husband on a mission to the heathen. The perusal has awakened my heart, in a great measure, to a sense of its stupidity. She was certainly a saint of the first magnitude; and although her race was short, her example will not die; she still lives, and preaches in Asia, and Europe, and America. Blessed soul! thou hast finished thy work; thy trials are all over, and now thou art enjoying the blessed reward. But oh! my heart has bled for him, and now bleeds afresh; left alone in a strange and heathen land, the fond partner of his life, the sharer of his joys, the soother of his sorrows is not, and he, must make his way alone. No! he is not alone—his God is with him, and shall cheer his aching heart, and guide and bless him in his work. Lord, does not the day approach, when the idols shall be thrown to the moles and bats, and the nations own Him whose possesion they are to be?

"But mark the contrast; here are those willing to leave their native land, with the ease and the joys of social life, in order to bear the news of salvation to those sitting in darkness and death, while I—what am I doing? Help me, O Father, from this day, to be more active in thy blessed service.

"*October 20th.*—How anxious men are about the things that perish; ah! how neglectful of those which endure to everlasting life. We ask daily, and with vast solicitude, what shall we eat? what shall we drink? wherewith shall we be clad? while we seek not to partake of that bread which came down from heaven, and to be clothed with that robe of righteousness, which saints in glory wear."

Though no people could be more politely attentive to a minister, than were those in Pawtuxet, in most respects, they yet gave their pastor a great deal of pain, by their irregular attendance on public worship. They were glad to see him at their houses, glad to visit him at his own, and happy to meet him any where, except at church. Nor did this arise from dislike of his preaching; for he was comparatively very popular with them; it was simply the result of habit.

He says,—

"Every thing looks dark and gloomy. Professors and profane seem much alike, and neither will attend on the public worship of God. Yet who knows but God may be even now preparing the way for a glorious work. He is a God that hides himself. My soul will hope 'tis even so; and though the blessing tarry, I will wait for it, for in due time it shall appear.

'The Lord can cheer the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
And make the drops of sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.'"

Again he writes,—"I bitterly regret that so few feel disposed to attend public worship in this place; that so few, that none indeed, will give heed to the things which are truly excellent." At another time he says,—

"Br. Luther Rice from India gave us a charming discourse this evening. I was grieved that so few came to hear him; that while hundreds patrol the streets, the house of God is deserted."

The sad feelings induced by seeing so few apparently desirous to listen to the messages of love, issued by Jehovah through his servants, must have made the number rambling for amusement appear larger than the reality, or he would not have written hundreds instead of dozens, or at most scores.

"Have had very little time for study lately, as I have been busily employed in collecting money to purchase a stove for our meeting-house, in hope that by any means I may prevail on some to attend on public worship; and may God meet them there.

"*Sunday, January 15th.*—A larger congregation than for a long time; but whether they came from anxiety to hear of the things which make for their everlasting peace, or whether the newly-erected stove brought them out, or whether it was altogether accidental, I do not know; at any rate, I was glad to see them, and addressed them from 'Jesus beholding him, loved him, and

said unto him, one thing thou lackest.' I endeavored to impress upon them the truth, that loveliness of temper and kindness and all the outward virtues, though highly desirable and proper, will never secure salvation. May this dear and kind, but irreligious people, lay it to heart."

On the next Sabbath he writes,—"Not so many out as on last Lord's-day; the stove is no longer new, and not even the certainty of being comfortably warm, will win them to the house of prayer. It is hard work to preach to empty pews: I believe that the services of the sanctuary are not in themselves grievous, but there is a vast difference between preaching to those by whom the words of truth are swallowed as they are uttered, and speaking in a house whose emptiness sends back the echo of the preacher's voice to fall heavily on his heart, and tell him his labor has been all in vain. A number of our friends from Providence came down in the evening and assisted us. Such brethren as these, are worth the having. I certainly coveted, I trust I did not sin. What encouragement to have brethren of understanding and stability of mind, who can and will strengthen and support their pastor. But, alas! I have not such to hold up my hands. There have always been very few male members here, and of this small number three have lately moved away, and one is on his death-bed; while some, good men too, are not accustomed to go forward in public matters, and are diffident and slow; and some there are in the church who are as fond of hearing

error as truth. Lord, thou canst raise up helpers even here, or thou canst take me elsewhere."

There were reasons existing independently of the character of the people, which would in part account for what Mr. Jacobs so much lamented. Most of the young men growing up in the families belonging to his parish went elsewhere for business as soon as they were of age; of those men whose nominal residence was Pawtuxet, many were masters of vessels, and rarely at home; so that the proportion of females in the congregation was of necessity large. However, the next best thing, as he himself used to say, to having good brethren, "is the having warm-hearted sisters," and of these, the church in Pawtuxet had its full share. About this time, he heard of the death of his friend, Mr. Reed, minister at Attleborough. He writes,—

"Thus is the Lord calling home his servants, and admonishing all who remain to be always ready, awaiting their call. I saw him but lately, and I thought, as he undoubtedly did, that his sun was in its meridian, and would not set so soon. Perhaps mine, too, is declining; let me then work while the day lasts, anticipating my night of rest.

"Oh! the important station of being a watchman on the walls of Zion! the responsibility, the anxiety in such a place, and at such a time as this. I look out from my 'awful post of observation, darker every hour,' and see much to discourage, and little to cheer. The state of religion in this place, is truly melancholy. I am tried and perplexed; but it does not, as it should,

have the effect of making me more earnest in supplicating God for his blessing. In public, I am disheartened by the appearance of things around me, and it follows me into my study; there I muse on the dark state of affairs, and murmur; not, I hope, against God, but about those of whom we might hope better things. Lord, help me to cast all my cares on him who careth for me."

With one or two more extracts, we arrive at the conclusion of the year 1814. On Monday November 7th, he closes a most fervent prayer for more holiness and faithfulness towards God and man, with these words: "How seldom does my heart burn within me, as I muse on the words of Jesus; how feebly does my soul put forth its petitions for the Spirit's influences! Well may I say, with the poet,

> 'Look down, O Lord, with pity's softest eye,
> On this poor breathing particle of dust:
> His crimes forgive; forgive his virtues too.'

"*November 13th.*—A pleasant season at the table of our Lord. How sweet to meditate upon the love of Jesus, and enjoy his presence in his earthly courts! What will it be when we surround his throne above; when Jesus shall acknowledge all his friends before his Father and all worlds."

During the month of December, in this year, Mr. Jacobs was laid aside from his labors, in consequence of a serious illness, occasioned by a cold which terminated in fever. On his re-

covery he says, "I think I never before suffered so much pain in my head. But,—

'Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short the sufferings are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare.'

I had purposed a close application to study, a purpose how soon frustrated. I have scarcely looked into a book for three weeks; and even now, my head is so disordered I am unable to read."

Mr. Jacobs' text on new-years day, was "Behold I set before you this day, a blessing and a curse." He says, "I was enabled to speak with much freedom, and my hearers listened as if for life. As I pressed on their attention the blessing, and contrasted with it the curse, I noticed many in tears. May it not be as it so often has been, like the morning cloud and the early dew, gone in an hour.

"*Thursday, January 12th*, 1815.—Preached this evening for Br. Humphreys, who is very sick; our meeting was of course at his house. My text was 'We would see Jesus;' it seemed to comfort my dear sick brother."

On the news of peace with England, which reached Providence about the middle of February, he says, "The roar of cannon and the ringing of bells announce to us the joyful news of peace. To me the one sad thought amid all this joy, is, that few will, with real devotion, return thanks to the Giver of all good things. While the shouts of 'peace,' 'peace,' are heard from

all, few will think of the great God who sends war on a guilty land, and in His mercy gives peace; and fewer still will feel the importance of being at peace with God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. For my country I rejoice, that a stop is put to the effusion of human blood, and a barrier raised against the flood of numberless ills, incident to a state of war; and for the revival of trade, and the return of all the blessings which follow in the train of peace. May my country long enjoy them, and that better peace which passeth understanding, and leadeth its possessors to the city of peace, to dwell forever.

"*Lord's-day, February 26th.*—This morning Br. Humphreys finished his mortal course, and entered into his rest. This is, indeed, a sad loss to our church and to me. He was the first of my fruits in this place, and has ever walked worthy of his profession. Make up to us, O Lord, this loss; the hearts of all are in thy hand, and thou canst turn them as thou wilt. I heard that he was dying, and went to his house in haste; but before my arrival he had gone to enter on that Sabbath which will never end. I entered on the duties of the day with a heavy heart; expounded as usual in the morning; in the afternoon, preached a funeral sermon on the death of an aged lady in Providence, from the text, 'Blessed are the dead.' Had in the evening, what we call our conference, though rather improperly, as no one speaks but myself.

'How dark, how gloomy is this night,
Without one cheering ray.'

"*Tuesday, February 28th.*—To-day we laid in the tomb the remains of our much-esteemed Br. Humphreys. There was a great parade, but few, it is to be feared, will lay it to heart. He was a most loving, affectionate, and useful brother; in the church, his loss will long be felt. He was a respected member of the Masonic Lodge, and a member of the Independent Artillery Company. They all did him honor in his death; may they emulate his virtues. I addressed them from Psalms, xii. 1; 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.' I feel that the night cometh on apace, wherein I cannot work; and on Heaven I rely for aid in working while my day lasts.

"*Thursday, March 2d.*—I was called on to preach a funeral sermon again, this afternoon, making three this week. Death is busy around us; but these events seem to make but little salutary impression on the minds of the surviving; they come to hear the last services performed for the departed; they weep as I speak to them of death, judgment, and eternity, and go away and forget what manner of *sinners* they are. The good prophet Isaiah when sent to harden the hearts and to blind the eyes of his people, said, with evident reluctance to the duty, 'Oh Lord, how long!' yet he went. May I, if such be the service to which I am appointed, be willing to do and to suffer all the will of Him whose I am; still do I long and pant for those 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,' for the manifestations of His mercy in the conversion of

sinners, and for the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit on the hearts and lives of Christians, which will tend to the glory of our Master, and the comfort of his church.

"*Saturday, April 1st.*—This is a day devoted to folly; and I don't know but I have been acting the fool. The inhabitants are establishing a bank in this village, and having importuned me to take the office of cashier, I have so far consented as to hold it for a few months. To-day the first instalment was paid, and I, consequently, was obliged to sit at the receipt of custom all day; by no means a good preparation for the duties of to-morrow.

"*Lord's-day, April 9th.*—When I contemplate the situation of this church and society, and reflect on the little success that has attended my ministry here, I am sometimes led to suspect that this is not the place for me; but when I think of removing, the question recurs, Ought I to leave these few sheep in the wilderness without a shepherd? We had a pleasant conference this evening. Several brethren from the University were with us. How know we but the Lord has some blessing in store for Pawtuxet, cold and stupid Pawtuxet? Oh! that so it may prove.

"*April 23d.*—Expounded this morning as usual; preached a funeral sermon in the afternoon; had quite a large and very serious audience. May the emotion they showed be lasting in its good effect on their hearts. A comfortable meeting in the evening; a large number present, and they seemed deeply grieved that I am

to be absent for a few weeks. The Lord be with, and bless them in my absence.

"*April 24th.*—Spent the day in preparations for my intended journey. Many friends called on me expressing great affection for me; this is pleasant; I wish they loved my Master better."

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE—JOURNEY TO NEW YORK—LEAVES PAWTUXET.

Mr. Jacobs was accompanied on this tour by his friend, James Rhodes, Esq. as far as Middletown, Connecticut, where they had to transact business connected with their new bank. At Middletown Mr. Jacobs preached twice for his former fellow-student, the Rev. Mr. Phippen; here too he had the pleasure of meeting another of the little band of school-fellows, Mr. Israel Alger, afterwards somewhat celebrated as a teacher. While at Mr. Phippen's, Mr. Jacobs read "The Baptist Mission in India," by Dr. Staughton: he says, "The perusal of this work is calculated to stimulate a gracious heart to make greater efforts to send the gospel among the heathen. May the zeal of brethren who have planned and carried on this work, and some of whom have left all to follow Christ as far as India, provoke me to act for my Master too."

On Wednesday, the third of May, Mr. Jacobs preached in Hartford, from Isaiah xxxii. 2. "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind." Travelling was very fatiguing to Mr.

Jacobs, from his being obliged to sit up, night after night. His sleeping arrangements at home were peculiar, and when away from them, if he ventured to lie down, it was only for an hour or two: he says while in Hartford, "Beds are not made for me. I shall not venture in one again very soon. I thought last evening, that by warming the bed, elevating my head, and using other precautions, I might possibly escape; and I was fearful, that I should otherwise be sick, from fatigue, and want of sleep; but before I knew it, the asthma was upon me, and I was obliged to doze out the remainder of the night by the fire."

Mr. Jacobs did not preach again, until he arrived in Albany, where, in the Rev. Mr. Webb's church, on May 7th, he says, "I preached with great freedom from 1st Tim. i. 15. 'This is a faithful saying,' &c. and afterwards united with them in partaking of the supper of our Lord. This afternoon's service was refreshing to me, and, as I learned from brother H——, was a comfortable season to others. May the seed sown spring up and bear fruit to the glory of our God." Of one minister, to whom he had been introduced by a mutual acquaintance, he says, "His manner towards me was very cold and distant; not thus do I meet my brethren, nor am I commonly so received; but poor brother —— is growing rich in this world's goods; I envy him not; let me be poor in worldly matters, if I may only feel the spirit of the gospel; and, loving not only my Master but his servants, wherever I may see them, I shall be rich in my own soul's enjoyment."

In Troy, Mr. Jacobs spent two days very pleasantly. Of the minister, at whose house he visited there, he says, "He has a large family of well-behaved children." When I give *Wayland* as the name of this family, I need not add that Mr. Jacobs lived to see some of them otherwise distinguished, than by being merely well-behaved children. On Tuesday evening, May 9th, Mr. Jacobs preached for Mr. Wayland, and on the next morning, rode to Lansingburg ; he here visited the Falls of the Cohoes on the Mohawk. After describing them, he says, "Just above the falls, is what the Dutch call 'the Baw;' (their pronunciation of which suggests to the mind a tub, with the bottom falling out;) the word signifies the Bend, because here the river makes a noble sweep." On the evening of the 10th, Mr. Jacobs preached in the hall, which was at that time used as a place of worship, by the Baptists in L., from John xii. 24. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the earth and die, &c." he says of this service, "I had not a good time; I was asthmatic, and the place was so low, that it seemed to me like preaching in a cave."

With Poughkeepsie, where he spent five days, Mr. Jacobs was greatly delighted.

"*May* 13*th*.—Made several calls with brother Leonard. This is a very pleasant place, and made more so, as there are a number of excellent brethren here, who seem to be walking in the faith and spirit of the gospel. A large party this P. M. at brother L's, which they call a spinning bee. As I had never seen any thing of the kind, I had curiosity enough to investi-

gate its particulars. The word spinning is not exactly appropriate, as there is no spinning done, but yarn of some sort appears to be requisite. Every one who will supply himself or herself with a pound or two of cotton yarn, or a few skeins of linen, can be admitted. The ladies, besides, bring plenty of cake and other things necessary for an entertainment; the gentlemen send wine, fruit, etc., and spend the evening in social chat; while, from the abundance provided, there is, as may be supposed, much honey left, after the bee.

"*Lord's Day, May 14th.*—Preached all day with great freedom, and to attentive congregations. Text in the afternoon, 'For the Lord God is a sun and a shield, &c.' It was easy preaching: many wept: may the Lord bless this word, and make my visit here, beneficial to some precious soul. Crossed the river with brother L——, who preached, at five o'clock, to a large collection of people. I again preached in the evening, and afterwards had some conversation with a young lady, who appears to be under deep conviction of sin: the Lord have mercy on her, and lead her to give her heart to her Savior.

"*May 15th.*—Dined with Deacon P. an Englishman, from Dr. Rippon's church, London. Took tea with Col. Talmage, the father-in-law of Dr. Gano. The old people seem willing to renounce the world, and seek a better country. My reception in this place has been flattering in the extreme. May my heart be grateful to the Father of mercies, who disposes all hearts, and orders all things.

"*May* 17*th.*—Preached at the house of Col. Talmage, from the words of the Greeks to Philip. 'Sir, we would see Jesus.'

"*May* 18*th.*—Rode this morning with brother L. to a high hill back of the town, in order to take a look at the beautiful prospect from thence. We left our carriage at the foot of the hill, and walked up. It was indeed a delightful prospect; before us rolled the noble Hudson within its lofty banks, beyond were high rocky hills, and still beyond, the Catskill mountains reared their majestic heads, while at our feet, was the charming village of P——, surrounded with all its beautiful variety of hill and valley, wood and water. This is a pleasant land, but there is a better country."

Mr. Jacobs preached twice in New York, on Sunday, May 21st., in the morning at Fayette St. (Rev. Mr. Williams',) in the afternoon at Mulberry St. (Rev. Mr. Maclay's,) he says, "As usual, I felt much better when I had done my day's work."

Mr. Jacobs of course visited all places of note in the city; among others, the State Prison, and City Hospital. Of the former, he says, "Father Staniford politely accompanied me the rounds, offering himself as 'ticket and guide.' My sensations were almost overpowering, when those ponderous doors opened for our admittance, and locks and bars closed behind us again. I could not help shedding tears, as I passed some youths in their teens. How awful, even in this life, are the effects of sin. In the hospital of the prison I made a short prayer, as I had done at the City

Hospital, and returned thanking God for his restraining grace granted to me, naturally as prone to evil as were these. I enjoy sweet liberty, and more and better, to the praise of redeeming love be it spoken, I am, as I trust, free from the condemnation of God's righteous law, through the atonement of our Savior Jesus."

Mr. Jacobs preached on Tuesday evening, for the Rev. Mr. Williams, and again on Wednesday evening, for the Rev. Mr. Maclay: after this latter service, he went with a friend to see the celebrated sleeping-preacher, as she was called, Miss Rachel Baker: he says, "The exercises are always conducted in the same manner, viz. after suffering a spasm, she makes a prayer of considerable length; then, an address on some religious subject: she closes with a shorter prayer; another spasm succeeds, after which she falls into an easy sleep. On our being shown to her room, I took my station just before her, at the foot of the bed, and watched her very narrowly. She was perfectly motionless, except her head, which was elevated a good deal by pillows, and which she occasionally moved from right to left: she sometimes also earnestly bent it forward, and then threw it back with violence; but she did not move her hand, nor even a finger. I lifted her arm, and, letting it fall, the motion was precisely that of a person in a perfect sleep. I felt her pulse, which was perfectly regular. Her eyes were closed, and, at a little distance, it seemed that we were addressed by one of the dead. Her prayer on this evening was, for about fifteen minutes, and

sometimes very loud; her petitions to the throne of grace were very earnest, for the church, for the ungodly, for the heathen world, for herself, her parents, and friends. She then commenced a very solemn address to those bound to the bar of God, spoke of the shortness of time, compared it with eternity, and urged the importance of being prepared; she pointed out the deep sinfulness of man, and the utter insufficiency of his own works to procure salvation, while she exhibited Jesus, an almighty and only Savior. She told us time was the only space of repentance, and painted in glowing colors the last judgment, and the happiness of the holy; and, in a style really sublime, depicting the destruction of the ungodly: she closed with an exhortation to all classes. Her discourse occupied twenty-three minutes: she then made a short prayer of seven minutes, and fell into spasms which lasted about four minutes. She was dreadfully convulsed all over: I felt her hands, which were clenched like vices; when awake she remembers nothing that has occurred during her sleep." Mr. Jacobs the next day took tea with the family in which Miss Baker resided, in order to have some conversation with her: her case, which in the present day would probably be referred to somnambulism, interested him very much at the time.

On the 30th of May, Mr. Jacobs was safely returned to his family, after a month's absence, he had enjoyed better health than he had dared to anticipate, and had been able to preach fourteen times. Nothing was more pleasing to him, when in health, than an invitation to preach;

that was the work to which he considered himself called and appointed by God, and to which a council of ministers had solemnly set him apart, bidding him preach every where the glad news of pardon for sin; and, while in this employment he took great delight: so, on the contrary, he was ever deeply distressed when a Sabbath came and he could not proclaim the message of God to sinful man. In the performance of his accustomed duties, Mr. Jacobs finished the year 1815.

In February of the following year, Mr. Jacobs originated a ministerial association, whose first quarterly meeting was held at his house in Pawtuxet. On the 30th recurrence of his birth-day, he writes, "Oh, the boundless grace of God, which has made me what I am. To restraining mercy I owe my preservation from a thousand sins; to electing mercy I owe a good hope of reaching heaven at last, through the merits of my Savior, who has also, as I hope, called me to publish the glad tidings of salvation to my fellow men. How should my heart be filled with gratitude!"

"*Wednesday, February 14th.*—This morning one of our sisters entered into her rest, and surely to her it has been a glorious change; she has been deranged for several years, and lately her distress has been very great. This is the second member we have lost since this year commenced, both of whom had long been insane. I trust they now know even as they are known. My text at her funeral will be, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.'

"*February* 18*th.*—Lord's-day; very stormy, and but few present: I endeavored to feel that their souls were precious, and demanded my most earnest labors; yet it looks discouraging to see but twenty or thirty at meeting in a village where two or three hundred might attend. Still, if the Lord has sent me here, I will proclaim his word, whether they will hear or forbear; let me be in earnest, though they are neglectful: let me sow in hope, and wait with patience until the harvest come.

"*February* 25*th.*—This morning I prayed, I think, importunately, that God would grant his blessing on the duties of the day. After morning worship I retired to my study, and, reflecting on the astonishing indifference of the people in this place, and their utter disregard of religious truth, I felt my heart rise in an unbecoming manner, and repine at my lot; but I was immediately self-condemned, and besought my heavenly Parent to give me patience to wait *all* his appointed time. In the afternoon preached with great freedom from Hosea iv. 17; 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.' I thought, surely this will not be in vain in convincing my brethren."

The early part of the year 1816 was signalized by extensive revivals in many parts of New-England; in Pawtucket and in Providence, there had been very many conversions. Mr. Jacobs frequently preached in these places, and then returned to mourn over the coldness of his own flock.

"*Saturday, March* 9*th.*—I visit Providence

once a week to see the good work of the Lord; not that I by any means believe that Jehovah confines his presence to any place. Lo! God is every where, and, though being witness of the warm zeal of others, may have some effect on our own mind, there is nothing like a throne of grace, and this is always accessible wherever we may be.

"*March 10th.*—Sabbath-morn. Another day of solemnities has arrived. Am I prepared for my place in the sanctuary? Those who worship God must do so in spirit and in truth. Let me then examine myself, and see if the spirit of the Savior dwelleth in me, and inquire whether I am prepared to tread his courts, and worship him in the beauty of holiness. *Evening,*—selected the text this afternoon in Proverbs viii. 17; 'Those that seek me early, shall find me.' I felt great anxiety for the youth for whose sake I had selected the subject; but they are joined to their vanity. When the spirit of truth touches their hearts, then will they hear and fear, and turn unto the Lord. Was visited by a young man who seems deeply impressed with the necessity of personal religion; may it result in his being made in deed and in truth a Christian.

"*March 16th.*—Oh! the sin in my heart. Angry passions rise and disturb my peace.

> 'My Savior, steep this heart of mine
> In thine own crimson sea.'

I abhor myself, that I should suffer a mere trifle so to ruffle my spirit and make me forget myself.

Oh! that the same mind may be in me, that was in the Lamb of God, when here below; he was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. I fancied this morning, that I should take great satisfaction to-day in my study, in reading the word of God, and in endeavoring to draw near to him by prayer, but a little accident that took place before breakfast, has followed me all day. Let it teach me my vileness, and humble me in the dust.

"*Lord's Day, March 17th.*—The day when Jesus triumphed over death and the grave; let me also in his strength arise from spiritual death and live in newness of life. Another opportunity given me to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and to exhort Christians to practise godliness. And, did they come to hear me, it would be encouraging; but when most of the seats are vacant, oh! I sigh and am disheartened. Yet let me feel the worth of one immortal soul. The rescue of one spirit, would compensate for ages of labor. I will *not* be weary.

"*March 28th.*—Was sent for to visit a woman, who is truly distressed in view of her sins; she is more than seventy years of age. I endeavored to comfort her, by leading her to Jesus, the sinner's only hope.

"*April 5th.*—Visited, last evening, a man who has been very profane, and hardened; who now seems truly penitent.

"*April 7th.*—The person mentioned on Friday, has attended meeting all day, for the first time in eighteen months. We live in a wonderful day. The gospel is spreading into every land, and nations who have long been sitting in dark-

ness, and in the shadow of death, are rejoicing that the light of salvation's bright morning is dawning on them.

"*April* 21*st*.—A strange occurrence took place in our village yesterday. Two boys, about twelve years of age, entered the meeting-house by a window, and did as much mischief as possible; cutting to pieces cushions, bibles, and hymn-books; they tore down the gallery candlesticks, and, taking the communion service from its place under the pulpit, they were making off, when they were discovered and caught. Great numbers attended meeting to-day, many, doubtless to see the appearance of the house in its disordered state." About the end of May, Mr. Jacobs writes, "Whatever be the cause, there has for some months been an increasing attendance on Sabbath, at our meetings, and quite a number appear serious. May the work be of the Lord, and not of man. In the whole course of my ministry, I have never felt as I do now, nor can I describe my emotions. A kind of despair of ever being useful, in this place at least if any where. I know God is a sovereign in all his ways, and can employ me as he sees fit; to Him I would go in all my trials, and on Him I would rely at every step.

> 'In each event of life how clear
> His ruling hand I see.'"

I cannot forbear inserting, in this place, two little poems which are without date, but which, from the hand-writing must have been penned

about this time. Mr. Jacobs never fancied himself a poet, because he could "write lines with rhymes at the end of them," and the greatest part of these rhyme-ended lines were written in the long suffering nights, when unable to speak, from asthma, and were usually riddles or stories for his children.

'IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.'

"LIFT up your heads, ye saints of God,
And let your sorrows cease;
Remember Jesus spoke the word,
'In me ye shall have peace.'

Though many trials I endure,
Friends fail, and foes increase,
I trust upon the promise sure,
'In me ye shall have peace.'

If earthly friends my hopes shall blast,
And earthly joys decrease,
There is an anchor sure and fast,
'In me ye shall have peace.'

Though storms and clouds impede my way,
And boisterous are my seas,
By faith I hear my Savior say,"
'In me ye shall have peace.'

The other was written after preaching from that passage in 1 Cor. xiii. 13. "And now abideth faith, &c."

'FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.'

"FAITH unveils to sinner's eyes
The all adorning sacrifice,
To which our passions move;
And Hope, sweet Hope leads on the way
To life and immortality;
But greater still is Love.

Love makes the great salvation ours,
While constantly towards heaven it towers,
And gives a present joy;
But Faith, far distant views the prize,
And Hope must pierce through cloudy skies,
To gain the bliss on high.

Faith, destitute of Love, is vain,
And Hope without it, turns to pain,
Or dwindles to despair;
But, wrought with love, Faith fruitful grows,
And Hope, when cherished by it, knows
What solid comforts are.

But when we mount to dwell above,
Then shall we be complete in Love;
And Faith and Hope will die:
Hope has no "better land" to view,
Nor Faith her trials to go through;
Love lives eternally."

About this time he writes "Appearances sometimes brighten a little, but, like the lightning's flash, they only leave us darker than before. Had no help in our conference, so called, this evening. So I have had to hold three meetings, administer the sacrament, and do all the talking, praying, and almost all the singing, as we have had no singers in our seats for nearly six months. I always read the usual hymns, however, and we sing as we can." Mr. Jacobs baptized four during the year 1816. All females, however, and of course unable to afford the assistance which he wished in his meetings. About the beginning of the year 1817, he says, "The Baptist churches in Europe, and America, and Asia, have set apart the first Monday evening in every month, for special prayer, that we may be blessed with a revival of religion, at home and abroad. I had

a meeting for this purpose, at my house this evening; two brethren only attended, and one of them—I will not say it. Yet we had a good meeting, as that doubtless was a happy time, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, though Satan came also among them."

"*February 6th.*—On my return from our minister's meeting in Pawtuxet, I heard that —— thinks he was led to feel the power of religion in his own heart, by means of my discourse, on Lord's day evening. Laus Deo! I understand the Smithites are fastening on him, and will probably entangle him in their net; however, if the Lord has converted him, he will be taken care of, though he follows not with us.

"*February 28th.*—Two men called to converse with me on the subject of religion; they are both seamen. May not the Lord have laid them ashore for purposes of mercy?

"*Lord's Day, March 2d.*—Exchanged with brother Baker, of Providence, and broke bread to the church; after meeting, came out, bringing with me a couple of brethren, for our conference this evening, which was a very interesting one. There were about eighty present, who listened with the deepest attention. Conversed with several who appeared quite serious, and with one man who gives hopeful evidence of his knowing the grace of God in truth. Oh the value of one soul! Let me labor in the vineyard with increased, and ever-increasing zeal; and although the fruit should not shake like Lebanon, I rejoice most heartily at the returning of

one wanderer to the fold. I never can rest till every one of my dear people in this place are walking with their faces heavenward.

"*Friday Evening*, 7*th*.—Oh! if we have an Achan in our camp. At our church meeting this evening we were greatly disturbed by the contentious spirit of one man. I fear the church can never be united and prosperous, while he is in it; yet such is our weakness as a body, that we cannot easily get rid of him. It has made me feel wretched and low.

"*March* 8*th*.—Have been laden all day with the burden of last night's dreadful meeting. I felt so much that I found it impossible to study; and from some conversation with the other members of the church, I am convinced that though measures will be adopted to free ourselves from this evil, the difficulty will be a serious one, shaking the church to its very centre. The connections of the individual are extensive, and all will rally. But I endeavor to resign it into the hands of unerring wisdom and kindness; and, while looking to the Lord for direction, I shall strive to act as may be right in his sight.

"*March* 19*th*.—Had a conference this evening about a mile from the village, and, contrary to my expectation, a respectable number present; but as none came to help me *confer*, I talked a sermon to them. I will scatter the gospel seed while I am able; perhaps it may spring up and grow, though I may never see it."

The troublesome individual alluded to before, made at the next church meeting "a kind of acknowledgment, which was accepted."

On the next week, Mr. Jacobs writes—"The fire that was thought by many to have been extinguished, has broken out again with redoubled fury, and they are going to turn it on my head; but I fear not. In this respect I can say with David, 'Preserve me, oh God, for I am holy.' I have to-day received another letter from New-Bedford, still urging me to settle among them. I scarcely know what to do; Lord, direct thou me. If it be still my duty to stay here and suffer, let me not leave—and oh! unless thy presence goes with me, lead me not from hence."

"*April* 13*th*.—At 9 o'clock this morning we assembled at the water-side, and I baptized Mr. R——. Preached three times to-day, and administered the Lord's supper: my lungs are now worn quite thread-bare. Well, if I may but be the humble instrument of winning souls to Jesus, I think I feel willing to wear out my lungs in sounding forth his worthy name and spotless righteousness."

Mr. Jacobs went, in April of this year, to New-Bedford, and spent one Sabbath with them. He declined becoming their pastor, principally because, as he says, "they are cordially hated by their congregational brethren, and I am a man loving peace." On his return home, he says, "My family and flock all well; I have travelled about one hundred miles, visited many friends, and preached six times in as many days; and in all, the good hand of the Lord hath been over me."

"*June* 29*th*, 1817.—Preached a funeral sermon on the death of two young men, brothers,

who died from home on board the same ship. My text, 'Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?'"

The summer of 1817, was distinguished by several occurrences of a painful nature. One young man in Mr. Jacobs' congregation, while attempting to fire a salute in honor of the President then passing the village, had both his arms blown off. On the next Sabbath afternoon, another young man, twenty-two years of age, was found hanging in a garret, having been driven to suicide by ill-health and melancholy. About this time, also, one of the families belonging to Pawtuxet lost a son, a very promising young man, making their third son who had died in the short period of fifty days. Every affliction of this sort was deeply felt by their pastor, who had, besides, his own peculiar griefs. His society, though most affectionately attentive to him, did not show that regard for religion which it had been for seven years his hope to witness in them; and of this church, about one half only, felt so far interested in the worship of God, as regularly to attend the sacrament. One individual, before alluded to, continued to distract the church; so that Mr. Jacobs at one time writes, "We had a distressing meeting; —— quarrelled all the evening with all the church, which has not power or spirit enough to put him down. I had great difficulty in keeping calm, and returned, grieved to the very soul." This being the state of affairs in P., Mr. Jacobs, without hesitation, accepted an invitation from the Baptist church in Cambridge, Mass., to visit

them for a few weeks, with the prospect, if both parties were pleased, of finally becoming their pastor. His first visit to Cambridge, was made in April 1818; his first sermon was preached on Fast-day, April 2d. He speaks of it with his usual self-diffidence. "I felt this morning sadly tried and cast down, at the prospect of preaching in a strange place, in the suburbs of the metropolis, the town of the great university; and then the tremendous responsibility of a messenger from the Almighty to sinful men, resting always and everywhere on all ministers. No man, without help from above, can endure so great a weight. May I receive this assistance ever; and grant, Lord, that the labors of to-day may not be in vain. My family, too, and my own dear people at home, be thou round about them all in great mercy."

"*April 7th.*—Boston; dined with brother Winchell, and spent the afternoon with Dr. Baldwin. In the evening I preached for Br. Sharp. When I look back a few years, I am constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought?' The first time I visited Boston, it was as a poor orphan boy, seeking employment and finding none—destitute of friends, homeless and forlorn. I was distressed enough, until a young man lent me money to take me to Providence, R. I. Now, I am welcomed to the houses of the most respectable, and to the pulpits of the churches. 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not any of his benefits.'

"*Cambridge, April 11th.*—To-day the sun appeared for the first time in ten days. The

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pleasure we all felt and expressed on seeing a pleasant day, after so long a storm, brought to my mind the joy we shall feel to overflowing, if we are so unspeakably happy as to arrive in heaven after all the storms of life. I have to-day, among other places, visited the university: saw the library, the museum, the philosophical chamber, &c. May I be wise unto salvation, knowing how so to live, that I may hereafter be accepted of God. 'All arts and sciences beside, will do us little good.'

"*Sunday, April 19th.*—I tremble on the morning of the Lord's-day, lest I should not be able to speak at all, and should thus be confounded before the people. Hundreds of times has my Heavenly Father supported me, and yet my faithless heart cannot rely on his aid. I have great reason to bless his name for all his goodness to us this day; a day, whose doings will, I hope, be joyfully remembered by some precious souls. I preached this morning from Acts viii. 36, 38; 'See, here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized.' I endeavored in a plain and brief manner to exhibit the subjects, and the mode of baptism; after which, we repaired to the creek, and I immersed two females.* A large assembly at the water, though it was a cold and windy day. Oh that the Lord would bless his own ordinance! Weeks seem to me like months, when away from home. Had a letter

*This was the first time the ordinance of Christian baptism had ever been administered in the town of Cambridge. The candidates were Mrs. Palmer, and Miss F. Baker.

this morning, informing me that my loved ones all are well.

"*April 26th.*—Preached this morning from Acts ii. 42; 'And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.' Baptized three at noon, and in the afternoon admitted six to the fellowship of the church.

"*Lord's-day, May 24th.*—This has been an unusually pleasant day to me. I have preached all day with great ease. The congregations have been large and attentive: surely there are appearances of good in this place. My best text was that in the afternoon, from John viii. 36; 'My kingdom is not of this world.' I desire to thank the Lord for the mercies of this day."

Mr. Jacobs in this sermon made the following remarks:—"I have been particularly struck, in reading the history of our Lord, with the blindness of the disciples' minds, as it regards the nature of their Master's kingdom. They had read the writings of their prophets, they had there found intimations of a glorious kingdom to be established in the latter days, and, associating with these revelations their own worldly ideas, they dreamed of a temporal monarchy, similar to those already established, though far excelling all others in power, and pomp, and splendor, and providing far more largely for the happiness of its subjects. Impressed with these ideas, they were always stumbling at the doctrine of the cross. When this heavenly teacher represented to them that he must be rejected by all authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, by Gentile and by Jew—that he must endure every kind of ignominy

and reproach, and finally suffer a death of anguish: they could not understand him. They fancied that he was not speaking plainly to them, but, wrapping up his meaning in figures; and, notwithstanding their Master's instructions, all had a tendency to direct their attention from temporal to spiritual things, they were always ambitious of the honors and offices of the anticipated kingdom on the earth. At one time we hear them contending who shall be greatest; and at another, we see two of them very importunate to be constituted the principal officers of state. And finally, when their Lord was slain as a malefactor, darkness, like that in the natural world, filled their minds. Sad was the termination of their fond hopes, and golden expectations. And some of them breathed out their grief, as if their hopes and trust had died with him. 'We *trusted* it had been he who should have redeemed Israel.'

"Jesus, the King, possesses every qualification, and every title to the throne. In him are hidden (or laid up) all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. And then, what goodness dwells in him, who is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person! What power! he is the power of God, and the wisdom of God; and he spoke, saying, 'All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth.' It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and he is the head over all things to the church. And the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.

"Jesus the king, is entitled to the throne.

First, he inherits the throne by birth; by that relation which he holds to the Eternal God; not simply as the first, but as the only begotten Son; the natural, hereditary heir of all the dignities and offices of the kingdom. See the first chapter of Hebrews.

"Again, Jesus is the choice of all his subjects. Angels and men unite 'to crown him Lord of all:' true, there are some who will not have him to rule over them, and their fate we read in Luke xix. 27.

"Again, men sometimes ascend a throne by conquest. So does the King of saints. He conquers all; his subjects are made willing in the day of his power; and his arrows are sharp in the hearts of his enemies, whereby they fall under him. Yet, unlike earthly conquerors, the blood he spills, is all his own.

"Most kingdoms and states have risen from small beginnings; have grown by courting the friendship of some, and opposing with force the enmity of other states. Look at this kingdom. Its origin was indeed small, and it had no where to look for allies. It saw itself, from the beginning, surrounded by a world in arms. Its adherents were told, that they should be hated of all men, that they should be opposed by the Greek and the Jew, by the learned and the rude. On what had they to rely? not on their numbers to look down opposition, for they were few; not on their mental power, for they were illiterate; but on his arm who spoke the word.

Trusting in his promise, they went forth, to wage a perpetual war with the whole world, not

with sword and fire, to force a feigned conviction, and an external conformity to their doctrines; but, in weakness and simplicity, they went forth, and preached a risen Savior, and a finished righteousness; leaving results in the hand of Him, who worketh all things according to the counsels of his own will.

"Nor were they unsuccessful. The weapons of their warfare were indeed mighty; and those unlearned preachers soon found, by happy experience, that the foolishness of God was wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than all man's power."

Mr. Jacobs went home to Pawtuxet, on a visit for ten days, and afterwards spent a month with the church in Cambridge, before his final removal thither, which took place on the 17th of June, 1818.

"*June 12th.*—I think it is ten years to-day since I was first licensed to preach by the church in Somerset, Mass. Many changes have taken place since that time. I preached to that people more than two years, and here I have been laboring more than seven. But oh! how little good have I accomplished. I am now on the eve of another remove. Lord, make me more successful, and to thy name be all the glory!

"*June 14th.*—This has been a peculiar day to me, on account of the sorrow of many hearts. I had had no idea that my people would feel so badly, or that I should be so much distressed at the thought of leaving these few sheep in the wilderness. I preached in the morning from 1st Thess. v. 12. 'And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, &c.' I en-

deavored to tell them what a pastor should be, and their duty towards a future pastor. In the afternoon from 'Finally brethren, farewell.' A solemn time we had of it. We then came around the sacred table, perhaps for the last time. We sobbed and wept, and mingled our prayers, that we all might be counted worthy to sit down in the kingdom above, to part no more forever. I have here experienced much joy and sorrow. I trust the Lord sent me here, and I humbly believe my labors have not been altogether in vain. I know there are some who have reason to bless God that ever I came among them; and for myself, I leave with sorrow many valuable friends. God bless them, and thee, Pawtuxet."

Mr. Jacobs had been connected with the church in Pawtuxet, between seven and eight years, and had many warm attachments there. He had preached for them over a thousand sermons, and baptized twenty individuals; had married one or more members of many families, had buried and mourned for very many; and it was painful to break through the ties, with him always strong ones, of pastor and flock. He had mentioned, in the extracts given, most of the reasons for his removal; there was, however, another of considerable importance. Pawtuxet at that tine, afforded no facilities for educating his children, and he could not think of his own want of early advantages, and the painful results to himself of a deficient education, without the strong determination to spare his children, as far as possible, the mortification and sorrow to which he had himself been subject.

He left Pawtuxet, amid the sorrowing adieus of his numerous friends; the carriage was followed by the prayers of his "good sisters" and the tears of men, stout of heart, and stern, who, caring little for religion, loved in him the cheerfulness, uprightness, and affectionateness, produced by the spirit of piety breathing through his daily life and conversation. This attachment did not cease with his residence among them, but continued throughout all the years of his after life. They welcomed him with joy whenever he visited them, and he has left no friends to mourn him more sincerely, than do some of them.*

* From Col. and Mrs. Bowen, from the families of the Messrs. Rhodes, from Capt. E. Smith, and Capt. Aborn, Mr. Jacobs had received many kindnesses: they are not now forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—RECOGNITION AS PASTOR OF THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCH—JOURNAL CONTINUED—CLOSE OF HIS FIRST YEAR IN CAMBRIDGE—VISIT TO PAWTUXET—EXTRACTS—CLOSE OF YEAR 1819.

"*Cambridge, Thursday, June 18th.*—My furniture arrived, and the day was spent in settling ourselves in our new habitation. This is like beginning the world anew. It is my earnest prayer, that the Lord would make me useful in this part of his vineyard. May my coming hither be not all in vain, but may souls be born to God, under the instrumentality of my ministry.

"*Lord's Day, June 21st.*—Preached all day with reference to my coming among this people. In the morning, from Acts x. 29. 'I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me:' dwelling chiefly on the motives which should induce a Christian congregation to call and settle a minister. In the afternoon, from Psalm lxxi. 16. 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.' In this sermon, I endeavored

to show what doctrine I meant to preach, and where I relied for strength and support. In the evening, I exhibited to the church their obligation to assist their minister, from Rom. xv. 30—32. 'Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me. That I may come unto you with joy, by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed.' I think it has been my most earnest prayer, from my first thinking of coming to this place, that the Lord would come with me and make me a blessing to this people. Lo! I renew it to-day. Let me not be a cumberer of the soil in the vineyard of my Master, but draw, I pray thee, some souls to holiness, by means of my imperfect and sinning exertions!

"*Tuesday, June* 23*d.*—Spent the day in study. I intend to apply myself more closely than I have been able to do of late, to books, and to that more delightful source of instruction, prayer. 'Tis God alone can make me an able minister of the New Testament; then will I always go to Him, who teaches as neither man nor books can teach, whose teachings enter the heart at once, and make the inmost spirit wise.

"*June* 24*th.*—Few out at our conference this evening. The brethren live some distance from the place of meeting, and the present is a busy time with farmers. Such is the best apology I can make for them; but if their hearts were warm, they would not need any, for they would appear.

"*July* 8*th.*—Visited two sick women. But

oh! the difference religion makes. One of them, a Christian indeed as we believe, is happy; regarding her sickness not as an affliction, but as a blessing from her heavenly Father's hand. The other dreads the approach of death, as the final close of all her joys, the sealing stroke of her own ruin. I spoke to her of the mercy of the atonement, and told her to go to the Lamb of God.

"*July 10th.*—The Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. I was looking for sunshine and no clouds, and yet the cloud has overspread us. I was to-day called to visit one of my deacons, who is sick with a fever. May God, in mercy to us, and to the infant church in this place, spare him yet a little longer."

On Wednesday, July 22d, Mr. Jacobs was publicly recognized as pastor of the Cambridge church. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, preached from 2 Cor. v. 20; "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, &c." Dr. Gano gave the charge, Dr. Baldwin the fellowship, and Messrs. J. Grafton and E. Williams offered prayers. Four of the men of God concerned in the services of that day, have already finished their earthly service, given up the accounts of their ministry, and joined the worshipping assembly of heaven. They are gone! Gano, and Baldwin, and Jacobs, and Grafton. What meetings must heaven afford! They knew and loved each other when stained with all human imperfections. They are now satisfied, for they have awaked in the likeness of their Savior; and as they behold each

other purified and free from the soil of sin, do they not turn to shout a loftier hymn of praise to Him, whose righteousness has wrought for them their robes of white, and by whose blood they have been made worthy to dwell among the sanctified!

"*July* 31*st.*—Another month gone: thus month after month slide away, and years are speeding towards eternity; yet how little do I meditate on my eternal home, 'a dying Savior, and a world to come!'

"*August* 3*d.*—Purchased a number of books to-day. May I use them aright for the glory of God, and the advancement of his cause in the world. I see and feel more and more my own ignorance and want of efficiency; and I daily make it a matter of prayer, that I may be a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

"*August* 14*th.*—Have had a serious attack of asthma. Last night, the first time for a week, was able to lie down. We are, this morning, seriously alarmed for our eldest child: S. has her fears that she will not recover; but it seems to me the merciful Lord will spare her to us. I have, to-day, had a humbling sense of the distinguishing goodness of the Lord to me. When looking back, and viewing what I was, and what my heavenly Father has done for me, I think I felt something like gratitude kindle in my cold heart.

"*August* 15*th.*—Our little daughter no better. Oh, my God, interpose thine all-powerful arm to save; nor let this morning flower fade so

soon. Oh, hear our prayers, and send deliverance.

"One o' clock. The fever very high. I keep close by the mercy-seat. The Lord, I believe, has answered my prayers in times past; to him alone, I look for help in this time of distress.

"*Lord's-day*, 16*th*.—My child seems more comfortable to-day, and I entered on the duties of the sanctuary with a less heavy heart. My brother B. C. Grafton preached a lecture for me in the evening.

"*Monday*, 17*th*.—My child is better; she seems to be almost entirely rid of fever. I think my heart feels grateful to the Parent of the universe for his mercies to me. Lord, let all thy goodness lead me to repentance. Br. B. Grafton left here for Providence, to bring on his family to West-Cambridge. I am very happy in having him so near me.* I was going to say I had done little to-day, having visited only two or three sick persons; but is it a *little* thing for a minister to visit the sick? visits need the Lord's blessing as much as any other sort of labor; and it is only by grace assisting, that I can keep my garments clear from the blood of souls.

"*August* 19*th*.—Just as I was stepping out of my door this evening, in order to attend our conference, our brother P——, who lives in the house with me, was brought home dangerously hurt, having been kicked in the stomach by a

* Mr. B. Grafton was one of the earliest and most intimate friends of Mr. Jacobs. He had, about a year before this, relinquished his business in Providence, and devoted himself to preaching.

horse. I had but little hope of his recovery; but as my assistance was not particularly needed, the house being full, I retired to my study, and spent some time in prayer for him.

"*August* 20*th*.—My child is mending very fast. God grant that she is spared for usefulness in the world. Br. P——'s case still doubtful. How frail a thing is man! Here is an uncommonly stout man, who seemed as if he never knew what weakness meant, and in a moment he is brought down to lie helpless and suffering. God can show us, in a moment, that all our springs are in him.

"*August* 24*th*.—Saturday. My mind very much in the dark—laboring all day in doubt what subjects to discuss on the morrow; but every thing is dim and unpropitious. Oh, thou spirit of truth; enlighten my mind, open to me the scriptures; for without divine assistance I cannot preach.

"*Lord's-day*, 30*th*.—Notwithstanding all my fears, I have been able to speak with a good degree of freedom. As the afternoon was the time for our communion, I preached with reference to the sacrament, from 1 Cor. v. 7; 'For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; let us therefore keep the feast, &c.'

"*September* 13*th*.—Have been sick through the week, but preached this morning. Br. Bradley, from Albany, preached in the afternoon, and we made a collection for him of between eighty and ninety dollars, to aid in purchasing the theatre in that city, for a Baptist meeting-house.

"*September* 28*th*.—I hope the undertaking in

which I have now engaged, may not involve me in difficulty. I have undertaken to build a house, and without funds; urged to it by the difficulty of obtaining a dwelling-place, and by the hope of eventually securing a home for my dear family, in case I should be taken from them.

"*October* 19*th*.—A call from Br. Gano. He brings bad news from Rhode-Island, of the spread of Arian principles in that region. The Lord keep his churches steadfast, for variable is man.

"*October* 21*st*.—Raised my house. I offered up, on the occasion, a prayer to Almighty God for his blessing on the undertaking; that he would preserve from danger all employed in it; that he would make it, when finished, a house of prayer; and that he would enable us all to seek for mansions in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"*November* 2*d*.—General and Mrs. Rhodes, from Pawtuxet, are with us on a visit. It is pleasant to meet old friends, and such old friends. I have been busy to-day in doing the honors for them. We visited the State-House in Boston, the Exchange Coffee-house, &c.; the State Prison in Charlestown; and in Cambridge, the Colleges, Botanical Garden, &c.

"*November* 3*d*.—How soon does all earthly good fade away. Our friends have left us, and the Exchange, which we yesterday visited in all its grandeur, is this evening in ashes. 'Sic transit gloria mundi.' My soul, fix not thy hopes, nor expectations, nor wishes, below the skies!

"*November* 11*th*.—Preached this evening, for

the first time, in Brookline, from Matt. xxii. 4; 'And all things are ready; come unto the marriage.' Exhorted sinners with much earnestness. Had some conversation with two young ladies, who give evidence of a work of the Spirit on their hearts. Oh, for many such in this town.

"*November 25th.*—This is a day, which, in my youthful vanity, I consecrated to sinful pleasures; but oh, how good has been my heavenly Father, to bring me from the highway that leads to ruin, and to cause me to place my chief pleasure in serving him, imperfectly indeed, but cheerfully.

"Five converts this afternoon related to us their views of Christian truth, and will be received after they shall have been baptized. This was a pleasant sight, and, we hope, the wave-sheaf of an abundant harvest.

"*November 29th.*—Preached this morning from a part of the commission, Matt. xxviii 19; 'Go teach all nations, baptizing them, &c.' After service I immersed six persons. In the afternoon addressed the church from Col. ii. 6, 7; 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.'

"*Lord's-day, December 6th.*—At Lynn on an exchange with Br. Farnsworth. A very violent rain all day; addressed twenty in the morning, forty in the afternoon, and in the evening had an attentive audience of two hundred. My soul shall rejoice if any good be done."

Since his visit to Cambridge in April, Mr. Jacobs had baptized sixteen persons, and preached

in the towns of Cambridge, Boston, Newton, Dedham, West-Cambridge, Brookline, Watertown, and Lynn; in all, eighty-one sermons.

So closes his first year in his new place of labor. As his residence in Cambridge was longer than in any former place, so his church here had a larger share in his affections than any other: he never ceased feeling with and for them. And some of his latest prayers in his family were filled with strong supplications and tears for his beloved flock.

"*January* 3*d*, 1819.—How much of my time is gone! How much have I to redeem! and, perhaps, in the decrees of heaven, it is written of me, 'this year thou shalt die.' Time, (God's most sparing gift to man) can time be redeemed? In one sense it cannot; a lost moment comes not back again to afford us opportunity for using it more wisely: some, because they have so much leisure, and time hangs heavy on their hands, invent various ways to make it pass more swiftly; they call this killing time. Ye may kill it, ye foolish ones; but of this one thing be sure—it shall rise from the dead, and appear to your condemnation, in the day when time shall be no longer; and eternity, ye cannot kill.

"*Monday*, *January* 4*th*.—This evening we held the monthly concert of prayer for the heathen. Our little vestry was full, and we had a solemn meeting. As it was the first meeting of the kind in the year, I took occasion to recommend to the people the importance of doing something besides praying, for the conversion of the heathen, and the increase of Zion; and our mission-box was passed round not in vain.

"*Wednesday, January 27th.*—Was present at the constituting of a new church in Boston, over which Mr. Sabine was installed as pastor. Evangelical principles seem to be gaining ground in this region: the Lord's name be praised.

"*Tuesday Evening, February 2d.*—Preached for the first time at Brighton, in a private house. The place was full to running over, and numbers went away who could not get in. I preached from the sweet invitation of our blessed Redeemer; 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' Why will not human hearts feel such love as that which suffered and died for them? I felt deeply engaged for the salvation of this village, who seldom, if ever, hear the gospel. 'T is the Spirit of God alone, which can turn any heart to Jesus, the only Savior of lost men.

"*February 13th.*—Heard last evening a foolish report, that I preached the sermons of others, and particularly on my late exchange with Mr. Grafton, at West-Cambridge. It is now more than ten years since I commenced preaching, and never, till the last season, did I own a volume of sermons; for the reason that I have never been able to purchase many books, and have been, therefore, careful to select such as I conceived to be most useful. I am not much affected by this rumor, though it is a disagreeable one."

Some years after, Mr. Jacobs was hurt by some reports equally unfounded and more unkind, as they arose from some of his own immediate hearers, asserting his sermons to be principally drawn from the works of Andrew Fuller. I need not show the absurdity of such assertions.

"*February* 21*st.*—Was too unwell to go out this evening to the conference, but enjoyed a solemn time in prayer at home for my children. As the three little creatures lay asleep, and I was watching them, I felt the importance of dedicating them to the Lord, and incessantly imploring his blessing on them. Oh! that he who condescended to bless little children when on earth, would grant his blessing on mine. They are his, lent to us for a little while, I hope to return to him, after having done and suffered all his will on earth. I pray for grace to bring them up aright; and so to walk before them in the ways of the Lord, that it may be safe for them to follow me.

"*February* 28*th.*—About seventy-five of us commemorated the love of our Redeemer this afternoon; a sweet time. In the evening, Br. Chapin,* (who has been for many years a pedobaptist, but has lately embraced believer's baptism,) preached a very interesting and solemn discourse, from Luke xvi. 10; 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

In June, 1819, Mr. Jacobs made a short visit to his friends in Rhode Island. He says of Pawtuxet, "The whole village appeared to be moved at our coming, and, as it was the evening for meeting, they came out and filled the meeting-house, which placed me under a kind of necessity of talking, though I had so severe a

*Now President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

headache as to make it laborious. I find the church much as I left them a year ago. They have a pastor, a man of God, I trust. May his labors be more abundantly blessed to them, than were mine.

"*Pawtuxet, Lord's Day, June 13th.*—Preached all day to my people here; and partook with them of the Lord's Supper. This season awakened in my mind the recollections of the joys and sorrows of the years that have fled. It is pleasant to me to know that there is still the same Christian affection subsisting between the church and myself, as when I was pastor. Had one of our old-fashioned conferences in the evening, in which I did all the talking.

"*Providence, Lord's Day, June 20th.*—The violent thunder-storm on Friday did much injury; the lightning striking in several places. But He who rolls the thunder along, preserved us; happy if we can say, 'This awful God is ours.' Spent to-day, not in preaching, but in hearing; a privilege I seldom enjoy. In the morning heard Mr. Preston* preach on the future judgment, very excellently. In the afternoon turned churchman, and heard Mr. Crocker."

Mr. Jacobs preached but three times during this visit, and returned to Cambridge on the 24th of June.

"*Lord's Day, July 4th.*—This day is too generally devoted to sinful mirth; but to-day we hope our Independence has been celebrated

*Now of Savannah, Georgia.

as it should be, with hearts and voices united in the worship of the Giver of our civil, as well as our religious blessings.

"*Lord's Day, July 11th.*—Preached at Roxbury, at 6 o'clock. I tried to set before them the goodness of the gospel, in a plain discourse, from 1 Tim. i.15. 'This is a faithful saying,' &c. There is a prospect of an Evangelical place of worship being established here, though there is much opposition manifested. The Lord give his praying people prosperity."

The lamented Mr. Ensign Lincoln was a warm friend and patron of this infant interest in Roxbury, frequently and repeatedly preaching for them without any compensation. But why need we mention this? What benevolent object was there, which did not find a friend in Mr. Lincoln?

"*Lord's Day, July 25th.*—Preached this morning on the nature and use of baptism; after which I baptized a man who has been a warm advocate of universal salvation, but whom the Lord has led to see the indissoluble connection between holiness and eternal life.

"*Lord's Day, August 1st.*—Preached at Roxbury, on an exchange with brother Lincoln. I felt an intense desire to win souls to my Master. My text, in the afternoon, was from Ps. xlix. 8. 'The redemption of the soul is precious.' Preached at home in the evening, on the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures.

"*Lord's Day, August 8th.* Young brother Leverett,* a licensed preacher, was with, and

* Now pastor of the church at Roxbury.

assisted me to-day. Continued my lectures on the Inspiration of the Scriptures. The weather very bad, but a large number out. Oh, that the Lord would make his own word, by whomsoever delivered, effectual to the pulling down of error's strong holds in this place.

"*August 29th.*— Our Heavenly Father is still giving us some souls, who, we trust, will share in the joys of heaven. Three were to have been received to-day; but the weather and tide being unfavorable, the baptism was postponed. I did not go out in the evening, as I was thoroughly fatigued. I rejoice that I am so happy as to have brethren who can carry on a conference without me.

"*September 5th.*—A good day. Oh! that my dear people may be eternally benefited by the Sabbaths and sermons God gives them. In the afternoon, I preached from Psa. cvii. 12. 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me.' We then made a collection for the purpose of aiding pious young men to obtain an education, preparatory to entering the ministry; collected a hundred dollars. I preached in the evening, on the attributes of God, from Ex. xxxiv. 67.

"*September 11th*, 1819.—Heard to-day of the death of a neighboring minister, Rev. Mr. Huntington, of Boston. He died in the prime of life, and is a great loss to his people, and to this region; a loss to be specially deplored, as he was truly evangelical, and of such as are the salt of our churches. May God grant that his successor be like him, nor suffer any true light to be extinguished in this region.

"*October* 17*th.*—With considerable difficulty I preached twice to-day: my asthma troubles me much this fall. Last Sunday I was quite ill. The Sunday previous, however, I preached three times, baptized four persons, and attended a funeral. It seems to me, I could be far more active in my Master's service, were I free from this disease; but it is all right, and I have abundant reason to be thankful that I can preach at all; and especially that it has pleased the Lord, in some measure, to bless my feeble efforts.

"*October* 31*st.*—Received six individuals to our communion. Thus the Lord is increasing this little flock, with such as we hope to be eternally saved. Forty have been added since I have been here. May the Father of all mercies continue to do us good.

"*November* 7*th.*—'Let no man deceive himself,' was my text this afternoon; a solemn subject, and I felt it. Went to Boston in the evening, to assist in the ordaining our young brother Henry J. Ripley.* Dr. Baldwin preached before the Foreign Missionary Society, from these words; 'This gospel must be preached in all the world.' After which this young man was set apart for the service of the Most High; a priest and teacher in the temple of the Lord Jesus.

"*Wednesday, November* 10*th.*—Minister's meeting at Framingham. I preached from Phil. ii. 16. 'Holding forth the word of life.' I received the friendly criticisms of my brethren on

*Now Professor at the Newton Theol. Institution.

my performance, and hope they may be of use to me. The interview was pleasant, and harmonious. May we all feel incited to more diligence in our great work.

"*November* 21*st.*—Sick all the week with asthma; but was so much better this morning, as to attempt three services; and I have reason to bless the Lord, that I was able to perform them with ease. Subject this evening, the Trinity.

"*November* 28*th.*—The asthma returned again in the former part of the week, and confined me to the house till this morning. The duties of the day being many, and my health so bad, I trembled at the prospect. At nine o'clock, I baptized one man. Expounded a short psalm in the morning, and in the afternoon preached from Luke xv. 2. 'This man receiveth sinners,' I then administered the other ordinance, and at six o'clock, rode to Old Cambridge, and married a couple. Thus have the duties of the day been many and various; but if any good, spiritual or temporal, has been done, it is enough to make every fatigue light.

"*December* 12*th.*—Brother Barnaby, from New Bedford, preached for me this afternoon, from Psa. cxxi. 5. 'The Lord is thy keeper.' We then made a collection of about forty dollars, to aid his church in obtaining a house of worship. What a sweet text is this, 'Thou God, seest me.' If we suffer under affliction of body or mind, the Lord knoweth all we feel. If our friends look coldly on us, and our enemies reproach, behold now our witness is in thee;

whatever be our trouble, God sees us; our best friend beholds it, and knows, though we do not, how it will end. But if we fear and love not this omniscient God, if we think not of Him, still he sees us. 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the *evil* and the good.'

"'If there be therefore, any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfil ye my joy; that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, and of one mind.' Most pathetic adjurations! breathing at once the spirit of the gospel, and showing us its influence on the mind of the writer. It is as if he had said, 'By all the consoling and animating motives derived from the character and work of the Savior, from your own deliverance from the bondage of corruption, from the love of Christ, and communion with him, from the fellowship of the sanctifying Spirit, from the favor of God, and the hope of heaven; by all the sweet comforts arising from the very exercise of love, I beseech and exhort you.' If these considerations will not induce the people of God to live as brethren, then may we well despair of ever seeing Christian affection on the earth. But they will—the love of Christ will constrain them.

"When God created the world, he brought beings into existence by the word of his power. So Jesus has assured us, that the dead in trespasses and sins shall hear his voice, and they that hear shall live. In the new creation he speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it

stands fast. He, who, in the days of his flesh, could say to the sleeping dead, 'Come forth,' and be obeyed, can, with the like ease, with the same controlling power, speak to the dead sinner, and cause him to leap into life.

"It is one of the most distinguishing excellencies of the Bible, as compared with other books, that, while it contains enough to task the highest intellect, it is also level to the meanest capacity. I do not mean that every thing in the Scriptures can be perfectly comprehended by us. It would have been strange, if in a revelation from heaven, there had been nothing beyond the grasp of finite minds. The work of grace, like all the other works of God, has its mysteries; and in this, as in all the productions of his infinite skill and wonderful power, we contemplate 'the deep things of God.' The work of redemption has a length, and breadth, and height, and depth immeasurable; so in the scriptures, the revelation of that wondrous work to man, are some things greatly mysterious, and hard to be understood.

"Though a preacher be wiser than Gamaliel, though he should possess all the learning of all the schools, he must lay it all at the foot of the cross. And when he ascends the desk, to deal with souls for eternity, his ambition is to know nothing among the people, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Jesus Christ, the divinely perfect, the infinitely full; Jesus, the atoning Savior, the Lamb of God, taking away the sin of the world; Jesus, formed in the heart, the only hope of glory; Jesus, the intercessor for his people; Jesus, the pattern for all his saints—this is

the preacher's theme. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, the burden of his song, the name to be in every sermon and in every prayer, the one name above all others. Now that mode of preaching which says nothing of the need of the Savior, and points not to the fountain of his blood as necessary to be applied to the soul, however rich it may be with human science, however highly adorned with the accomplishments of eloquence, is nevertheless another gospel, and not an exhibition of the word of life.

" 'Holding forth the word of life.' Allusion is here made, says one, to the buildings we call light-houses, in which a bright light is kept by night to aid vessels approaching the shore. What a beautiful figure; Christians! ye are the light-houses of the world, prepared and fitted up by grace to hold forth the word of life. See ye to it, that your lights are kept bright, lest, when souls make shipwreck, they are lost indeed, but their ruin be found at your door."

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—JOURNEY TO NEW HAMPSHIRE—DISTRESS ON ACCOUNT OF SICKNESS—REMARKS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

"*January* 1*st*, 1820.—I am spared to commence a new year. Oh! my soul, look back on the past year, and see how much of thy time has run to waste; how much time thou hast to redeem, and perhaps this year may be thy last. I think I have felt a satisfaction in looking unto the Lord for his blessing on this year; and especially on my ministerial labors here. Let me not have occasion to say at its close, 'I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought,' but let me labor, whether blest or not, to serve my God, and save the souls of men.

"*January* 7*th*, 1820.—This day I buried one of my congregation. May I have the satisfaction in the death of all who depart, which I had in her's; and may I be faithful to the living, that they may not, by my influence, neglect the concerns of their souls.

"This young woman had been sick for several months, and hopefully experienced religion in her last sickness. Her departure was truly tri-

umphant; for weeks she had not spoken except in a whisper, and for several days had not articulated at all; but about six hours before she died, her bodily strength revived, so that she spoke aloud, saying, 'Oh, what a Savior! I am more happy now in the agonies of death, than I ever was in my life and health.' Truly,

> 'Her tongue broke out in unknown strains,
> And sang surprising grace.'

"*January 28th.*—I have just heard of the melancholy death of our Br. Wheelock, missionary to Burmah. Melancholy, I say, that is, as to the manner, particularly; while in a state of mental derangement, he leaped overboard, and was drowned. As *we* say, the mission has sustained a loss, and his friends must feel deeply distressed; but why talk we of loss? the Judge of all the earth will do right. This should remind us all that 'the way of man is not in himself,' and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the life may be lost, or the reason be taken away. Let me, then, use my reason while I have it, to the glory of God, and in the service of Christ.

"*February 9th.*—My birth-day; thirty-four years I have been spared, a monument of Jehovah's mercy; and when I look back on the years that have rolled away, how empty do they appear. 'What have I done for Him, who died to save my wretched soul.' I have been a preacher almost twelve years; but I fear I have, in many instances, dishonored God, and slept upon my post. How many who have sat under my min-

istry, have gone into the eternal world! Are my garments pure? this is a solemn inquiry. My God, forgive my follies past, and my failures in duty, heal my backslidings, cleanse in the blood of Jesus my holiest performances, and keep me near thyself. Let me devote myself more and more to the work of my Master, and use what time still remains to me, more profitably than I have done the irreclaimable past. Bless my labors to the dear people of my charge; and may many, through my instrumentality, be brought to the knowledge of the truth.

"Br. Davis, of South Reading, spent the day with me. He brings good news from that place with regard to the attention given to religious subjects. Thirty have recently entertained a hope of salvation through the merits of the Savior.

"*Lord's-day, February 13th.*—Breathed so badly this morning, that I was not able to go out. Did not mind the suffering so much as the thought of my people assembling to hear me, and being disappointed. I always feel like a criminal, when I am confined on a Lord's-day.

"My brethren succeeded in obtaining Br. Collier to preach, which was some relief. I have been much troubled this winter with my complaint. I sometimes fear that it will increase on me, till it becomes a continual asthma, and lays me aside from preaching. I am very much unreconciled to such a useless lot. Oh Lord, reconcile me to thy wise, thy ever kind will.

"*February 22d.*—I have just heard of the death of Br. Winchell, of Boston. He died this

morning. How heavy this stroke to the church, which is thus deprived of a pastor. The whole denomination, yea, the world have sustained a loss; for he was a burning and a shining light. And then his dear family, the bereft wife and little babes; theirs is a loss indeed. May the God of grace and mercy comfort them; and let me lay this providence to heart, let me reflect that I, too, am hasting to my eternal home, and work hard *all* the day, in view of the night coming on so rapidly and surely, in which no man can work.

"*February* 26*th.*—This has been a solemn day: the remains of the excellent Winchell were carried to the grave, amid many tears: and much lamentation. A young man of great promise is thus cut off in the morning of his days; he numbered but twenty-eight years. How dark, how inscrutable are the ways of our God! But let us never forget it is all bright around his throne, and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Dr. Baldwin preached at the funeral, from the very appropriate text, 'He was a bright and shining light.' I hope that this event may make a lasting impression on many hearts.

"*February* 26*th.*—Dr. Gano, that good man, and father in the ministry, dined and spent the afternoon with me. He brought good news of a revival with them. I have felt grieved for some time at the spread of Arianism in Rhode Island, but let only the Spirit of God touch the hearts of saints and sinners, and all *isms* are forgotten; and the glory of God, and the good of souls, and the love of the Savior are promoted. Truly,

there is nothing like an influence from above to make men right, and keep them so.

"*February 28th.*—Another of my hearers gone; another call to me, to all, to be ready to follow. Another token to remind us that our accounts must shortly be given up to the great Judge of all. May I pursue my work with renewed diligence for every such event. Though those who have died are beyond the reach of my influence, may I warn the living in such a manner that their blood may not be required at my hands. Help, Lord, for I am weak and frail. Oh, save me, and those that hear me.

"*Lord's-day, April 2d.*—One of my nephews with me on a visit; his poor mother has lost two sons within a few months; both just grown up to manhood; both died at sea. The Lord support my sister, and bless these sore afflictions to her and to her children. T—— brings the good tidings of a blessed revival of religion in Newport. Indeed the Lord is pouring out his Spirit on very many towns in that state, and bringing many stout hearts to bow to his sceptre. A wonderful day is this. Never, perhaps, since the time of the apostles, was there so much effort made for the advancement of the cause of religion, pure and undefiled, and never was there greater success at home and abroad."

In the spring of this year, 1820, Mr. Jacobs made a journey to New-Hampshire, for the purpose of having medical advice from Dr. Skilton, a physician somewhat celebrated as having cured several individuals of asthma. This journey was not, on the whole, of benefit to him; and, in-

deed, he seems not to have been very sanguine, with regard to its results.

He says,—

"I think it my duty to use all possible means of obtaining a cure, that I may be better able to serve the church and cause of Christ.

"We reached this place, Pelham, about sunset, and I had this evening, a conference with the Doctor. He gives me but little encouragement. May I evermore look to the great Physician, in every disease, spiritual, and bodily."

Mr. Jacobs was accompanied on this journey by Mrs. Jacobs, and by his friend Mr. Farwell, of Cambridge.

"*Pelham, N. H. April 26th.*—This morning had another consultation with the Dr. and concluded to put myself under his care. Brother Farwell took leave of us at ten o'clock, and returned to C——. I commenced the course prescribed immediately, and have been growing worse all day. I thought very much of home, and my people, but desire to resign myself, and all I have, into the hands of the Lord."

The next day he records as "a very bad day, with only a few intervals of easy breathing."

"*Evening, April 27th.*—My brethren are now assembled for prayer. May the gracious presence of God make it a meeting not in vain.

"*April 28th.*—My asthma still distressing; nothing subdues the paroxysm. I feel quite worn down by laboring so hard for breath, and by sitting in one place for three nights. Oh! for patience and resignation. My mercies, too, are great. Let not my repining heart dwell only on the dark side, and overlook the bright.

"*Lord's-day*, 30*th*.—Not able to attend public worship. This is very unpleasant, but I do not feel as I should if a congregation were depending on my services. My own dear flock, I trust, are supplied with the word of life. May the great Shepherd feed them and guide them in all their way.

"*Cambridge*, *May* 21*st*.—Have preached today for the first time in a month, having been very sick since my return. I am still very feeble, but able, once more, to proclaim the good news of sins forgiven, through the Savior's blood. May the Lord bless what has been done in such weakness, and oh! in such unworthiness. We made a handsome collection for missionary purposes, after I had preached a missionary sermon, from Rom. x. 13. 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved.'

"*August* 17*th*.—Have been unable to preach for two Sabbaths. Brother Sharp preached for me last Lord's Day in the morning, and in the evening, brother Rice; and we made a collection for the Foreign Mission. To-day I have set apart as a day of humiliation and prayer, in which I may seek unto the Lord for one thing particularly; if peradventure it may please him to remove the thorn in my side, the asthma. I may have been too much like Asa, king of Judah, who, when diseased, sought unto the physicians, and not unto God. I read the fifth of James, especially from the seventh verse, and tried to commend my case unto the Lord. I also read and meditated on the account of the sickness and recovery of Hezekiah; but alas! I

cannot say as he did in his prayer to God, 'Remember how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart.' Oh no! I must plead the mercy of God, for the dear sake of Jesus. My own heart condemns me, and my life is all polluted with sin. But there is forgiveness with him, and I, even I, dare draw nigh his mercy-seat. How cheering was the word to Hezekiah, 'I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold *I* will heal them.'

"*Noon.*—I have been meditating on my past life. I have called to mind the sins and follies of my youth, and the iniquities of my riper years, a black catalogue; and I have also received the special mercies which my Heavenly Father has granted me at particular seasons. Remembering the wormwood and the gall of the one, and the joys of the other, I feel how great reason I have for humility and gratitude.

"*Evening.*—I read this afternoon a part of the memoirs of S. Pearce, and as usual with great pleasure. Read also several portions of the Blessed Book, and again commended my case to God. And I think I can say at this close of the day, 'it has been good to wait on the Lord.'

Friday, August 18th.—Had a severe attack of asthma last night, and after the fit subsided, I enjoyed one of the sweetest seasons in meditations that I ever experienced. If I may but enjoy the presence of the Redeemer, even afflictions will cease to seem such.

'May I but hear my Savior say,
Grace shall be equal to thy day,

Glad I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.'

"*September* 3*d.*—Not well, but preached all day, in the morning from Heb. xii. 28. In the afternoon, a charity sermon for the Education society, from Col. iii. 23. 'And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord.' Our collection amounted to seventy-five dollars.

"*December* 17*th.*—Heard this evening, Mr. Ward, a missionary from Serampore, India. His discourse was excellent, and filled with the unction of the gospel. He is soliciting donations for a college at Serampore, for the instruction of native converts.

"*December* 28*th.*—Brother Ward preached a lecture this evening at our place; and we made a collection for the college at Serampore, of a little more than eighty dollars."

Mr. Jacobs has left no regular diary for the year 1821 I find, by recurring to his text-book, that he preached in that year eighty-six sermons, and his baptism book makes mention of five individuals, who became members of his church. A few extracts from his other papers will now be given.

"How spacious, how vast is that better country, the country of saints, of angels, and of God himself. The boundaries of that country are no other than the limits of God's universe. We are here, on the earth, confined to a small planet, the footstool only of the Maker. There, in the unlimited range of the free spirit, what is to check its progress? can universal space be ever

wholly passed over? will there not be always something beyond? There is *one* limit, *one* bound placed, but no holy being will desire to go over the 'great gulf fixed.' As Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked eastward and westward, northward and southward, and called the country all his own, so shall the just man made perfect, lift up his eyes on the heavenly hills, and survey the extensive regions of paradise—and all that better country is his. Oh! sinner, why will you not believe the gospel word 'there yet is room in heaven,' room in this better country—but, alas! no room for Jesus in your crowded heart."

"I believe that, never, till we get to heaven, shall we realise fully what that means; 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity.' There are here among the best of men, so many strifes, contentions and jealousies, that I sigh more and more for the heaven of peace."

"No wonder the apostle says, 'Our conversation is in heaven,' the meaning being, our citizenship. Christians are natives of heaven; the certificates of their birth are recorded there, in the Lamb's fair book of life; their estates are all there; there the treasures to which they are heirs, and there is a large share of their affections; they think of heaven as home. There, too, are many of our friends, 'not lost, but gone before.'"

"I am very partial to Paul's letters to Timothy. In all the epistles, Paul maintains the dignity of his office, and the glory of his Master.

We see the sound reasoning, the wise judging, the lively imagination of the writer in them all. And in all, are very apparent, the piety and ardor which belonged to Paul. But in his epistles to Timothy, he pours out all his heart. What gratitude he shows for the grace conferred upon this young man in calling him to the knowledge of the truth, and in sending him into the ministry! What anxiety for his steadfastness in the faith, and for his progress in the divine life. What warm solicitude for his happiness, and future usefulness in the church of God. And, himself just ready to depart from this world of sorrows, to everlasting bliss, with the fair heaven just in sight, he leaves to this beloved son, his legacy of stripes, and bonds, and imprisonments."

"Had God left it to the free choice of sinful mortals, the mansions of heaven would have been destitute of inhabitants. The Lord himself has shown us what would be the success of the gospel, if unattended with divine power. How many of the invited guests came to the king's feast? They *all* with one consent made excuses. No! they must be *compelled* to come in. I appeal to you who have heard me, how often have I entreated, invited, prayed you, with tears, to turn to the Lord? have you complied? if not, what under heaven prevents but your own choice?"

"We are all ready to acknowledge that God is good; and while we are enjoying his tender care in what we call prosperity, we confess, with some gratitude perhaps, that he is a kind

parent to his earthly children. But do we find it difficult to feel this, when he appears to mow our comforts down? Let us learn that the Lord is the same, is good evermore."

"When Lot enjoyed prosperity in the well-watered plain of Sodom, and saw his flocks and herds increase, we can suppose that he felt the Lord was good. But when Lot flees from the destruction of that devoted city, and loses, in the overthrow, his wife, and daughters, and wealth, and, stript of all his earthly goods, takes refuge in a solitary cave, what are his feelings then? Is the Lord still good? Yes; 'tis thus he weans his heart from mortal things, and tears away his idols, that he may trust in God. When Jacob recrossed the Jordan, his heart beat high in gratitude to God. We admire the piety of the man who exclaims, 'With my staff I passed this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.' But when the famine wastes his substance, and his youngest son must go to Egypt, that the ruler there may sell them food, he shows the weakness of his faith, and his want of trust in God: we feel pained while he breathes out the sad complaint, 'Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me.' No, Jacob, all these things are *for* you. Let every Christian read over his own heart and life, and, while he counts the long train of Ebenezers reared, say how oft have the dark lowering clouds of Jehovah's providence dissolved in gentle and refreshing showers."

"The idea too often conveyed that the Eternal Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,

is an implacable and vindictive being, while the Son is all merciful and compassionate, and that the sufferings and death of the Son were necessary to appease the vengeful temper of the Holy God, is a most shocking one; most degrading to divinity, and most injurious in its consequences. No, the Father is compassionate, as is the the Son; and the Son as inflexibly just as the Father; for they are one. The Scriptures tell us 'God,' not Jesus Christ as the Savior, but 'God is love.' And we learn in the same volume, that Christ is to be the Judge of all at last. Nor was the atonement designed to detract one jot or one tittle from the requirements of the divine law. The law, requiring as it does, perfect, unfailing obedience, and denouncing curses for every sin, has been represented as rigid, and severe; and it being therefore, impossible for men to obey it, Jesus, pitying their hard case, took their part against this rigid law, and bore its penalties, in order that they might be released from the obligations imposed by it, to perfect, unremitting holiness. Oh! how repugnant such a doctrine is to correct views of the divine perfections. It sets up parties in heaven; then would the Son rise up against the Father; it clashes with every essential sentiment of religion."

"Do we not sometimes lay too little stress on the obedience of Christ, as a means of our salvation? As surety for his people, he engaged to fulfil all the righteousness of the law. To do this, it was as necessary that he should obey, as that he should suffer. The Savior *lived* for sin-

sers, as well as *died* for them. His teachings, his example, were all ours. But I believe also, most fully, the words of Paul, 'we have redemption through his blood.' And with the poet,

> 'The ransom was paid down—
> ———The fund of heaven,
> ———Poured forth the price,
> All price beyond'

"If we for a little while consider the infinite holiness of the Being, whose perfect law man had wantonly violated, if we from this point take a view of the incalculable evil of one sin, if we multiply this one sin by the many each individual since Adam has committed, and this by the millions of beings who have sinned, if now we consider the weight of guilt and suffering to be borne, we may have some faint idea of the love and the woes of our blessed Redeemer. We shall feel, too, that nor man, nor angels could have done all this; none but Immanuel, God with us, that is, in our nature."

Mr. Jacobs suffered greatly from asthma during the years 1822 and 1823; so much, indeed, as frequently to be unable to preach for several Sabbaths in succession. After giving a few extracts from those of his papers, which are dated 1822, we will resume the diary.

"What a forcible illustration of the duties of a Christian minister is afforded by the comparing him to a watchman. He must never fall asleep on his post; night and day he must be on the look-out; he is never to be lulled by apparent prosperity, nor to be weary in the dark-

est night of adversity. It is not enough that he should occasionally cast a glance without, to see if the enemy be at hand, and within, to discover whether there be no treachery in the garrison; he must be ever on his guard. The sentinel has great responsibility; he is to warn the people of every approaching danger; if he desert his post but for one moment, the consequences may be most disastrous. Hence it is, that military laws have adjudged the sleeping or faithless sentinel to death. So too the minister of the gospel is laid under the most dreadful penalties if he fail in his duty, 'If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take away any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.' Ezekiel xxxiii."

"How strangely the lives of Christians are at variance with the words of scripture. The wise man tells us, 'wisdom (or religion) is the principal thing;' the world says, 'religion is the least thing,' and the conduct of many professors, cries Amen! A pious poet has told us, 'religion's all;' an impious world asserts that religion is nothing, and the church does not, (except in word) contradict the assertion."

"Their works do follow them, *follow*, not go before; their righteousness extendeth not to God. Christ's righteousness has gone before and prepared the way of access to the place where his saints shall 'rest from their labors,' their works do follow."

"I think the words of Paul, 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him (or he shall) be Anathema maranatha,' are of themselves a strong assertion of the writer's belief in the divinity of our Savior. A man is to 'be cursed with the most bitter curse' for what? for blasphemy? or hatred? or contempt? no; for want of love—towards whom? would neglect of loving man or angel call down this direful denunciation? Nay, verily, but whoso loves not the man Christ Jesus, plainly breaks the first and great commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind.'

'His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.' "

"The disciples, though they had been so long taught by their Master, seem never to have understood him, when he repeatedly assured them that he must suffer, and be put to death. Hence, when he was apprehended and slain, their faith was shaken, and the overthrow of their hopes was like the giving up of the ghost. Sorrow and despair overwhelmed them. His lifeless body was laid in the new tomb, hewn out of the rock, and the enemies of the Lord exulted that they had triumphed over the reprover of their crimes. 'Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all was silent at the sepulchre; the powers of darkness seemed victorious, and darkness like that which shrouded the material world, hung over the minds of the followers of the Lamb.' We can read their feelings from the

expressions used by the two who travelled to Emmaus. 'We trusted it had been he, who would have redeemed Israel.' We *trusted*, ah now our trust is fled—our only support is violently torn from us, and we—what have we left?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YEAR 1823—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS—SIX MONTHS ILLNESS.

"*February 9th*, 1823.—Lord's-day; my birth day. Thirty-seven years have I passed in this world of sin and of sorrow, this world of probation, this beginning of an existence which will never end. Yet of this time so important, how much has been wasted, worse than lost? True, I have for more than half my life been a professor of religion; and, as I still most humbly hope, a religious man; through grace I have been kept from any out-breaking sins that would bring a reproach upon the religion of Christ. But how much less have I done than I might, for God! how much more for the world! And, though I have been now fifteen years preaching repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, my efforts have been but feeble, and my success small. Dr. Gano spent the day with me, and preached twice; I preached in the afternoon, with a great deal of enjoyment to myself, from John iv. 10; 'If thou hadst known the gift of God, &c.'

"*February* 15*th.*—Have been unable to visit my flock as I would like to have done, on account of ill health; have, however, been able to call on fifty families since the commencement of the year. May I strive to carry the religion of the Savior wherever I go; like him humble, apt to teach, kind, anxious to do good, desirous to do my Father's will—*all* his will.

"*Lord's-day*, *February* 16*th.*—How refreshing and pleasant would be a night's rest, could I lay my wearied body down, and sleep like others. But I have to sit in my chair, (it is *called* an *easy* chair,) night after night, and week after week. As, then, my poor body has but little rest, may I attend to the more important part, the soul's repose. In Jesus the spirit can find peace; and let me go on in the work of the Lord, till spent in his service; remembering, 'there is rest in heaven.'

"*February* 18*th.*—Read the memoirs of the missionary Martyn. Surely he was a man of God. How does such devoted zeal put my cold heart to shame, and my little exertion to the blush.

"*February* 19*th.*—Heard this morning of the death of one of my congregation, who did not leave behind a satisfactory evidence that she was a sincere believer. I feel bitterly to reproach myself that I have not visited her this week. I might have gone on Monday, but did not, on account of indisposition; and now the opportunity is lost forever. What a loud warning to do now, even amidst some inconvenience, whatever I can do, lest it be by and by too late.

"*February 20th.*—Br. E., and some other friends were with us. If the society of Christian friends is so pleasant in this world, what will heaven be, where all is holy?

"*February 21st.*—Visited dear Br. G——, of W——; my heart bleeds for him. He has toiled there for many years, and still all is dark and discouraging, and now he thinks he must quit the ground. If he does, there is every reason to fear that the little church in that place must become extinct. Oh, if I could put a proper spirit into the able members of churches, they would not suffer the feeble hands to fail, and the little flocks to be devoured.

"*Lord's-day, 23d.*—This has, on the whole, been a comfortable day, though I went with fear and trembling, in consequence of weakness of body, and darkness of mind. I had worn out the long night previous, rather than passed it; and I feared I could not speak at all. But, as hundreds of times before, so now, my heavenly Father was better to me than I deserved, or dared to hope. Mr. Sabine preached for me in the evening.

"*March 2d.*—I have been sick with asthma for several days past, and, consequently, felt very inadequate to the work of the pulpit. Had an exchange with Br. Sharp, which was rather harder than preaching at home.

"The Universalists are making great efforts to subdue this place. Oh, thou God of truth, suffer not this people to be deceived, but fill this place with the glory of truth, believed and obeyed. Thou, alone, canst awaken sinners to

perceive their danger, and cause them to flee for refuge to the only hope set before them.

"*March 8th.*—For several days have been walking in a cloud of thick darkness, feeling as if God were afar off, rather than at hand.

"*March 10th.*—Did not go out yesterday. Brethren Lincoln and Alger preached for me. I had entertained the hope that I was mastering the asthma; but I think now, that easy breathing is not to be my portion in this life. Well, let me rejoice, that, through the abounding mercy of God, I have a firm hope of breathing at last the air of that country whose inhabitants never say they are sick; 'the Lord's my portion, saith my soul.' Several of my brethren met at my house as a committee, to form a church library. I hope before I die to see a useful library belonging to our church. I know nothing more likely to be beneficial, than a good collection of books, well read. I can leave my church no other legacy than the good I may be the means of influencing them to do and gain.

"*March 16th.*—I think there are some symptoms of an awakened state of religious feeling among my people. The Lord grant that it may increase. The prayer-meeting this morning at the vestry was, I understand, better attended than it has been for more than a year; this is a favorable sign. Prayer-meetings afford a better thermometer of the tone of religious feeling, than attendance on preaching. Chose for this afternoon that text so full of comfort, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' This evening had a large attendance, and some were present who are trying

to rest on the scheme of universal salvation. If the lovers of truth were as zealous in declaring their sentiments, as are the lovers of error, and above all, if the professedly pious did but live according to their profession, I think sinners would be shaken from their false ways, and induced to believe in Jesus.

"*March* 17*th.*—Spent the day in visiting some of my congregation who are sick. One of our members just on the threshold of heaven; already seems to partake of the enjoyments of that holy state. Another I saw, very sick, but deplorably unconcerned, seeing no need of a Savior's aid, and having no hope but an indefinite one, that he shall somehow be saved through the mercy of God. Oh, how my soul felt for him, while I conversed and prayed with him.

"*March* 18*th.*—Sick. I feel more unreconciled to being laid aside from my employment, than formerly. I see so much that needs to be done, and feel that I could accomplish so much more of it, if I could breathe as well as most men. My God, give me patience to suffer, as well as desire to do thy will. This evening, one of our members departed this life. This is the first of our members since the constitution of the church; a period of five years. May all of us improve this monitory call. She died in the triumphs of faith, and the blessed hopes of heaven.

"*March* 25*th.*—Visiting all day. Have heard that —— and —— have entertained hopes, God grant it may be that hope which maketh not ashamed, having its fruits in a godly life,

and its end in heaven. Attended a prayer-meeting with my brethren, at the vestry, for the first time since the autumn. It was a season of deep feeling to me. There was a large number out, and all as solemn as eternity. I think I see the day-star of a revival arising.

"*March 27th.*—A sociable party at my house this afternoon. I conversed with them on the great things of the eternal word. Closed the interview with prayer.

"*March 28th.*—A meeting at my house preparatory to the communion. Though the walking is very bad yet, a larger number were present than at any former meeting of the kind, and more earnest feeling was manifested than I have seen since I came here. One thing I consider very favorable; the mention all made of prayer, as a means of growth in the divine life, and of converting the world. Our God is a God hearing prayer. Why do men so neglect this means of bringing their hearts near to the Savior.

"*March 29th.*—Quite unwell in body, and barren in mind. Oh, for the enlightening influence of the Spirit of truth. I have to prepare for the important duties of the sanctuary on the morrow; but I feel poor, exceedingly. What can I offer to the dear people who will come with the expectation of hearing things new as well as old? If the great Teacher of souls teaches not me, I am undone—I cannot teach others.

"*March 30th, Lord's-day.*—My heavenly Parent has been kind; oh, how kind to me. Just as I was going to meeting in the morning, Br. ——, very unexpectedly came in, and offered to

pass the day with me; so I set him to preaching in the morning. I preached in the afternoon, and administered the supper of the Lord. A number seemed to be serious, and I ventured to appoint an inquiry meeting for Friday evening next.

"*Friday, April 4th.*—Beyond my expectations, I had seven at my inquiry meeting this evening. I endeavored to impress on them the necessity of seeking after truth, and truth alone; and sent them to their Bible and their knees. Oh, that the Lord would teach them, and guide them and me. I cannot but hope that I shall yet see a glorious work of grace in this place. Even so. Amen.

"*Saturday Evening, April 5th.*—This evening the church repaired to the mercy-seat, to implore blessings upon themselves, and the town in which we dwell. Our plan is to meet in little circles in our respective neighborhoods; or, if that be inconvenient, to enter our closets, and spend an hour there. Let me, then, in my study, mingle my prayers with theirs, and seek the blessing of the Most High upon his cause in this region, and on multitudes who are far from God. How pleasant is the exercise of devotion, if we feel the spirit of it;

> 'But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
> And we attempt the work alone,'

then it is a task with but little sweetness in it. I felt deeply engaged in my petitions, especially for the church of which I am pastor. I prayed

for them, not only collectively, but as divided into classes; as heads of families, that they might rightly bring up their children. for some, as individuals whose partners in life are not pious; then for widows, and for single persons, &c. For some I prayed by name; and then for my congregation. Lord, hear and answer. I never felt to implore so earnestly the blessing of Jehovah on the college in this town; that officers and students might be led to renounce all self-righteousness, and feel their need of an atoning Savior, and that Savior God made in our likeness, rendering to the law that obedience we owed, and had failed to render; sealing his covenant with his blood, Jesus the Lord, dying that we might live. Oh! Lord the work is thine, and into thy hand I commit myself. I pray thee to make use of me to advance thy glorious cause: this is I think my most earnest desire. Make me wise to win souls to heaven.

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"*April 10th.*—This evening, the house of one of my neighbors was burnt down: he lost all his furniture, &c. and narrowly escaped with his life. He is a steady, industrious man, and

has lost his all, besides being severely burnt. So uncertain are all earthly things; how should every thing about us teach us to lay up our treasures, and place our hearts on high, where no disaster ever comes.

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I fear I look too much at second causes, and not enough to Him who worketh all things. Or perhaps, I have wished for the revival of religion among us from wrong motives. Oh that I might get beyond the influence of pride and selfishness, and labor only for the glory of God, and the good of souls, being willing to be nothing myself. But I am full of sin, and what little I do that is right, is strangely mingled with wrong and folly.

"*April 20th.*—Quite unwell to-day, in consequence of asthma. I sometimes, in my desponding hours, feel that perhaps God is saying to me, by depriving me of breath, 'I have not sent you to speak in my name to the people.' But can I hold my peace? no. When I see sinners living in indifference towards the Redeemer who wishes to save them, I must stand in the way to warn and persuade them in every possible manner. Blessed Savior, let me but hear thy voice saying, 'My grace shall be sufficient for thee,' and most gladly will I glory in my infirmity.

"*April 25th.*—What a comforting thought it is, that the Lord does not change with our feelings. 'He is a rock, and his work is perfect.' I am more and more convinced of the error into which we fall in this respect; we speak and think of our God, as afar off; as drawing near at sometimes, and withdrawing at others. But lo! he is ever round about us; and we on the earth, by our worldliness, raise up a cloud of thick dust between us and heaven, and say 'the Lord will not hear us.'

"*April 26th.*—Have felt better in health to-day than for some time, and I think my mind has enjoyed a little more spirituality than sometimes. I have indeed enjoyed a happy calm; and while making preparation for the Sabbath, have felt willing to be not an acceptable preacher, if I may but be useful to some of the precious souls confided to me. Alas! how much self interferes, when we dream we are actuated only by devotion to the Savior, and love to souls. The Lord has said, and my own experience teaches, that, without his aid, my efforts will be worse than useless. Let me, then, heartily invoke that aid.

"*Lord's-day, 27th.*—Notwithstanding my good health yesterday, the asthma returned in the evening, and kept me up all night. Have however been rather comfortable to-day. Preached in the morning at the third church, Boston, Br. Sharp being away. Subject, 'the great salvation.' At home in the afternoon. Addressed the youth of my congregation, from Eccl. xi. 9 'Rejoice, oh young man, &c.' Oh! that

they might hear and live. In the evening, Br. Lincoln gave us a most solemn sermon, from 'Remember Lot's wife.'

"*May 5th.*—Attended a town meeting for the choice of representatives to the legislature. I never gave my vote before on this occasion, but I considered this as an important trial, and am pleased with the result. It is matter of rejoicing, that all government is in the hands of a Being wiser and purer than any statesman.

Opened to-day our circulating library for the church. Our establishment is, as yet, small; as we have only about one hundred volumes. The Lord bless this means of increasing the amount of information among us. The books are mostly religious, and if read, I believe this library will prove a powerful auxiliary to the preached word. If the church knew the delight of an enlightened piety, as compared with a kind of glimmering of the truth, they would not, as they now seem to do sometimes, shun every thing that tends to inform and elevate the mind."

Mr. Lincoln, and the Rev. Mr. Sabine were in the habit of preaching for Mr. Jacobs very frequently on the Sabbath evenings; they were indeed his usual supplies. Mr. Lincoln, (the late lamented Ensign Lincoln,) never had a settled charge; he was best known in the churches as a devoted, humble Christian, and a wise counsellor; in business, as an upright, liberal publisher and bookseller.

Mr. Sabine was at that time settled over the Essex Street church, Boston. He is now, I believe, one of the Episcopal Clergy of Vermont.

"*June* 11*th*, 1823.—I am just recovering from a long and severe struggle with the asthma. Have been unable to preach for three Sabbaths past. I have, however, felt to-day some enjoyment in humbling myself before the Lord! Oh, that I might keep constantly at the foot of the mercy-seat!

'Here may the sinner come,
And find his sins forgiven;
For broken hearts there's room,
And peace and joy in heaven.'

"*June* 16*th*.—A delightful interview with Mrs. Judson at my house. A great number of persons present, to hear her describe the state of the mission in Burmah. The ladies then raised fifty-five dollars, to purchase a Burmah female for the contemplated school, and Mrs. F. promised to defray the expense of her education for five years.

"*Saturday*, 21*st*.—Attended the farewell meeting of our dear Missionaries, who are to embark for Burmah to-morrow. Dr. Clark from New York, delivered an address on the subject of missions. Dr. Baldwin presented the right hand of fellowship to our brother Wade. The whole closed with singing, 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.' Many prayers were, I doubt not, ascending in behalf of these friends, and others. I bless God that I live in such a day as this.

"*July* 7*th*.—Have been riding, sailing, &c. to get rid of asthma, which has come upon me like a strong man armed. There is a report

"*January 3d.*—Have been employed all day in my study, but my mind is not in such a state as I could wish it were. I have been preparing a discourse on the commencement of the New Year; but, alas! I feel very deficient in the duties which I propose urging on others. Lord, give me grace to serve thee, and may my life and conversation be as becometh the gospel.

"*January 4th.*—A most solemn and interesting day. Brother Cookson preached morning and evening; and in the afternoon I delivered a new year's sermon on 'redeeming the time.' A large audience, and very serious. There is evidently a work of grace among us. May it fill the place with the fruits of righteousness.

"*January 5th.*—Visited several families with Mr. Cookson, found old professors quite awake to duty. Conversed with one individual in great mental distress. Had the satisfaction of seeing one young convert, and heard some good news of others. Surely this should call forth gratitude of heart. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

"*January 7th.*—Visited the singing school connected with our congregation. Made an address, and prayed with them. Oh that these young persons might all live to the service of Him, whose praises they sing, that at last they may indeed sing his praises forever.

"*January 8th.*—Heard a distressing account of some imprudent conduct in ——, which has opened the mouths of the enemies of religion, and is likely to affect him very seriously. Oh! how careful should the minister of the sanctuary

be, and how does this admonish me to be ever on my guard. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' May I be preserved not only from evil, but even from the most remote appearance of evil.

"*January* 10*th.*—My mind has been greatly harassed for a day or two, in consequence of a report calculated to cause misunderstanding between me and my best friends; but conscious integrity enables me to rise in some degree above it. But my trials are light compared with those of poor Br. ——. Mr. —— and Mr. —— have been with me most of the afternoon, seeking advice. That affair is very serious, threatening their dissolution as a church, or his ruin as a preacher; and yet there is no actual wrong alleged, or even suspected. In this case, the enemy exulting say, Aha! so would we have it. Truly, a good name, precious as it is, is but breath; still, in the end, the innocent are always delivered out of all their trouble. My Savior, I would fain have my heart near to thee; then whatever storms may come, I have that within me shall make me smile through them all, as I sing,

'Jesus is mine, and I am his,
What do I want beside?'

"*January* 15*th.*—I fear I have been inclined to lean too much on individuals, and have not trusted enough in the Lord.

'Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust.'

Oh, Lord! help me to lean on thy arm alone, and to serve thee with all my powers.

"In the evening went to Brookline, and preached at the house of one of my brethren, whose wife has not had the privilege of hearing a sermon before for nearly two years. This was a very pleasant season to me, and I hope to others. I spoke from Acts viii. 35. I tried in great affection to 'preach unto them Jesus,' and those present, between forty and fifty, listened with great attention. I have hope from the results of this meeting.

"*Lord's-day*, 18*th*.—Though stormy, I had a good congregation. Br. Lincoln preached in the morning a charming discourse from Psalm cxix. 59; 'I thought upon my way.' I have visited a good deal lately; going from house to house, and endeavoring to call the attention of the families to the subject of religion. In this duty I have been obliged to be deficient on account of health; but now that I am better, I purpose in the strength of the Lord, to be more active.

"*January* 21*st*. A number of friends with us; some, who appear thoughtful, and one who has recently indulged a hope. Among the company, was a young lady from Salem, * who contemplates going out to India, to join the mission in Burmah. The Lord go with her, and bless her, and make her a blessing.

"*Friday*, 23*d*.—This has been a distressing day to me; the difficulty that has been working

* This lady afterwards married Rev. George D. Boardman, and is now Mrs. Sarah Judson.

beneath the surface for some time, seems just ready to break out. Some tattling persons have been striving to create ill feelings between myself and some of my best friends. In one respect I mean they shall be foiled; for I am determined, by the help of the Lord, to admit, no, not for an instant, any unkind, or suspicious, or bitter feelings. I may be pained, but that is better than to give pain to others, and to those whom I love. The difficulty had its rise in reports that I was unfriendly towards Br. Cookson's coming here. But, in this instance, I feel that my conduct has been perfectly justifiable, and I can confidently appeal to Him who searches the heart: my feelings have been greatly tried. Lord, I come to thee; give me thy Spirit for my guide.

"*January 24th.*—I have felt to-day to commit my ways unto the Lord, and have felt great comfort in so doing. I count this the greatest trial I ever experienced, except the loss of my health, and the two united are heavy indeed.

"*Lord's-day, January 25th.*—I have to-day found, in answer to prayer, a holy calm and sweet peace. There is increasing evidence that the Spirit of the Most High is operating on the minds of some of my congregation. Br. C—— preached in the morning and evening; I preached in the afternoon on the words 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' At the table of our Lord, I felt melted, and could in some degree feel the amazing love of the Savior to sinners, and the worth of the souls for which the Lord of glory died.

'Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall my eyes be dry?'

"*January 26th.*—A stormy day, and I have been consequently confined to the house. My mind has been in a happy frame; I do not mean that I have enjoyed ecstacy—I *never* do; but my most delightful feelings are a cheerful composure, and a calm reliance upon my heavenly Father. There appears now a dark cloud in the horizon of my ministry, which threatens my removal from this people. It has had its origin in my sickness, and has pained me greatly. But I feel now to commit myself, and this thing in particular, to the kind care of Him who careth for the least of his saints; and I think that in patience I have possessed my soul.

"*January 27th.*—Visited an aged brother in the ministry, (Rev. E. Nelson,) who is very sick. I thought, when viewing him so calm, so happy, that his condition is truly enviable: he has about finished his course, and the ministry which he has received; he has surmounted all the toils and difficulties of this work, and is just ready to enter the haven of eternal rest. While I, with my poor bark, am probably in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, and, before I reach the land, shall have to encounter adverse winds, and raging waves, and treacherous calms. With regard to the unpleasant affair to which I have alluded, I have given it up; I have done with it. May I forgive truly, and from the heart, whatever has been done to injure me; and, oh, may I be forgiven, if any hasty or unkind feeling, has, for a moment, found a lodging in my breast."

In consideration of Mr. Jacobs' feeble health, and consequent inability to preach and visit as

much as his people desired, it had been proposed to him to have an assistant settled as co-pastor with himself. But, greatly as this arrangement would have conduced to his own personal relief from labor, he thought best, for several reasons, to decline. This proposal was not from the church as a body, but from one individual member; and that, among other things, had some weight in determining him to decline the offer. A much more powerful reason was, the fear lest some of the more unwise and tattling part of the church would imbibe and promote jealous feelings with regard to the two pastors. He had already seen some of this spirit developing itself in various ways, and he was resolved to adopt no measure, and to pursue no course of conduct, which would have a tendency to encourage it.

The following letter will sufficiently exhibit his feelings towards the friend he alludes to, who had, in the sincerest kindness, offered to provide a colleague for him. It need scarcely be said, that this petty tale-bearing had produced no effect on the minds of Mr. Cookson and Mr. Jacobs. Both were above and beyond such littleness; and their feelings towards each other continued to be as before, those of mutual kindness and regard.

"*Dear Brother*,—I have taken the subject of a co-pastor into serious and prayerful consideration, and have concluded, (in order to avoid any misunderstanding on the subject,) to put on paper the result, together with my reasons, to which I beg your serious attention. I would wish however, first, to premise a few things.

"When I entered upon the pastoral office in this place, it was with the unanimous approbation of the church and society. I need not inform you that I entered upon the duties of this highly responsible office with great fear and trembling; but I realized who had said, 'Lo, I am with you.' In his strength I ventured forward; I felt to consecrate myself to his service, and to that of the people who had invited me to become their pastor. I felt a warm attachment for the people, and believed that I was equally beloved by them.

"Under these impressions, and with an ample field of labor before me, I entered on my work with bright expectations. It has pleased the Lord, however, in a measure, to cross my prospects by laying his afflicting hand upon me. The trial has been to me a distressing one, for other reasons than that of great bodily sufferings. But through this long and distressing affliction, the trial has been greatly mitigated by the tender sympathies of an affectionate people; and I think I fully appreciate their kindness manifested towards me, and the cause that is near my heart; especially the season past, in providing a supply, and their manifest anxious solicitude for my recovery to health. This has increased my affection for them, and my anxiety to serve them with greater devotion.

"I could assure you, my dear brother, if it were necessary, that I have not been insensible of your attachment to me, and of the great burden which you have borne, not only for the past year, but for six years; and I trust you will have

for them, not only collectively, but as divided into classes; as heads of families, that they might rightly bring up their children. for some, as individuals whose partners in life are not pious; then for widows, and for single persons, &c. For some I prayed by name; and then for my congregation. Lord, hear and answer. I never felt to implore so earnestly the blessing of Jehovah on the college in this town; that officers and students might be led to renounce all self-righteousness, and feel their need of an atoning Savior, and that Savior God made in our likeness, rendering to the law that obedience we owed, and had failed to render; sealing his covenant with his blood, Jesus the Lord, dying that we might live. Oh! Lord the work is thine, and into thy hand I commit myself. I pray thee to make use of me to advance thy glorious cause: this is I think my most earnest desire. Make me wise to win souls to heaven.

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ed on the subject and mode of Christian Baptism; after which we assembled at our Jordan, and I baptized ten persons. A large assemblage at the water, and very still.

"*April 8th.*—My dear family sick, and consequently my mind is anxious and depressed. My children all have the whooping cough; and S. is really very sick. Oh, for uncomplaining, unmurmuring patience, to endure every trial my Heavenly Father sees good for us.

"*April 12th.*—At home all day with my sick S.——. She appears more comfortable, which revives my drooping spirits. Oh how prone is this fond heart of mine to lean on creatures; they are fading all. Have been reading, with great pleasure, a part of Fuller's Life. With great pleasure, do I say? rather with great self-condemnation and shame. I feel to accuse myself of coldness, and inactivity, and every thing that is bad. When I consider how much he accomplished in the renovation of our fallen world, I am ready to sink with shame and confusion. And when I look higher, and consider the example set before us by our blessed Lord, then am I ready to cry out in despair; but, Lord, thou canst lead me in the right way, and thou canst pardon all my wanderings and ignorance, for the Savior's sake.

Felt distressed this evening, on hearing of a division in a neighboring church, in consequence of alleged imprudence on the part of the pastor. Let me, from this melancholy affair, learn an important lesson—to watch over my own heart and life, and to live near the mercy-seat, that my

soul may be so intent on heavenly and all-important things, as never to be disturbed or injured by the little matters of time and sense.

"*April* 14*th*.—A very interesting church meeting. I addressed the church on brotherly love; and was pleased to see such a lovely Christian spirit exhibited by our members. My mind has all this week been greatly ill at ease, with regard to the subjects on which to preach on Sunday; but I cannot rest on any thing. All the circumstances of the church and congregation would seem calculated to suggest materials for a sermon, but I can find none. My own mind too is elastic and comfortable, but I fear that I shall have nothing to say to the people.

"*April* 16*th*—Went to hear an Arian clergyman this afternoon. His subject was the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. He spoke of this event as very full of instruction, and highly interesting, furnishing us with a most perfect example of piety and submission. All he said was true; but 'this ought he to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' He said nothing of this event being the closing act of the great tragedy by which was wrought out the salvation of a world in ruins; nothing of the only ground of the sinner's hope. But of what avail is their beautiful morality, if we build not on Christ crucified, the atoning Lamb for man's transgressions?

'Speak they of morals? Oh! thou bleeding Lamb,
The grand morality is love of thee.'

"*April* 19*th*.—Called to see a sick woman;

but my visit was declined, with a request that I would call to-morrow.

"*Tuesday, 20th.*—The woman mentioned above, saw no to-morrow in this world. She died last night. How serious to put off the concerns of the souls, as we all do, more or less, to a more convenient time; to some uncertain to-morrow. May no neglect of my people's welfare be found resting on my soul, in the great coming day.

April 25th.—A good day. I baptised two this morning. Every thing seemed to unite to make the season pleasant; the morning was serene, the tide full, the assembly large and serious, and the candidates calm and happy; and, to crown all, I heard of one young man who has just been brought into the liberty of the gospel.

"*April 26th.*—Excessively fatigued with the services of yesterday, and rested to-day as hard as possible. Attended an Astronomical lecture in the evening, and was instructed and gratified; but I desire always to remember that there is a science beyond the stars.

"*May 4th.*—One lady called on me to express her desire of making a profession of religion. She is violently opposed by her husband, who is a Universalist. How inconsistent that those who pretend to universal benevolence, should manifest such hatred and persecution of those who are the disciples of Christ.

"*May 9th.*—Exchanged with Br. Cookson, and, after preaching twice, rode home and heard Mr. Sabine preach at my place on secret prayer.

Within the past week I have heard three converts express repentance for sin, and faith in the Savior. May they all act as becometh the redeemed of the Lord, and by good works prove that their hearts have been indeed renewed.

"*July 2d.*—A new month; thus months and years are filling up, and I am hastening to an eternal state, where the divisions of time are no more. Oh, that I meditated more on my nearness to such a state, and were more anxious to be prepared for an entrance into the presence of my Lord.

"I visited to-day an aged minister. If there be an enviable situation in this life, it is that of a saint just ready to lay down his feeble and sinful body in the dust, and enter, purified and safe, upon the joys of heaven.

"*July 5th.*—The anniversary of my ordination. Fifteen years ago, I vowed to live and die in the service of my Master, spending all my strength and all my powers in endeavoring to persuade men to be saved. From a review of my past life, how should I feel humbled. What almost imperceptible advance have I made in knowledge and in grace. Yea, it appears to me doubtful whether my course has not been retrograde. If I consider the blessings so lavishly bestowed on me, my debt of gratitude seems endless. Oh, how little have I paid. When the Lord shall say to me, 'Pay that thou owest,' may Jesus be my surety. 'Lo, he *has* found a ransom.'

"*July 7th.*—A distressing fire in Boston. Fifteen dwelling-houses burnt, and more injured.

I witnessed the flames from the steeple, and thought, this is what they call real estate. Oh, how unreal. In one short hour, thousands and tens of thousands fade away in smoke and ashes. May mine be a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"*July 8th.*—Visited the scene of yesterday's fire, and endeavored to feel more than before the truth that riches make to themselves wings and fly away; and the importance of laying up treasures in heaven, beyond the reach of accident.

"*Lord's-day, July 18th.*—Another very interesting Sabbath. I preached in the morning from Psalm iv. 6, 7; 'There be many who say, Who will show us any good?' In the afternoon, from 'See that thou make all things according to the pattern.' After the service, I baptized six persons—two young men, and four women. The spectators were numerous, and solemn. Oh, that as heretofore, this ordinance may be blessed to the conversion of some immortal soul. Mr. Sabine's sermon, in the evening, was an excellent one, on the evils of procrastination.

"*July 23d.*—Asthma last night worse than for eight months. I am better to-day. Oh, that I were more grateful to the Giver of all good, for his numberless mercies to me.

"*August 1st.*—Came last night to Hingham to preach to a few Baptists, and others who love the gospel, and who have not the privilege of sitting under its joyful sound. Had about forty in the morning, seventy in the afternoon, and in the evening about one hundred and fifty. I enjoyed great freedom in trying to persuade my hearers to be reconciled to God.

"*August 5th.*—A very serious occurrence has just reached my ears. Two of the young men whom I have recently baptized, have declared themselves Universalists. Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon. May they yet be reclaimed. Found Br. Cookson at our conference this evening, to my great pleasure.

"*August 7th.*—The case of the two unhappy young men has produced great excitement; the church is grieved; our young converts especially, are greatly distressed. But the enemy exult greatly. Oh, our Father, sanctify this to us all, and purify this church though it be by fire. These young men spent an hour with me this evening; but they had previously prepared themselves to talk on the subject, by learning from a Universalist what they should say. I am sorry for this occurrence; but most of all, grieved for the youths themselves: may they see the error of the path they have chosen, and be led to walk in the ways of holiness and truth.

"*August 8th.*—To-day, for the first time in six months, I have been unable to preach; attended meeting, however. Br. William Leverett preached for me during the day, and Br. E. Nelson, Jr., in the evening; all good sermons; may good be done, and may those who have to-day striven to benefit the souls of others, be themselves blessed of the Most High. Universalism, seems, I think, to be gaining ground among us. One of my congregation declared to me that he was fully persuaded of the truth of that creed, and yet this man has for some time seemed very anxious to become a Christian. But the heart is

ready to lay hold on any error, rather than, laying aside every hindering sin, to flee for refuge to the cross. May this individual not make shipwreck of his soul on this deceitful rock. I can pray for him to that Being who can turn every heart. That is a noble declaration, 'The foundation of God standeth sure.' Lord, knowest thou me as thine? Oh, make me careful to depart from all iniquity.

"*August* 18*th.*—This evening, at our church meeting, we excluded two persons; a circumstance which has never before occurred in our history; we have only excluded one before, during our existence as a church; a period of nearly seven years. How serious to be obliged to cut off members as dry and withered branches. These young persons once bid fair for usefulness and piety, but frost has nipped their blossoms in the bud. May they, however, yet live as trees of the Lord's planting."

During this month, Mr. Jacobs made a short visit to his friends in Rhode Island; passing through Taunton, Mass., he preached to a few Baptists in that place. The next evening he addressed his early charge in Somerset; spoke twice on the Sabbath in Warren; rode to Pawtuxet, and preached on the evening of September 3d; on the succeeding Sabbath in Providence, and in Pawtuxet. On the seventh of September, he attended the meeting of the Warren Association in Attleboro'. He says, "I preached to a few people at my lodgings, from Eccles. xi. 6; 'In the morning, sow thy seed, and in the evening, withhold not thy hand.' It is twenty years

since I was first connected with this association, which now is divided into four; but there does not appear so much engagedness as in times past; more business, and less devotion."

"*Lord's-day, September 12th.*—Preached eight times during my journey, and was rather fatigued, when I reached home. Br. Lincoln assisted me this morning, preaching, as he always does, the pure gospel in much love and plainness. I addressed the 'Ladies Benevolent Society' in the afternoon, and Br. Cookson spoke to us in the evening about 'Christ and Him crucified,' the sinner's hope.

"I have been thinking to-day of the great changes which have taken place in our country, in a religious point of view. In this very vicinity, I see churches, once firm in the truth of the gospel, now sadly subverted; while, from pulpits which once resounded with the news of Christ and his salvation, is now delivered a set of morals such as Seneca might teach. Churches that once required an evidence of change of heart in their members, now discard the idea of experimental religion. 'This is for a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation.' God grant that this be not the precursor of ruin.

'When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins.'"

This year (1824,) was, on the whole, a very happy one to Mr. Jacobs. One more extract from his journal, will bring us to the close of it.

"*December 31st.*—The last day of the year.

What numberless, what unremembered mercies, have been mine during its progress. As it respects myself, I have been in better health than for several years, having been prevented from preaching but one Sabbath during the whole year.

"Secondly, the goodness of God towards my dear family, ought to fill me with gratitude; all are spared, all are well, all happy, all together; while others are separated by sea, by land, by death.

"Thirdly, the divine blessing which has rested on the church and people of my charge, should inspire me with holy gratitude. The Lord has blessed his people, and blessed his word. I have baptized twenty-four,* and others have professed hope; and what is to me of unspeakable value, we are, as a church, in peace and harmony."

* I can find but twenty-three names recorded in his "Baptism Book." The number of sermons preached this year at home, was one hundred and one.

CHAPTER X.

THE YEARS 1825, 26, AND 27—INCREASE OF HIS CHURCH DURING 1827.

The year 1825 was not remarkable in the history of Mr. Jacobs. He preached in the course of it, one hundred sermons. His diary is not so full as during the year preceding, and two or three extracts only will be given. The first is expressive of his feeling, with regard to his children's religious improvement.

"*February 9th.*—My youngest child, who has been very sick, and to whose loss I had striven hard to be resigned, has to-day, been pronounced out of danger. I bless thy kind restoring hand, O my Heavenly Father, and would implore thy mercy on all my children: make them thine; this is the only prayer I would venture to offer; the most anxious desire of my heart, that my children, *all* of them, may walk in the truth.

"*February 11th.*—Governor Eustis was to-day buried with a great deal of pomp and parade. I witnessed the solemnities, if solemnities they may be called. We follow to the grave our departed fellow-creatures, with all the show and stir which wealth and greatness can bring,

and it is an impressive scene; but death itself is still, solemn, mysterious; it is a naked soul going *alone* into the presence of its God."

The year 1826, did not, in all respects, glide away so smoothly as the former. He says,—

"It has for a long time been dark and cold; but little life has been enjoyed by myself, and my brethren seem not to have been so zealous in good works. True, all the forms of religion have been scrupulously observed, but our services have been mingled with much worldliness, and vanity, and sin. I hear no longer the anxious inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and then there is a spirit of Antinomianism, which has greatly distressed me, as it has taken hold of some of our once happy band.

"*January 8th*, 1826.—Preached this morning on the duty of repentance, and felt as if my whole heart were poured out to my people, when, at the close, I attempted to urge upon the impenitent, the duty of immediate repentance. It is painful, however, to know that some of my brethren do not approve of addresses to the unconverted; however, feeling as I do, that I am sent to call sinners to repentance, I must do so, though no heart but mine should deem it right. It is hard for a minister in his pulpit to know that some who sit to hear him, are on the watch for his halting, and ready, not to hold up his hands, but to weaken them; *how* sad, when such are some of his church. Truly, 'a man's foes shall be they of his own household.'

"*February 9th*, 1826.—My birth-day; forty years I have lived on the earth; doubtless, more

than half my race is run. Lord, let not my sun go down in darkness. I look back with shame on my past life—my life, natural, religious, and ministerial. True, were I to ask others, they would say that I had been enabled to walk in a way that has brought no disgrace upon the cause of Christ. But my own heart condemns me. There is no help, no refuge for my guilty soul, except at the foot of the mercy-seat. Lord, forgive the follies, and the iniquities of all my years.

"*February* 21*st.*—At home, in my study all day, in melancholy musing on the present appearanees in our church. May our hitherto united band still be such. My Father, give me, I pray thee, wisdom to direct, and grace to support me, and teach us all by the Spirit of truth. Suffer not the cold, deadly chill of hyper-Calvinistic principles to seize us—make us thine! with the spirit of Jesus within us, we cannot, if we would, forbear calling sinners to the love and practice of religion.

"*February* 25*th.*—The cloud gathering over us, looks darker and darker. Last evening, at our meeting, the four brethren, whom I shall, for distinction's sake, call the leaders of the Antinomian party, or who rather *are* that party, declared their want of fellowship for the church. Whereunto this will lead, I know not. Oh! we have not appreciated the goodness of our God; like Jeshurun, we have waxed fat and forgotten the Lord. I am greatly grieved, lest some root of bitterness should spring up among us, and lessen our love for each other."

On the evening of Thursday, March 10th, 1826, Mr. Jacobs preached, for the first time, at East Cambridge, where he was afterwards to be settled. There was then no Baptist church in that part of the town, and the meetings were held in a school-house. The text, on this occasion, was from 2 Cor. v. 20. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, &c." He has recorded his heartfelt petition for a blessing to follow his labors of this evening.

Little did he or they, suppose, at the time this first sermon was delivered there, that his last sermons—that his last breath, would be theirs also.

The difficulties mentioned in the preceding page, gradually subsided. One individual manifested so much acrimony and bitter feeling, as to be excluded; the others remained, pious though mistaken members of the church, until a later period.

The year 1827, was a brighter one than had been the two preceding. During its progress, Mr. Jacobs baptized eighty-three persons; and when he had been, by a painful accident, prevented from personally officiating at this ordinance, he had still the pleasure of admitting others to his church, through the medium of his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Wyer, of Savannah, at that time spending several months at the north. Several others were baptized by the Rev. Mr. Cookson.

"*January* 1*st*, 1827.—This year has commenced under circumstances of mercy to myself and to my family, and I hope to my dear peo-

ple. My church has been carried through some painful trials, and there is now a prospect of a revival of religion among us. Five individuals have declared themselves determined to be henceforth on the Lord's side; and several others are very anxious for their souls' welfare. I have been praying that I may devote myself anew to the service of the Most High. I have given myself and my household to the Father of our spirits, and would now again implore him to receive my offering—my *all*. He has seen fit, in his mercy, to withhold from me this world's goods, and I have not wealth to devote to his service. I have not a large share of health wherewith to serve him. I have not distinguished talents, else would I give them. But I have an invaluable soul—that is His, for He made it. I have five precious children—they are his, for He gave them to us. O Lord, accept them, as their parents' choicest offering, and save them for thy great name's sake. Amen, and amen.

"*January 13th. Saturday Evening.*—This has been a dark day to me: an unusual gloom has hung over my mind; I can scarcely tell why. I have reason to know that unpleasant feelings exist towards me in the minds of those from whom I had a right to expect better things; but I am not conscious of having done wrong; so far from it, I am persuaded I have, in those things for which I am blamed, done right; and the end will show it to be so. Before my God, I feel like a worm, and no man; I loathe myself, and repent in dust and ashes; but with regard to my people, I can hold my head erect, and say, lo! I am not unrighteous. I know that their spir-

itual good lies nearest to my heart. 'Search me, O God, and try my ways.' To thee I appeal, Oh! help thou me.

"*January 28th.*—Preached this morning on the whole and the sick; and this afternoon, from Prov. xiii. 15. 'The way of transgressors is hard.' I feel deeply interested for the youth of our village. To these I look as the future pillars of the church; if converted in youth, they will have a long time to serve the Lord. And there is more hope of their becoming religious, than of those who have grown old in unconcern about sin, and judgment, and eternity. Every Sabbath—every day I say to myself, how great are the duties, how peculiar the trials, how serious the responsibilities, and how sweet are the joys of the minister of Christ! Let me labor as one that must give an account.

"*Tuesday Evening, February 6th.*—A larger number present at my inquiry meeting this evening, than usually, but no new cases of conversion, I believe, among us. Our Congregational brethren held a meeting also, and have some inquirers. Dr. Beecher for the present preaches a weekly lecture for them in our house; they expect shortly to form a society, and will, undoubtedly, build a house. Lord, prosper them, and let us all do good, and get good. I feel that I, for one, shall rejoice most heartily over every soul that is converted, though all should be sprinkled, and not one baptized. True, I would like to have all Christians follow the Lord Jesus fully; but I can say sincerely, that though I would make most strenuous efforts to have sin-

ners made to loathe sin, and love holiness, I would do comparatively little, to make men Baptists.

"*February* 14*th*.—This afternoon, Mr.—— for whom I have, many a time and oft, prayed in secret, that he might be brought to know the truth, and who, I was told yesterday, had become resolved seriously to attend to the concerns of his soul, called on me to seek advice, and instruction. To this man I feel a strong attachment; he is deservedly considered one of the first men in the place. Should he be brought to know the truth, and profess the Lord before men, he will doubtless be eminently useful. Lord, hear my prayers for my friend, and save us both with an everlasting salvation.

"*February* 20*th*.—Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, that I am privileged to see such a day as this in Cambridge. Three young men called on me this morning, to relate what they trust the Lord has done for their souls; and this evening my study was cheered by the welcome presence of ten young men, weighed down under a sense of sin, or rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. In all, I have to-day had twenty-four inquirers: my soul felt melted under a sense of the goodness of God, and the worth of the ever-living soul.

"*Saturday Evening*, 24*th*—This has been an interesting, laborious week to me; my hands full of labor, my heart full of praise. One man has just left my study, under very deep distress; he is one of those sometimes denominated stout-hearted, and he has striven greatly to get rid of

his impressions; but they are, I hope so well fastened, that he will not cease to feel deep distress, until he shall yield his heart a free offering to the Savior, and find pardon and peace in that life-giving blood.

"*Lord's Day, March 4th.*—Have attended four meetings to-day; a vestry meeting in the morning, heard Br. Nutter in the forenoon, and preached in the afternoon and evening; in the former, from the glorious invitation, Isaiah lv. 1. in the evening, in behalf of the Female Miss. Society. Every day discovers something of the progress of the good work among us. I find my hands full of employment, but it is blessed employment; the directing anxious souls to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world; and inculcating the practical truths of our holy religion, on those who are eager for instruction, and desirous to conform to the will of God, whenever that will is ascertained.

"*Saturday, March 10th.* I find the labors of my station very great, just now. During this week, I have attended the examination of three schools; one whole day has been devoted to missionary business, and I have had a meeting of some kind every evening, besides visiting as much as I could; I feel now quite unfit to enter on the necessary preparation for the Sabbath. While a minister's heart is encouraged by a revival of religion among his flock, the increased labor attendant on an excited state of feeling, and his own great, sometimes almost overwhelming anxiety, wear down his strength. However, he may as well die in his pulpit as any where.

"*Wednesday, March 21st.*—Formed a Sabbath School Society in our congregation. My people seem greatly interested in the measure, and with reason; the lambs of the flock are to be our chief care. May the blessing of the Lord rest on this Society, and on the school under its patronage. The vestry this evening was crowded to overflowing; such is the thirst for having the word of life. Momentous responsibility! to teach souls the way to heaven. Well might an angel quail before it. Lord, what am I, but dust? Still, I would feel that I can do all things if Christ be with me; and will he not 'be with me alway, even to the end?'

"*Lord's Day, March 25th.*—This day will, I think, be long remembered; it has been one of peculiar interest to us. In the morning, I baptised, in the view of a vast multitude, eleven persons; six men, and five women, mostly young persons.

It is pleasant to receive whole households at once, believing as did the jailer's of old, and being baptized straightway; I had an instance of the sort to-day. A man, his wife, her brother, and her mother, all on a profession of faith in the Savior, were baptized 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Two promising young men, brothers, were also among the candidates.

"*March 30th.*—Nine individuals offered themselves to the church this evening. Such seasons as these, I have been wishing, hoping, and praying to see; and now that our Heavenly Father has blessed us so greatly, I feel that I am not so

filled with grateful emotions as I should be; still I do rejoice exceedingly, though with trembling; it is a solemn, as well as a joyful thing, to see souls beginning the Christian race. May these dear converts all run well, and at last be crowned in the world where there is no longer danger of sinning.

"*April* 1*st*,—A day of toil, but it is pleasant toil; and I hope it has not been in vain. Every Sabbath gives evidence that the work of the Lord is progressing among us. I preached in the morning, from the story of the penitent woman, Luke vii. 50. I have since learned that this was blessed to one woman, who had long been seeking. Mr. Nutter preached in the afternoon, and I at five in the almshouse, and again at seven in the meeting-house. O Lord, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

"*Wednesday*, *April* 4*th*.—A very interesting meeting at the vestry. Five new converts spoke, addressing their fellow youth with great earnestness and affection. When I see these young men coming thus, I feel high hopes, and also great fears. Hopes for their future usefulness, and for the prosperity of Zion; hopes that they may be the means of spreading the gospel to multitudes, who shall at last be saved by the power of the mighty Redeemer; fears, lest any of them should be self-deceived, and bring a reproach on the cause I love. Blessed Savior, keep them near to thee.

"*Lord's Day*, *April* 8*th*.—A good day. I baptized thirteen at noon, seven men, and six women. Among them, were one gray-headed

man, of sixty, one man and his wife, and the L——'s, twin brothers: how close is the union of these brothers, bound together by every tie of nature and of grace. Long may they live to love God and each other, and to bless the church. Five of the candidates were of one name, *Hovey*. I felt it a solemn time, when I offered to these persons, on behalf of the church, the right hand of fellowship. Much feeling was exhibited in the assembly; but more this evening during my discourse on the joy of angels over the repentance of sinners. I sometimes feel as if I could say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' "

CHAPTER XI.

YEAR 1827 CONTINUED—A JOURNEY COMMENCED, WHICH WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN ACCIDENT—KINDNESS RECEIVED AT THIS PERIOD.

"*April* 14*th*.—This week has been more fruitful of conversions than any previous one. Some stout hearts begin to feel, and some stubborn wills are bending beneath the influence of the Spirit of God: my study is thronged more than ever with inquirers; and my heart, by no means satisfied with what I have already experienced, pours itself forth in supplication to the Father of all mercies, for yet greater manifestations of His power in the conversion of souls. I am very solicitous regarding Mr. S——, year after year he has listened to the preached word; time after time I have conversed with him on the concerns of his soul, and, though he is an attentive and respectful hearer, his secret heart seems resolved not to yield to his Savior. Lord, hear my prayer for him, and suffer him not yet again to say, 'Go thy way for this time,' lest he should never have that convenient season for which he waits.

"*April 25th.*—The General Board for Foreign Missions held its annual meeting to-day, in Boston. Mr. Yates, one of the English missionaries from Calcutta, preached an excellent sermon on the occasion: Br. Yates returned with me to pass the evening, and assist at my conference meeting, which we hold now in the meeting-house, the vestry being quite too strait for us: we had a large assembly, and great interest was manifested. It is very pleasant to see such numbers of young men flocking to the standard of the Prince of Peace.

"*May 4th.*—A most interesting church meeting; what made it particularly so, was the return of a man who had been excluded: he came forward, confessed his guilt, and was restored; and several others, whom he had enlisted on his side, made humble acknowledgments. After which, we sung the Union hymn, with the spirit and the understanding of it, I think.

"*Tuesday Evening, May 15th.*—Have had thirty inquirers to-day; some deeply inpressed; among them, one lady who has sat under Unitarian preaching, and who, under my discourse last Lord's-day evening, found herself a stony-ground hearer. May she yet rejoice in hope of the glory of God. I count as nothing, the easily wrought feelings of many children in the schools; though in some of the schools the excitement seems to be almost general, it is nothing permanent or valuable; yet, though great pains have been taken to prevent any thing which should tend to work upon the passions, there is, in every revival, something of it. On earth, there

is always some alloy with the gold. Lord, purify us, and make us reasonable, enlightened Christians. We have received nineteen since April 15th; (one month.) Last Sabbath was a lovely day; the water clear and still; the candidates calm and serene, and the numerous spectators as solemn as eternity. There is one circumstance attending the present revival, rather peculiar; a majority of the converts are men; and this sex is usually less inclined to religious thought, and a religious life than the other. It is pleasing to welcome to the church, as we have done, young men in the bloom of life, from seventeen to twenty-five and thirty. 'Gloria tibi Domine!'

"*May* 21*st*.—To-day was laid the corner-stone of a new Baptist meeting-house in this town, at what is termed Lechmere Point, about two miles from this village. The Orthodox Congregationalists have also commenced building in the village. May the blessing of the Lord attend these undertakings, and fill both these houses with pious worshippers.

"*May* 27*th*.—An interesting day to this church. I tendered the hand of Christian and church-fellowship to twenty-five individuals; eleven of them I baptized to-day, the others since the last communion; among them, Mr. ——, about whom, previous to his conversion, I had felt so much solicitude, and his wife. Oh, that this work might go on, until hundreds shall be brought in. Br. Lincoln preached in the morning, Br. B. Sears in the evening. And now how should my heart overflow in gratitude to my

Heavenly Parent, who has so richly answered my prayers. Can I, can my people ever forget the goodness of the Lord, and how he has led us in mercy, and prospered us, and blessed us with every blessing?

"*June 24th.*—I preached this afternoon, and gave the fellowship to ten persons whom I baptized last Sabbath; after which, we partook of the supper of the Lord. At six, I preached to the poor in the alms-house, on 'the strait and narrow way that leads to life.' I felt to-day more than usual, as I pronounced those touching words of our Savior, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' And do we, O our Redeemer, do we need to be put in remembrance of thee? do we need this solemn rite, returning statedly to remind us of our crucified and risen Lord? Yes, Lord, we do forget thee; well, for us, that thou rememberest thy church, feeble, and unworthy as its members are, with a love that needs no quickening. We do indeed rejoice that there is no danger of thy forgetting any, even the weakest of thy saints.

"*Sunday, July 1st.*—Preached and baptized for Br. Leverett, who is in rather feeble health. Appointed a lecture in Brookline for Tuesday evening. There will, before long, be a Baptist church in Brookline. The Lord is our hope; and may we ever feel resolved, leaning on his arm, to do what is right, not caring what man can do unto us.

"*July 9th.*—Preached at the court-house in Old Cambridge, from 2 Cor. v. 20. To-day our meeting-house has been sawed in two, and one

part moved back twenty-three feet, that a piece may be inserted, to give room to our increased congregation: truly, great things have been done for us, whereof we are glad.

"*July 15th.*—Had to-day the novel sight of two congregations before me. The outside of the house is covered, and the lower floor laid; all the stagings are standing, and I could see my singers at a distance, by peeping through the beams. My text was from Isaiah liv. 2; 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.' Br. Knowles preached for me in the evening, on Christian liberty.

"*Lord's-day, July 22d.*—The anniversary of my settlement in Cambridge. Nine years ago, I was publicly installed as pastor of this church. What mingled emotions of wonder, joy, sorrow, and shame, does a review of these past years excite. If I think of the mercies of the Most High towards me, what cause have I for gratitude and praise; if I think of myself, what cause for humility and shame! 'Oh, enter not into judgment with thy servant, but be merciful in thine exceeding great mercy.' Br. Wyer preached this morning: I baptized nine persons, and preached in the afternoon from 'My kingdom is not of this world.' In the evening, Br. W. took my place at home, and I rode to Brookline, and addressed some attentive hearers from Prov. viii. 35, 36. 'Whoso findeth me, findeth life.'

"In August, I took a journey for my health, intending to visit the Springs; but, on the second

day after leaving home, I was upset in the stage-coach in Rockingham, Vt., and my left arm was crushed under the coach. My friends, Deacon and Mrs. Farwell, came up for us in their private carriage, and brought us home, my arm being in five pieces: although I was supported by pillows and cushions, I felt every stone, and every roughness in the road, very acutely. With this painful affliction I was laid up three months. But the Lord in his abounding mercy, has not only spared my life, but preserved to me my limb, though it is a crippled one. His name be praised.

"The special work of grace among us has ceased, after bringing, as we hope, about one hundred to the knowledge of the truth: more than ninety have been baptized, and united to our church. This is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes.

B. Jacobs, Nov. 20th, 1827."

The health of Mr. Jacobs had been failing under the pressure of labor attendant on the state of feeling among his people. It could not be otherwise; although he had much assistance in preaching, yet, as pastor of the church, his heart and mind, every energy, in short, of soul and body, were in constant action. He had, for many months, preached three times a week, had baptized as often as once a month, and performed all the other numerous duties, which can never be entirely transferred to an assistant. By the end of July he was quite worn down, and yielded, though not unreluctantly, to the solicita-

tions of his friends, that he should leave home for some weeks, and, dismissing care and labor, should attend only to the recovery of his health.

Mrs. Jacobs, who accompanied him on this journey, was severely bruised, but not otherwise injured, by the overturning of the coach. It was just a fortnight from the time he left home, before he returned again, not merely feeble as before, but suffering greatly from asthma, and the pain of his broken limb. The fracture was a very bad one, and his recovery slow. He had, while at the village where the accident occurred, (Bellows Falls) received the greatest attention from the inhabitants of that place; the ladies sending every delicacy which could tempt the appetite, or conduce to the comfort of the invalids. They were, indeed, treated as friends rather than as strangers, having no claim except that which misfortune gave them.

His physician at home deciding that a removal must take place immediately, or be postponed for months, it was determined by all the friends of Mr. Jacobs, that it would be best for him to be brought home at once, by easy stages; and Mr. Farwell, of Cambridge, set off directly for Rockingham with the intention of bringing back his friend and pastor, should a removal be found at all practicable. "We came very quietly into Cambridge," says Mrs. Jacobs, "avoiding the main street, intending, if possible, to get home and have the physicians called, without its being generally known that we had returned. However, just as we entered 'Professors' Row,' we saw one whom we knew, who immediately set

off on a run in another direction, and by the time we reached home, the house was half full of friends eager to see us."

Indeed, nothing could exceed the kindness of the friends of Mr. Jacobs during this confinement; one of his family counted seventy, who called in one day to inquire about him. Mrs. Jacobs was, soon after her return, very sick of a fever, and unable to nurse her husband, who required the almost undivided attention of some one. One of his children was appointed to the coveted post, and for two months, waited on him constantly, as he was so helpless as to be unable even to dress himself.

From this injury, he was so far recovered in October, as to be able to preach once on a Sabbath, by using the precaution of having his arm enclosed in a tin case. His hand was, however, always a little stiff. During this month, he lost a valuable friend; Mrs. Corey, of Brookline. He preached at her funeral on the 24th October, from a text selected by the deceased, "Prepare to meet thy God."

From this time, till the beginning of the year 1830, Mr. Jacobs kept no regular diary. He suffered much during these two years, from asthma, and had one severe attack of fever, which laid him aside from preaching for nearly two months. He was able, however, to preach one hundred and sixty-seven times, and he has recorded the names of thirteen individuals baptized; six to join his church at home, the others in Roxbury and Brookline. The following is his summary of the years 1828 and 1829.

"*Friday, Jauuary* 1*st*, 1830.—Another year has commenced its calls for gratitude to the Giver of every good gift. During the two years past, I have kept no diary. My mind has, in this time, been variously affected; but I have, for the most part, reason to mourn on account of my own sinfulness and barrenness; my church, too, has undergone a wintry season, nor is it yet over; we have many painful trials; some of our members are leaving us, because they think us not sufficiently evangelical in doctrine; or rather, perhaps, because the pastor preaches so frequently to sinners, entreating and persuading them to become reconciled to God; and because he addresses the common sense of men, and insists so strongly on practical godliness. Oh, Jesus, my Lord, thou Savior of sinners, give me more of thy spirit, that I may feel more deeply for the impenitent, and strive more and more and MORE, to advance thy saints in purity and holiness. Oh! give me the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove.

"When I look at my own unprofitableness, I am amazed at the forbearing goodness of the Lord. I might well have been considered a cumberer of the ground; and 'tis mercy that has plead, 'Let him alone yet another year.'"

CHAPTER XII.

THE YEARS 1830, '32—DEATH OF MR. WESTON—A REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN CAMBRIDGE.

"*Monday Morning, January 3d*, 1830.—Yesterday preached to a large congregation, who were induced to attend by the fineness of the weather, and the circumstance of its being the first Sabbath in the year. I gave them a New-Year's sermon in the afternoon—subject, the end of time. Oh, that it may be blessed to the consciences of some of the careless ones who heard it.

"To-day is observed by our churches as a season of special prayer; the morning is to be devoted to secret and family prayer, and the rest of the day to social worship. O Lord, give me this morning of thy good Spirit, and make my study a perfect Bethel to me; may I have the welfare of my dear family and flock resting ever on my heart.

"We have had a very interesting meeting; a goodly number out, and a great deal of ardent devotion manifested. I hope it may be the beginning of good times among us. Surely, God is a hearer of prayer, and he will bestow a

blessing on those who diligently seek him. I hope that our night is far spent, and that the morning is near."

The two following extracts are from loose papers found in his desk.

"There is not in the whole Bible, filled as it is with the most sublime imagery, any thing finer than the description of the mighty angel in the first chapter of Revelation. A mighty angel comes down from heaven, his vesture is a cloud, his face shines with the insufferable blaze of the meridian sun; while a rainbow, fit emblem of God's faithfulness to his covenant engagement, encircles his head. His feet are pillars of fire, indicating at once immoveable firmness and resistless power. His posture is such as becomes his august appearance and solemn errand; he sets his feet, the one on the earth, and the other on the sea, and cries with a loud voice like a lion's roar, while seven thunders in responsive echo utter their voices. The attention of the whole creation being thus deeply fixed, this glorious personage, in the manner of those who appeal to God, lifts up his hand, and swears 'Time shall be no longer.'"

"Some physicians, and many friends refuse to admit the ambassador of Christ to the chambers of the sick, lest his visit should shorten their days. This is as cruel towards the patient, as it is absurd in itself. Can a reference to God, and an imploring of his blessing, shorten the life which God holds in his hands? Of course, a proper degree of prudence should be used; the sick man's room should not be thrown

open to every one, and the visitants should be very discreet. But, that the gently leading the sick and dying person to God, and imploring the blessing of Heaven on the means used for his recovery, or commending him, if he must die, to the mercy of that Being, who can fit him for the better world—that this has a tendency to shorten life, is not true. Prayer is one of the means appointed and blessed by God. But too often we are not called until the physician has left: he gives over his patient into the hands of the minister: how can we hope to be of use at this late period? we enter the chamber, where the man is in the stupor or delirium of death; we can do little more than offer up a weeping prayer, committing him to God, who judgeth righteously, and go away, sad and mourning over the ruin which sin has produced. On the other hand, if a man, after having been very sick, is restored to health again, what a precious opportunity for impressing on his attention the concerns of his soul, has been denied to the faithful minister; in the solitude of a sick room, he might have been induced to think of that God, whose laws, while in health, and amid the bustle of the world, he had disregarded; but the erring kindness of his friends deprived him of this means of grace, and he is again immersed in the pleasures and business of life, and death and eternity are not in any of his thoughts."

"*January 6th*, 1830.—I have abundant reason for gratitude with regard to my health. It is now more than three months since I have had

a fit of asthma. I can sleep in bed every night, can preach three times a week, attend a Bible Class, and visit with ease and comfort to myself. This is pleasant to me, and to my people: may it be beneficial to them, by enabling me to labor more constantly for their improvement. Oh! Lord, may many of these souls so dear to me, who have not heretofore thought of God and heaven, and the world to come, be this year induced to give their hearts to the Savior. My Father, my prayer is before thee! Oh! reject it not.

"*February 9th.*—Forty-four years have been the days of my life; during twenty-seven of them, I have been a professed follower of Jesus, following, alas, afar off; and, tremendous thought, I have for twenty years or more, been a minister of the gospel: how unfaithful have I been to my divine Master! how remiss in Christian duty! how many precious opportunities of warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, have I let pass unimproved. Most merciful Father, forgive my sins, and fill my heart with thy love, that I may more earnestly strive 'to bless my kind.' And in all coming years, if years shall yet be mine, let me, soul and body, be consecrated to thee, and to thy Zion. And now, O thou who givest all good things, hear I pray thee, the prayer of thy servant, while I implore thy mercy on my children. The petition of Abraham is mine. 'Oh that they may live before thee,' live Christians here, and at last live saints, glorified and pure at thy right hand, forever.

"*March 6th.*—I have been reading a portion of the Memoirs of Pearce. How would I fain imitate him, and yet when I compare my own life with his, I am ready to weep over my pride and passion, and sinful feelings of every kind. However, I trust I love his meekness, his love unfeigned, his zeal, &c., and grieve on account of all my own wanderings from the right way.

'Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?'"

Mr. Jacobs' health was generally good during this year: he preached about one hundred sermons in his own pulpit, and baptized nine persons: he also preached at various times in Boston, Lowell, Framingham, Beverly, Hingham, Woburn, and other places in the vicinity of Cambridge.

"*Lord's Day Morn. July 3d*, 1831.—While at breakfast, we were confounded with the awful news, that Br. Weston is dead: he was drowned yesterday, while on his way to Nashua, where he was to preach. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Dea. B., of Lynn. They drove into a pond for the purpose of refreshing the horse, and before they were aware of it, they were in deep water. Br. W. not knowing how to swim, sank and rose no more. His body was found in forty minutes; but oh! the spirit had fled. Never did I more fully realise the force of the Savior's declaration, 'Ye know not the day nor the hour, when the Son of Man may

come.' And never did I feel so fully the importance of taking to myself the warning of my Master, and of raising the monitory cry to all around, 'Be ye also ready.' He was very tenderly loved by all his ministering brethren, but to me he was peculiarly dear. His pastoral life had been spent in this town, as minister of the second church here; and we had been in habits of constant and friendly intercourse. He had just been dismissed here, and was to assume the pastoral care of another church: he was to-day to have announced to them his compliance with their request. But his Master said to him, 'Come up higher.' He was a man of superior mind, and the most ardent piety. 'I am distressed for thee, my brother, very pleasant hast thou been unto me.'

"*July 4th.*—This day, usually devoted to mirth and festivity, has been to me filled with sorrow and heart-rending grief. I went to Lynn to attend the funeral of my lamented friend, Br. Weston. Dr. Sharp preached from Lam. iii. 33. 'The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; a subject well calculated to assuage the grief of an afflicted family and a large circle of mourning friends. Br. W. was but thirty-five years of age, a man whose superior I do not know; his heart was warm with love to God, and burning with zeal to do his Master's work, and call sinners to repentance. He has left a widow and five children to mourn their unutterable loss. O God! be thou their Judge, their Father, and their Friend. And may I be awakened by this prov-

idence to greater diligence, and devotedness to my work. I have passed the noon of life ; let me work till the sun goes down, knowing that, of a surety, the night is to me near at hand."

Mr. Jacobs preached to his people, on the death of his dear friend, Mr. Weston, from that singularly appropriate text, " And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

The text and the remarks made in the course of this sermon, with reference to Mr. Weston, are quite as applicable to Mr. Jacobs himself; an extract or two, will sufficiently show this.

" While he walked below, he had his heart in heaven. He went forth to meet his God, as Adam was wont to do in his days of innocence ; he *walked*—there is a force and beauty in this expression, it implies a progress—a going forward in holiness.

" To Enoch, how sudden was the transition from darkness to light, from sin to perfect holiness, from earth to heaven. Strikingly similar, it seems to me, has been the exit of our lamented Weston. Almost in a moment, from perfect health and the promise of life, he was removed to heaven. He and his companion went on their way, talking of heaven, and eternal things, and suddenly ' he was not, for God took him.'

" The striking incidents in the regular routine of a pastor's life are but few, and especially in the silent and unostentatious course of our brother ; there was nothing to attract the gazer or fix the attention of the multitude ; but it is to me delightful to dwell on the traits of his charming character. As a man, a companion,

and friend, there was much in him to admire, and more to love. He was a man of no ordinary talent, and his mind was enriched with various reading. There was about him nothing which bore the slightest appearance of an arrogant or assuming spirit: he was modest, almost to a fault.

"During several years of close intimacy with him, I never saw exhibited the least jealousy or bitterness of spirit. The law of kindness was in his heart. He loved all good men, and was in return ardently beloved.

"As a preacher, he was a scribe well instructed; but above all, the holy unction with which he was endowed, rendered him an able minister of the New Testament. The truths of the gospel had a powerful hold upon his heart: he believed, and therefore spake. The burden of his preaching was the vital part of the gospel, experimental and practical godliness. He loved to exhibit Christ crucified as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; he loved to call on sinners to be reconciled to God, and he urged, with powerful pathos, upon Christian professors, the discharge of their high and holy duties. Never shall I forget, and never should you, my brethren, with what zeal and earnestness he once addressed you, from that solemn declaration, 'Wo to them that are at ease in Zion.'

"Religion to him was more than matter of speculation; it was the dealing of the spirit with its Maker, and the object at stake was an immortal soul. He considered every thing connected with the salvation of the soul, as serious

as eternity; a deep seriousness, therefore, rested on him, and pervaded every thing in which he was engaged.

'He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain:
No! he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the mighty terms,
That he had taken in charge.'

"But it was as a Christian, that our dear departed brother shone as a star of the first magnitude; his was no meteor light, but he was like those fixed, and stationary orbs, which are always there, and always shining. His piety, though ardent, was stable, and consistent; and never did I see a man, who, in my judgment, came nearer to the words of our text, 'He walked with God;' and should he ever have a stone to tell where he lies, may this be his epitaph; 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.'

"*July 16th.*—My heavenly Father seems to be calling me by the visitations of his providence, and chastising me for my good. Oh! let me fall down with submission and penitence before Him. My eldest child is sick with a fever. Oh! in mercy restore her to me, and sanctify this sickness to her, and to her father, for the good of the souls of both.

"*July 23d.*—Attended a minister's meeting in Roxbury this week; but did not enjoy it much, as my own health was not good, and I had left my child sick at home. Smile on me, my Father, and afflict me not more heavily than

I can bear. With us, as a church, things are both discouraging and encouraging. We have been obliged to exclude one or two of our members this week, and the church is very far from the state in which I would like to see it. On the other hand, two young ladies of our congregation have just returned from school, who give evidence of a change; and I have heard of a lady in town, who has just indulged a hope. Thanks to the Lord for all his mercies.

"*Lord's Day, July 24th.*—I have lately made a proposal to the members of the church, to spend a portion of every day in secret prayer for the revival of religion among us. I preached this morning to backsliding Christians, from David's prayer, Ps. li. 10—16. And in the afternoon, on the hatefulness of sin, Jer. xliv. 4. 'Oh! do not this abominable thing that I hate.' My oldest boy is sick with fever. Thank God, S. is a little better. Heaven be merciful to my son also. O Lord, my children are thine; but lend them to me, if it be thy holy pleasure, a little longer. We must all soon, at the farthest, leave the earth; may it be to dwell, *all of us*, with thee forever.

"*Lord's Day, January 1st*, 1832.—By the mercy of God, I am yet alive. I trust it has not been without feeling, that I have entered on this new year. I have earnestly prayed that it may indeed be a new year, and not like the years we have lately seen, of coldness and spiritual drought. I have looked into my own heart, and oh! how cold and insensible—on the past years of my life, and how sad the review. God

of my life, I come to thee. Bless me, even me, I pray thee, and permit me to be of some use in this thy world. I have felt a great deal to-day in addressing the congregation on the opening of the year, especially this afternoon, where I preached to the beloved youth of my flock, from that most touching query of Almighty God, 'Wilt thou not from this time, cry unto me, my father, thou art the guide of my youth.' Most merciful Lord, let not this be all in vain, I entreat thee."

This sermon was not without the effect for which Mr. Jacobs had prayed. In one instance he had the pleasure of knowing that his labors that day had not been entirely ineffectual. One dear youth went to him the next morning, and said, "Sir, I have taken God for *my* father, and the guide of my youth." Ample reward for the toils of a life, to be the instrument of turning one soul from supreme love of the things of the earth, to high and holy resolves of making moral and religious truth the chief objects of regard.

"*Monday, January 2d.*—To-day is observed by our church, in this state, as a day of special prayer: I have been looking forward to it with a great deal of solicitude. I had hoped and prayed that the members of the churches would generally assemble, and that they might meet in the spirit of love, and union, and with a disposition to pray earnestly for a blessing from Him, who alone can bless. But I must confess, it has far exceeded my expectations. It has been a blessed day; our hearts have been com-

forted and enlarged. A larger number attended than was anticipated, and more feeling was exhibited than I have seen for months. At the close of the missionary meeting in the evening, the brethren came forward and requested me to appoint a series of religious meetings. It was finally agreed that we should hold a protracted meeting; the series to commence on Wednesday evening, the 6th instant, and to continue until Sunday evening. I enter upon this with an unutterable degree of fear and trembling. Most holy Lord, let nothing be done offensive to thee, but lead us aright, and bless us; convert souls, and thine shall be the glory.—Amen.

"*Lord's Day Eve*, 8*th*.—The meetings are over, and the season has been a happy one. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not any of his benefits. Many are inquiring the way to Zion, and several are rejoicing in hope. The cloud appears to be gathering, to shed on us a copious shower. May we lift up pure hands and hearts!

"*January* 10*th*.—At an inquiry meeting at my house, this evening, had the pleasure of meeting twenty persons, among whom were some of my own dear children, weighed down under the burden of conscious guilt: the Lord lead their precious souls to repose on the kind arm of their Savior. Certainly, things look encouraging among us. Had I been told, a fortnight ago, that in two short weeks I should have twenty inquirers, and that at the same time the members of the church would assemble in crowds to pray, I should have been almost tempt-

ed to say in the words of one of old, 'If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might this thing be.' The Lord has made windows in heaven, and is pouring us out a blessing, rich and various. May our hearts overflow with gratitude.

"*Saturday Evening*, 14*th*.—This has been a week of deep interest to myself and to my people. I scarcely meet any one on whose face I do not perceive a solemnity resting, like a shadow cast by the eternal world.

"Among the eight or ten who have cherished hope this week, is ——. No richer blessing would I ask, than that my children may be truly pious; but in this case, I rejoice with trembling. His youth, and the sad example of some who gave us hope in a former revival, make me fearful. But the Lord is able to keep this little lamb, and if he indeed belong to the fold, the great Shepherd will carry him safely through all the way.

"*Tuesday Evening*, 17*th*.—It is too much; 'tis more than I can bear. Two more of my own beloved children have, to-day, told me that they believe they have given their hearts to the Savior. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never, never forget such benefits as these. I dedicated them to thee from their birth; they have now, personally renewed the vows their father made for them. Lord, seal them with thine own Spirit, thine forever.

"*January* 24*th*.—In my daily visits, I can discover a deep seriousness in every family, and some individuals evidently feel deeply: much

feeling is shown by the children of the Sabbath school, and the young people in my Bible class; for these we have been anxiously praying, and God is now answering us by sending his holy Spirit. But shall the parents be left behind? I have felt, for the week past, very deeply for heads of families, especially for fathers and husbands. Most merciful Father, give me, I pray thee, a more prayerful spirit for these; may I never cease wrestling until the blessing is obtained.

"*January 28th.*—The interesting work is still going on, but I have discovered nothing new during the past week. I conversed to-day with two children in one family, who seem to feel deeply on the subject of religion; the Lord give them a child's best portion, a new heart.

"A trifling circumstance that occurred this week, and which I learned had produced a good deal of hard feeling towards me, in the minds of one family, has grieved me much to-day; but I was enabled to carry it to a throne of grace, that best resort for the grieved heart. I went to see the family, and, having talked the subject over, we together bowed before God, and thus happily settled it. Oh! that I could ever imitate the meekness of the blessed Redeemer, and be willing, like Paul, to endure all things for the elect's sake.

"*Lord's-day, January 29th.*—This has been to me a very solemn day; and while at the table of the Lord, I could but think of the striking difference which one month has made in our prospects: a view of this quite overcame me, and, for a while, prevented utterance. I thought

too, of my own dear family; truly, I may exclaim, 'What hath God wrought.' While many of our people appear glad with all joy, and without showing much anxiety or care, I must confess that I weep very frequently over those even, whom I believe the Lord has truly converted. I see so many struggles in prospect for them, so much sin still to be subdued; and then, on myself, I behold laid such a weight of responsibility, that I tremble both for them and for myself. I don't know if all pastors feel as I do; but when I think of the bare possibility of a word or act of mine influencing an immortal soul to its own undoing, I shudder from head to foot, and cry aloud, as in distress, to Him who is mighty to save.

"*Wednesday, February 1st.*—A new month has commenced, and I pray that it may be as much blessed as its predecessor. Dear Br. Warne preached for me this evening, on the answer to the great question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' after which, I held an inquiry meeting, with a large number present. I have felt today rather indifferent; I am tired, both body and mind, and have not enjoyed that fervor of spirit and pleasure in devotion, which it is at sometimes my privilege, and at all times my duty to feel. The state of feeling is about the same with us; the young, being principally the subjects of the work. Oh! that I could see stout-hearted men, and those bowed down, and with grey hairs, giving their thoughts to that eternity, amid whose realities they will be so soon.

"*February 11th.*—Saturday evening. An in-

teresting week has gone to bear its sealed account to the courts of heaven. Some of the things connected with this revival, almost confound me; but I would not limit the Holy One of Israel, nor dare prescribe the manner in which the operations of the Spirit should take place. Seven or eight, during the past week, have obtained a hope; and, what has been the crowning of this mercy to me, my —— is among them. What shall I render to the Lord, for all his benefits to me and mine. Four of my little band of five—I cannot sufficiently adore the Giver of such unspeakable gifts. I think I do feel much gratitude and joy for the mercies of this year; and I am, I believe, ready to live, and willing to die, so as I may best serve the Lord. But, on the whole, I am less delighted, or rather less excited to ecstacy, than are some. A shade of care and sorrow is always to me spread over whatever relates to the soul; and though naturally and habitually cheerful, a season of revival, with all its joy, is mingled with some of other feelings. Yet, as the poet says,

'Tears have their own sweetness too;'

and I am not disposed to find fault with the share of happiness God has granted me. I am, indeed, blessed more highly than any.

"*February* 18*th.*—Have written a letter of sympathy and condolence to my dear Br. B. C. Grafton, on the death of his wife. How strangely kind is our heavenly Father. Br. G., has been visited in judgment, and I in mercy; he has been called to bury seven children, and now

to follow their mother to the silent tomb; while my companion is spared, and all my children, save one, who early went to heaven; and more than this, all of them but one dear little girl, have, as they think, chosen the better part which can never be taken from them. Oh! how should my heart swell even to bursting, with gratitude to the Bestower of all mercies.—Nine o'clock. Five young men have just left my study; they came to converse on the things of the kingdom, and, of course, the visit gave me pleasure, although it is Saturday. And now, my soul, from a review of what has been done for thee and thine, bless God, and dedicate thyself anew, and with stronger purpose to His service.

"*Monday, February* 21*st.*—I had appointed an inquiry meeting for this evening, and a prayer-meeting for the church; but as it rained very fast, and was dark, I expected to see but few. How great was my surprise to find more than thirty in the room appointed for inquirers, and fifty of the church assembled to pray. Surely the spiritual presence of the Lord is with us. I had a large majority of men at my inquiry meeting this evening; I have long earnestly prayed for the heads of families in my congregation, and I persuade myself that I shall yet see many of them turning from earth to heaven, from the treasures of the world to the seeking durable riches and righteousness. Lord, hear me for these! Sometimes my faith is weak; still, long as I live, I will pray for them without ceasing, and persuade them to be reconciled to God.

"*Lord's-day, February 26th.*—This has been a day of great exertion to me. I spoke all day, and administered the supper; so much talking in connection with preaching yesterday for Br. Jackson, has excessively fatigued me; yet it is a blessed work in which to labor, and one worthy of all my strength. Oh! that I had a heart fit for my glorious employment. Sometimes I get some faint glimpse of the worth of the soul, and the ineffable glory of the upper world, and then I wonder at my own apathy. I have, again, this evening, humbly, and with many tears, been imploring almighty grace to touch the hearts of those men in my congregation, some of whom have seen several revivals pass over them, and are still unaffected. Thou canst subdue the hardest heart. Oh! save these fathers, for their own, and their household's sake.

"*Monday, March 5th.*—Have been sick for a week. Have felt greatly at being laid aside at such a time as this. I hope I have not sinned through impatience. Our orthodox brethren intend holding a series of meetings; they have my earnest prayers for a blessing on their efforts. We shall omit several of our meetings, in order that those who wish, may attend these.

"*March 24th.*—Have been unwell all the week, and the weather having been unfavorable, I have been confined to the house. My spirits, too, have suffered a great depression. I do not enjoy that lively faith and zeal which were mine a few weeks ago. Oh! what a sinful heart is mine. My whole soul should be engaged for

God and for his cause: so I preach, and so I believe; but it is harder for a cold heart to feel. I fear, too, that our revival is not progressing, but coming to a sudden, and to me it appears, an awful stand; leaving a number of serious persons without hope, in that fearful state of being 'almost persuaded to be a Christian.' Oh, that I, that the whole church may pray that such may not be the case; for

> 'If the Lord be once withdrawn,
> And we attempt the work alone——'

"*March 25th.*—To-day will not, I think, be soon forgotten. To many it has been a day of peculiar solemnity; to me it has also been attended with great labor. I preached in the morning to a crowded assembly on the subject of Baptism; 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you.' We then repaired to our Jordan, and I immersed twenty-three persons, most of them in the morning of life; among them were a man and his wife, and three sets of sisters. An immense throng of people attended, as witnesses of the ordinance, and I would fain believe that there was an impression made which shall not be lost. In the afternoon, I presented the hand of fellowship to these happy persons, and then we surrounded the table of our Lord.

"*April 5th.*—At our church-meeting this evening, we received several young people. Oh thou great Shepherd, keep these dear little lambs near thyself. To-day one of our members has been called away from us, to unite, as we

believe, with the church above. Well, death too, is gain to the believer.

'Death is the gate to endless rest,
Why should we fear to enter there.'

'T is a pleasant thought, too, that some of our church are in heaven, our representatives in the great meeting of saints, from the north and from the south, from the east, and from the west; guests at the marriage feast of the Lamb.

"*Lord's-day, April 15th.*—Br. Williams preached for me this morning, after which we assembled at the water-side, and I baptized sixteen persons, four of whom were my own dear children. In the afternoon I preached from Isaiah lx. 8; 'Who are these that fly as a cloud, &c.' I then gave the fellowship to the baptized, strenuously urging on these young disciples the necessity of walking humbly before God. I told my own, and told them truly, that I would rather follow them to yonder grave-yard, and lay them down to sleep in certain hope, until the resurrection of the just, than have them live to dishonor the Christian name. Lord, I pray for these, and not for these only, but for all whom thou hast given me, that where Thou art, they and I may be also. When I look at the mercy of God so richly manifested to me, and then reflect on my own sinfulness and ingratitude, I am amazed, and exclaim, 'Who am I, that the Lord should deal thus with me?' Never was I more sensible of the abounding grace of God. Not unto me, not unto me, but to thy name be the glory.

"*Saturday, April 21st.*—Had a pleasant exercise this evening with the five lads who were received on the last Sabbath. They come once a fortnight, and I instruct them in the doctrines of the gospel in a familiar manner, and counsel them. I have taken upon me to attempt to clear off a debt of twenty-four hundred dollars, which is now resting on our house of worship. It is to be done by subscription. I have reason to believe that I shall accomplish it.*

"*April 28th.*—To-day, my daughter —— left us for three months: this is a trial to both; may it prove to be for good to her who goes, and to us who are left. Oh! our Father in heaven, watch, I pray thee, over this dear child, and bless her, and make her a blessing.

"*April 29th.*—A solemn season at the table of the Lord this afternoon. I had preached on a most affecting subject, the sufferings of our Savior, 'Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.' I had felt then deeply as a man, as a Christian, and as a pastor, and then, when we came around our Father's board, my feelings as a *father*, were equally touched: there were three of my own dear children, for the first time partaking the emblems of their Redeemer's death. My eldest was absent. Oh, that all these lambs may be kept in the footsteps of the flock.

"*May 14th.*—Received an anonymous letter, purporting to be from some one in great distress, and soliciting my earnest prayers for the writer. The hand-writing was that of a female,

* This attempt was entirely successful.

and to show, I suppose, that it was not pecuniary distress, the writer had enclosed some money in the note. I retired, and prayed to the God over all, who knows the individual and the case, and who can deliver out of every trouble.

"*Lord's-day, May 20th.*—Subject in the morning, the two debtors. In the afternoon, I took that alarming text in Jeremiah 8th; 'The harvest is past.' I think I felt something of the solemnity of my subject, and numbers in the assembly seemed to feel it too. During this week, one young man of my congregation has died. Oh! let me realize that there is but a little time in which I can do my people any good; let me then work while the day lasts. A. had attended my inquiry meetings, and had indulged some hope before his sickness; the nature of his disease was such that he could not converse during his illness. God grant that he has made a happy exchange. Had to-day another letter from my child; she is well, and happy as we could expect. The Lord bless and preserve thee, my child."

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION OF YEAR 1832—THE BEGINNING OF 1833—RESIGNATION OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

"*Saturday, June 2d,* 1832.—The past has been a week of toil and one of pleasure too. The annual meetings of the principal benevolent operations in New-England, are held this week. I have attended many, and, I hope, with some profit; but good things soon become fatiguing to our weak bodies and minds; and I am worn out, though I have this year taken no public part. I have had the great pleasure of witnessing the happy deliverance of one of my parishioners, from great mental distress: she is the wife of ——, young, but swiftly sinking under consumption: she has had her attention directed to the subject of religion for several months. I have felt greatly interested in her, and now rejoice that she has been enabled to trust in the Lord.

"*Lord's-day, June 3d.*—The lady mentioned above, has entered into her rest. She died last night, in the enjoyment of hope, and full of comfort. I have never, I think, viewed the depart-

ure of any of my charge with more satisfaction. Oh! my Father, make me faithful to them all.

"*June* 10*th.*—Preached in Malden, for Br. Briggs. After my return, I joined in marriage two of my charge, Br. Hancock, and A. Thayer, who are shortly to embark for Burmah. There will soon be in that field four of my spiritual children. Oliver and Harriet* are already there. The Lord go ever with them all, and bless them, is their pastor's earnest prayer.

"*June* 26*th.*—This evening, four persons were set apart for the Burman mission; Br. Simonds, who goes out as a preacher, Miss Cummings, who will teach, and Br. Hancock and wife. He is a printer, and acquainted with stereotyping. The exercises this evening were, a charge from Dr. Bolles, an address, and right hand of fellowship by dear Br. Warne, with prayers offered by Dr. Sharp, Mr. Malcom, and myself.

"*June* 29*th.*—Our friends sailed to-day. We gazed after them, till the ship was lost beyond the distant isles of the bay; and now we shall see them no more on the shores of time. Oh! that the Lord would bless them that go, and us that stay, and grant us all an abundant entrance into the haven of his rest.

"*Monday, July* 30*th.*—Visited Lexington and Lincoln, in company with several brethren, in order to decide, concerning the erection of a Baptist meeting-house, in one or both of these places. We were fully satisfied, that in the

* Mr. and Mrs. Cutter.

former place, efforts should immediately be made, to rear up a standard for the truth, as there is a large population, and no gospel preaching. But, as in Lincoln there is a congregation of evangelical Christians, we decided that it would be unwise to attempt it there for the present. We must carry the gospel wherever we can: where that is faithfully preached, it is not always expedient that we should enter merely for the sake of spreading Baptist principles.

"*August 9th.*—To-day has been appointed by the civil authorities of this state, as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the judgment which threatens our land, the cholera. I preached in the afternoon from Isa. xxvi. 20, 21. 'Come my people, enter thou into thy chamber, &c.' Had quite a large congregation, notwithstanding the rain, and some feeling was exhibited, as I exhorted them to hide till the indignation should be overpast.

"*September 22d.*—Have this week been present at the session of the Boston Association. We had a delightful meeting. The weather was fine, and the services interesting. Good news was received from almost all the churches. The additions by baptism amounted to more than six hundred and fifty; of this number, we returned fifty, who had owned their gracious Lord, by submitting to his own ordinance. At the close of the Association, two young brethren from the Newton Institution were ordained to go to the valley of the West."

The number baptized during this year, 1832, which was to be the last of Mr. Jacobs' connec-

tion with the church in Cambridge, was fifty-four. It was a prosperous and pleasant year, though the causes were even then at work, which led to separation.

On the 10th of May, 1833, Mr. Jacobs resigned the pastoral charge of his church, after having been with them fifteen years; at the same time he accepted the office of Secretary of the "Educational Association."

I have in my possession, a manuscript called "a brief statement of the causes which led to the dissolution of my pastoral connection with the First Baptist Church in Cambridge, prepared to be read at a meeting of a committee of said church in the winter of 1834. B. Jacobs." This was not read.

That no slight reason would induce him to sever ties which he esteemed so sacred, no one who knew his devotedness to his people's interest, will believe; that it was with extreme pain to himself, let his own words show. "I anxiously sought to prevent any evil to the church, and chose to be a wanderer from my pleasant home, amidst danger and death,* that it might not suffer through me. It was a trial, hard, very hard to bear—and with many tears, I made my resolve. To this church, [illegible] my best days had been devoted; for them I would have lived, for them I would gladly have died; but it was not so to be; and God, I know, ordereth all things right."

That his meek spirit had suffered much and

* The cholera was at this time prevailing in the Western States.

long, I have ample means of knowing and proving. But, possessing as I do, all the partialities of a daughter, who was blessed with the entire confidence of such a father, I dare not trust myself to write much on this subject. And when I consider the forgiving spirit of him, to whose virtues I am rearing this humble memorial, I feel that it is not for me needlessly to uncover the ashes of the past.

The following is an extract from the paper above alluded to :—

" In the course of two extensive revivals, a large number of young people had become conneeted with the church. To enlighten the minds of these youth, and render them able to give a reason for the hope that was in them, the pastor opened a meeting at his own house, extending an invitation to any young people who were serious. The design of the meeting was a familiar and plain investigation of the evidences of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the best methods of studying the Holy Bible ; in a word, it was an attempt to interest the youth in the important contents, and inspire them with a love of the sacred volume. Devotional exercises were interspersed, and the young brethren were to pray in turn. But I soon discovered that this meeting did not give satisfaction to some of the elders of the church ; and how great was my astonishment, on being told by one of them, that my meeting was considered as set up in opposition to a Bible class taught in connection with the Sabbath school, by a young man, from Newton.

The Pastor had set up an opposition meeting!! Alas! alas!"

Mr. Jacobs felt too sadly the evil consequences of having other shepherds besides himself. His own happiness was greatly injured, and the peace of his church disturbed, by some such individuals. Will it be believed, that one evening a young man, who had ever been treated with the kindest consideration by Mr. Jacobs, and who had been, perhaps, rather too much encouraged by the church, rose, in a meeting, and announced his intention of visiting, ministerially, particular families during the week to ensue, requesting such to be at home to receive him, and this in the presenee of the astonished pastor!

This was a pious young man, filled with zeal, and desirous of doing good; his error arose from a want of delicacy towards the feelings of those older and wiser than himself, and from ignorance of what was befitting the relative situations of an accidental supply, and the settled pastor. *He* never experienced any change in the conduct of Mr. Jacobs, who still regarded him with the affection his character as a Christian and a preacher deserved.

At the time Mr. Jacobs left, the society was in a very prosperous situation. The labors of their pastor had been eminently successful among them; the church, which numbered about forty on his coming, had been increased to nearly two hundred; the debt resting on the house had been paid, and though a number of other churches had arisen in the town, and around it, his congregation was by far the larg-

est in the place; and at the time the separation occurred, it was repugnant to the feelings of more than nine-tenths of the people. He says, "Of thirteen individuals, whose names I have, who attended the private meetings, resulting in my asking a dismission, eight have said that they were opposed to the measures pursued, when they saw them in their legitimate consequences." The compiler of these papers does not know, does not *wish* to know these names; it is enough for her—that whatever was done to the injury of her father's feelings, was by that father forgiven: let it be forgotten, even by those, who, perhaps unwittingly erred.

It was deemed proper, to make some mention of those circumstances, which, to use his own expression, "had greatly distressed him, had almost worn his feeble wife into the grave, and on his family had exerted an influence never to be overcome."

Mr. Jacobs remained at home but ten days, after his resignation, before commencing a journey to the Western States, in pursuance of his duties, as Secretary of the "Western Education Association." Mrs. Jacobs took this opportunity to pay a visit to some friends in New York, and was his companion during the first part of the journey.

His observations during the four months of his absence, were thrown into the form of a journal, for the gratification of his children. A few extracts will now be given.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL, AND LETTERS FROM THE WESTERN STATES.

"Brattleboro', Vt., May 20, 1833.

"AFTER commending you and ourselves to the protection of Almighty God, we left you at one o'clock, in a dark rainy morning, on a three months' tour to the far West. O Lord, I look to thee! preserve, I pray thee, my dear family, in my absence, and restore me to my home in due season.

"Our journey, to-day, for the most part has been pleasant, but too long for comfort, having continued nineteen hours without rest. Our fellow-passengers were agreeable and intelligent. Three of us were ministers; one, a Congregationalist, very sociable, the other from the school at Newton, modest and unassuming. We had also, a lawyer, who, as may be supposed, was a man of information; and a man in his ninety-second year, bowed together with age, and tottering to the grave, but possessing all his senses and his intellect unimpaired. When I looked on this veteran of almost a century, life appeared long

to me, and especially as filled up with labors, cares and sorrows; but when I considered how exceedingly uncertain life is, and how full of dangers is the way, it looked shorter than a span.

Some of the scenery which we passed to-day, was of a very romantic character; the neat and thriving villages of my native state, with their numerous spires rising from temples dedicated to the worship of the Supreme God; the school-houses and academies which every where sprinkled old Massachusetts, delighted me greatly, and yet forced on my mind the painful thought, I am going beyond these, and shall soon behold a fast accumulating population comparatively destitute of these choicest blessings of our land.

"The latter part of our ride to-day, was over steep hills; we followed for miles the serpentine windings of the rapid Ashuelot. This rivulet is sometimes serene and placid, flowing gently, between moderately elevated banks; at others, it dashes adown deep glens, or tears along over a rough bottom, foaming, as if in rage, at the foot of the hills on its north bank. On the very brink of the river, lay our road, just wide enough for a carriage to pass: you, Sarah, would have been delighted with the scenery; for the Sarah at my side, it was too romantic, trying her courage very severely. At Hinsdale, we came in sight of the majestic Connecticut, and we crossed it at Brattleboro' from which place I write, ninety-five miles from home.

"Arlington, Vt., May 23d.

"After having been laid up sick for two days in

Brattleboro', I to-day crossed the Green Mountains. The scenery, though grand, has been dreary, and could but give the passing stranger an unfavorable idea of Vermont. It made quite appropriate the anecdote of the boy reciting his catechism, who, when asked, "Into what state did Adam fall by sinning?" made reply, "Into the state of Vermont." You know I have before touched the soil of this state, and touched it hard.*

"May 25th, Union Village, Washington Co., N. Y.

"This village is deeply interesting to your mamma, as it contains the ashes of her mother, and of a beloved sister, who was, at the time of her former visit, in health, and surrounded by a thriving family. She now is gone, and they are scattered. I took Mrs. Jacobs to Salem, to see an only brother: we found him and his numerous family well. The meeting of the brother and sister was like that of Joseph and his brethren; they wept upon each others' necks for joy. Many, many years have passed since they saw each other, and each has met with trials and sorrows. Who can tell what is before him?

"*Lord's-Day, May 26th.*—To-day has been unpleasant, and I fear unprofitable to me. I suffered some from asthma, in consequence of riding in the rain yesterday. I, however, attended public worship, though I fear not with much benefit. This village probably contains fifteen hundred souls; it has two churches, of which the

* Alluding to a former journey, during which he was overturned.

Baptist is the oldest, the largest, and the most wealthy. They have *two* pastors, and *one* service on Sabbath. The gentleman who preached to-day entertained us an hour and a half, proving some things which nobody doubts, asserting some things which were not true, and saying much that had far better been left unsaid. Oh when will the time come, when our churches shall be blessed with an enlightened and efficient ministry? When shall pretended forms of orthodoxy, and antiquated systems of man's invention, give place to the simple gospel, preached under the direction of common sense!

"Saratoga Springs, May 27th.

"Wrote home to-day. Oh that the Lord may smile on my dear children, and preserve them in my absence. I think much of them, and of the dear people long my special charge. To thee, O! thou Great Shepherd, I commit them all.

"This afternoon I crossed the Hudson, and rode over the ground where the haughty Burgoyne surrendered to the untutored Americans of Gates. I pictured to myself the scene of that day, and then looked round on the reality. Instead of the floating plumes, and martial banners, were the peaceful fields of waving wheat. I walked, this morning, down to the "Congress Spring," the most celebrated of the group, and drank a glass of its health-restoring waters. Invalids have scarcely begun to arrive yet, and the weather has not yet become warm enough to force the gay and pleasure-seeking to forsake their city amusements.

"And now let me remind you of the fountain opened for the health of the soul, whose virtue never fails, which is infinitely free, and beside which stands mercy, proclaiming with a winning voice, 'Come ye to the waters.'

"Hamilton, N. Y., May 30th.

"We find this a pleasant village, delightfully situated in the Chenango valley, which stretches down to Pennsylvania, and contains some of the best cultivated farms I have seen in New York. The valley is narrow, the stream flowing through the centre, and leaving a rich flat on each side with a wood. This level is studded thick with farm-houses, clustering here and there into pleasant villages: the sloping hills are clothed with wheat and other grain, and wear on their summits their native forests for a crown.

"Hamilton is the seat of science for all this region. The Institution here is, much superior to what I had anticipated, and is moreover, fast rising. S——, I presume, has done more than any other, perhaps than all others, in producing this state of things. The professors' chairs are now filled by some of the first young men in our denomination, who, to good literary attainments and native powers, add unremitting industry and zeal for the respectability and usefulness of their institution. Prejudices against ministerial education are subsiding, and young men are, in greater numbers than ever before, coming here to avail themselves of the advantages the place affords. The whole course now embraces eight years, including an academical, a collegiate, and

a theological education. They have one large stone building for the accommodation of students, and are erecting a second.

"*June* 1*st*.—To our great surprise and pleasure, we met, to-day, Professor Pratt from Granville, (O.) M. has been very sick, indeed she is still so; you will see her, I presume, as she is on her way to her father's in Brookline. From Mr. P. I have received much valuable information with regard to affairs connected with my business in Ohio; also from Professor Bacon in relation to Kentucky.

"All is now bustle and preparation for the business of next week. Several things combine to render this commencement a season of unusual interest. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, from Burmah, with his native converts—the ordination of missionaries for the East and West—and the large number of students connected with the institution.

"*Evening*.—We have just received a letter from you, my dear children, and we bless the Father of all, that you are in health. I daily pray for you, that you may be kept from all evil, and for the church to which we belong, that it may be a pure church, doing righteously. Pray you also for your parents.

"*June* 3*d*.—Attended divine worship part of the day yesterday, but suffered so much from asthma during the afternoon and night, as to be unable to go out at all to-day. Oh for good health, to pursue with vigor and ease the duties allotted me! but if the Lord denies me this blessing, let me learn submission to His will, who governs all in infinite wisdom, and love, and goodness.

"*June 5th.*—Commencement here: the people are pouring in, in throngs: much more bustle is made than with us at Old Harvard. After the chapel was crammed, literally *crammed,* with probably more than two thousand people, Mr. Wade preached to an immense assembly in the college yard, and catechized his Burmans. These turbaned gentry attract great notice.

"The literary performances were quite respectable; some of the speakers very good. Four who graduate to-day are destined for Burmah, two for the Great Valley; the rest will occupy stations as pastors of churches in this, and the adjoining states. I look upon this Institution as a great blessing to our denomination in this section of country.

"*June 6th.*—I this afternoon assisted in the ordination of three missionaries. Dr. Going preached the sermon, and Mr. Wade, the missionary, gave the fellowship. It was an interesting season. May the God of missions bless these young men, and make them useful to the church and to the world. I have now to part with my dear companion, and become a wanderer alone and; this must last till my journey is made, my business finished, and I return home. Your mother goes to Boston in company with Messrs. Sears and Pratt, Mary and Elizabeth; may they all reach you in safety.

"Rochester, N. Y., June 9th.

"On waking this morning, I found that our boat was lying alongside of the First Presbyterian church in this town. I inquired for Dr.

Comstock, as soon as I landed, and learnt that he had not yet returned. Notice had, however, been given, that I was expected, and I preached all day. The people seemed pleased, and I hope they may have been benefited, and our Master glorified by the services.

"This is a place of great business; it has grown up with almost unexampled rapidity, and has been greatly blessed of late by the influences of the Spirit of God. The Presbyterians have four places of worship, the Episcopalians two; of these, one of the former is very spacious, one of the latter very elegant. The Methodists have an immense house of stone. The Baptists, who are usually as deficient in elegance and taste about their churches, as the Episcopalians are remarkable for it, have a small, unsightly house, which will not hold more than six hundred, and yet their *church* numbers four hundred and eighty. They seem to be brethren of the right stamp, are engaged in all the active benevolence of the day, and talk of building a new house.

"Lockport, June 10th.

"This place exhibits a grand view of the power of man's art in overcomiug obstacles, and speaks well for the enterprize of the citizens of this state. The chain of locks, by which the boats ascend sixty feet, the strength and beauty of the work, and the wild natural charms of the place, interested me greatly. Four of us here left the boat, and took a carriage for the falls: we arrived safely at Lewiston; soon after came

a stage-coach full of Bostonians, who had been less fortunate than we, having been overturned, and many of them hurt; one gentleman I feared was seriously injured. I could sympathize with him, for well do I remember Vermont."

"Niagara Falls, June 11th.

"Rose early, and went out to survey the frontiers of the two nations. The heights of Princeton tower beyond the deep Niagara: here the British General Brock was slain, and here now stands his marble monument, which seems to look down frowningly on his republican neighbors. After breakfast, we set off for the Falls. Almost immediately on leaving the village, we ascend a rocky steep, thought by many to have been once the banks of Lake Ontario, which they say has retreated four miles. Here, too, were once the falls where the rushing Niagara poured its waters into the bosom of the lake, and these have taken their march backward, step by step, for seven miles. From this elevation we have a fine view of the swift river below, and of the immense lake, stretching, as far as the eye can reach, with here and there a light-house, and a snowy-sailed vessel.

"About three miles before we reach the Falls, the grand sight bursts suddenly upon the eyes; we see the whitened sheet and the ascending vapor, which proclaim the untamed rage of the mighty cataract. Crossing to the island, by a crazy bridge, which seems to be built on the waters, we paid our fee of entrance, recorded our names in this book of fame, and looked a little

while at the curiosities, chiefly fossils, in the Museum.

"But who can adequately describe the tumult of dashing floods? I shall not attempt it; they must be seen. Isaiah says, 'Jehovah holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand;' and here the Most High does indeed pour one sea into another with infinite ease. The beautiful emerald color of the water, the majestic dignity of the leap, the stern torrent below, the ascending vapor, the brilliant rainbow, all combine to excite deep emotion. In nothing was I disappointed, save in the roar of the cataract, which did not reach my expectations. After having gazed long on the American shores, we crossed to the Canada side, to view it from thence. I, however, was influenced chiefly by the wish to enter for once his Majesty's dominions, having always resided in our own happy republic; and as far as my experience goes, I must say, that I discovered no very material difference between a monarchical and a republican government. I ate a cracker and drank a glass of wine, as much at ease under the rule of good king William, as I have ever done, while living under the sway of the sovereign people.

"The British side of the falls remains in its original state, except that they occasionally blast the rocks to obtain petrifactions and fossil remains, to sell to travellers; but the Americans have begun their characteristic *improvements*, having already erected a paper-mill above the small cataract."

The following are extracts from a letter to a friend in Cambridge.

"On board the Steam Packet S. Thompson, on Lake Erie. June 12th, 1833.

"*Dear Sir*,—Embarked as I am upon this sea, it is very natural to think of you; nor is it the water only which induces me to remember a Cambridge friend. There are many there, towards whom I cherish the warmest feelings of friendship; among these, I number yourself and Mrs. D——. My journey thus far has been prosperous and pleasant, and my health, for the past week, very good. I parted company with my consort on the 6th; she seemed rather unwilling not to go the whole journey with me. I hope that you and Mrs. D—— will call often and cheer her spirits.

"I yesterday visited the Falls, that wonder of the world; perhaps you have seen them; if so, I need not describe them; if you have never seen them, I cannot. Oh! the grandeur of this mighty rush of waters! This emptying of one sea into another!

"I spent last night in Buffalo; a splendid place for an infant city. It is admirably situated for business; its buildings are entirely new, and many of them elegant. You doubtless remember, that it was laid in ashes by the British during the last war, but it has risen like the Phœnix, has now considerable commerce, and a population of twelve thousand. It is certainly the finest place I have seen since I left home, and I doubt not is destined to become a large city.

"The vessel, in which we are making our way up the lake, has three masts, but no other sails than what sailors term, I believe, 'fore and aft sails;' indeed, I have not, as yet, seen any square-rigged vessels. We are heavily laden with merchandise, and have, I should suppose, three hundred passengers; the wind is ahead, and our progress little.

"I sit, at times, and moralize on the voyage of life, and think how soon it will be over. This, my dear friend, is equally true of us both. Let us, then, endeavor to assure ourselves that we are directing our course towards the haven of eternal rest; let us be persuaded of the danger of shipwreck, and the necessity of providing ourselves with an infallible pilot. Jesus, the Son of God, is this only guide, and he is strong to deliver. Permit me then, without the figure, to exhort you to seek to him. There is such a thing as an interest in his love, and an evidence of it to our own souls, which affords unspeakable peace and joy. May this be shared by you, and the partner of your joys and sorrows.

"I feel a great deal of solicitude for the congregation, for so many years the object of my care; it is still my earnest prayer that not one of them may fail of heaven; and I hope that my successor may be far more useful to their souls than I have been. Yours, sincerely,

B. JACOBS.

"Ashtabula, Ohio, June 14th.

"Br. Carr, late of the Newton Institution, is here, and wishes me to pass the Sabbath with him, which

I expect to do. I have now really entered on my proper field of labor, and am making the necessary inquiries. This section of the state is known by the name of 'New Connecticut,' and is settled principally by emigrants from the East, who have brought with them the customs and habits of New England; they have churches and schools, and patronize the good things of New England. I think Br. Carr has a sphere of action that promises much. May the great Head of the church be with and bless him.

"Newark, (O.) June 21st.

"This afternoon, Br. Gear took me about a mile from this village, to see one of those ancient fortifications, so celebrated in this western region. A part of it is converted into the public road, over which we passed in our wagon: when the road leaves it, we got down and walked the ramparts. This fort or mound is circular, and just a mile in circumference; it is built on level ground; the ramparts, judging from the eye, are about ten feet in height from the outside: from the bottom of the ditch inside twenty feet, and are twenty feet wide at the base; the slope appears nearly equal on both sides, and of a uniform height, notwithstanding the washing of nobody knows how many ages. There was but one opening, and that towards the north, of the width of a broad sheet, perfectly straight, between two strong abutments or shoulders, flanking out. Here, probably, stood the ample gates of this ancient town or fortress; more ancient, perhaps, than the Egyptian pyramids. The build-

ers, *who* and *when* were they? The purpose what? If built for defence against assailants, why, contrary to all the laws of defence, have the moat or ditch on the inside, which is the case with this, and as I am told, is true of all others. On the north of this one, are extensive lines of breast-works, thrown up in parallel lines, at considerable intervals. As the only opening is on the north, it would seem that assault was anticipated from the south; why then are these successive lines of breast-works in the rear, and not in front? But all is mystery. Their builders are long since passed away, and all their annals have perished with them. I sighed as I stood there, in echo to the wind, which sighs mournfully through the mighty trees, above these mightier ruins.

"We measured one of these trees with an umbrella, and found it four umbrellas and a half: about fourteen feet; but on ascending the opposite abutment, we saw one much larger, which being hollow with a door cut in it, we entered, and found it large enough for four men to stand upright.

"*Saturday, June 22d.*—Visited Granville today, and spent some hours at the Institution here. I am pleased with this place. The village resembles those of our own state, and reminds me of home, and the Institution is far beyond my expectations. Mr. Pratt is, you know, away just now; but the other two professors appear to be men of the right stamp, and indefatigable in their labors. I find here eighty-eight students, twenty-five of whom are pious men, and twenty

of these are looking forward to the ministry. This is certainly encouraging to this western country. In Granville, there is also a high school for girls, with which I was very much gratified; and I am persuaded that Granville, situated as it is, in the heart of Ohio, is destined to shed great light on all the surrounding region.

"*Monday, June 24th.* — I preached yesterday for Br. Gear, a missionary sermon in the afternoon, at his request, and to-day rode to Granville again; heard several classes; met all the classes together at prayer, and took tea in commons. After tea, went to a high hill, in the neighborhood, and saw many curious remains of sea-shells and insects. I think constantly of you all, at home, and you I hope, daily remember your absent husband and father in your prayers. How precious the privilege, that we may go to our Almighty friend, and ask his blessing on each other. Though we are far distant, this Friend is ever present with all of us; and if we love Him, and seek His favors, He will be more to us than any earthly friend can be.

"Columbus, June 26th.

"Rode all day yesterday in a pouring rain, over the worst road, without exception, that ever was, or was not made. We were almost twelve hours making twenty-seven miles. And now you may suppose papa got sick. On the contrary, arriving wet and weary at the hotel, he changed his wet garments, ate a hearty supper, laid him down on a settee before the fire, and slept sound-

ly. So much for hard knocks, and many frights.

"The public buildings in this town are not imposing, but make a handsome appearance on the principal square. The Presbyterians have a fine house of brick, and the Episcopalians are erecting one of stone, which will be very elegant. These are both in eligible situations, near the public square. But the Baptists, as might be expected, have a little one-story, mean-looking building, quite down in the dregs of the borough. Their pulpit is occupied by a very illiterate man, who preaches, I am told, to about forty in this metropolis of Ohio. There are in Columbus more than three thousand inhabitants, many of whom are Baptists, or baptistically inclined, but who, under existing circumstances, prefer attending elsewhere."

"Cincinnati, Ohio, June 30th.

"*Lord's-Day*.—This is the sixth day of sacred rest, since I left home. It has been to me a gloomy one. I arrived late last night, and took lodgings in the first public house I found, which proved to be a German house. The Captain of the packet very kindly attended me to my chamber, opened my trunk, gave me some medicine, and sat by me until a late hour. The people of the house seemed to care little about me; none, after my entrance came near me, save a tall Dutchman, who looked in upon me towards morning. So I sat and toiled for breath until sunrise. I had the pleasure of receiving two letters from home to-day, informing me that

you, my dear S.——, arrived at home in safety, and that you are all well. I think of you to-day, attending church together, and long to be with you. You, doubtless, think and speak of me."

Mr. Jacobs received much polite attention from the Rev. Mr. Lynd, and from Dr. Beecher, of the Lane Seminary. On the 5th of July, he writes:—

"To-day is the anniversary of my ordination; twenty-four years ago, I was solemnly set apart to be a minister of the Savior's gospel. In this long time I have seen much of the goodness of God; I have, I hope, been enabled to do a little in his service, but much, very much of imperfection and sin appears in it all. I have been to-day to some high hills just out of town: I took, from the quarries of rock, many specimens of petrified fish. How astonishing! to find the animals of perhaps three thousand years ago, a thousand miles from their native element, and changed to solid rock.

I dined to-day with Dr. Beecher, who after dinner, took me in his barouche to Walnut Hills, the site of his seminary, and politely showed me the whole establishment, which now contains one hundred students.

"*July 8th.* — Yesterday was my Lydia's birth-day. May every blessing be hers for many years. Had a letter from home this morning, after so long looking in vain: was pained to learn that Rachel is again sick. I hope it may not prove a serious illness. The neighbors and friends who are so kind to you, have my most

hearty thanks, The good Lord reward them a thousand fold.

"I think much of our church at home. I fear it will be some time before they will be perfectly united in a future pastor. It is a good church; in it are some of the excellent of the earth. There are few in our land superior to it; but it has some sticks so crooked, that they cannot lie in the pile with the others. The better way would be to give them plenty of room to make a pile by themselves.

"*July 9th.* — We are sailing down the Ohio, in the Lady Byron. I spent last night, however, in Aurora, a small town in Indiana, at the house of the Hon. J. Holdman, a most excellent man. He is said to possess more influence than any other Baptist in the state; he has always been a politician, is a member of the Legislature, is now a Judge of the Supreme Court, &c., yet, with all this, finds time to be a Christian and a preacher. He says, that Baptist young men capable of teaching high schools, might be employed in almost indefinite numbers, if they would come here, commence teaching, and thus make themselves known.

"While waiting for the steamboat, I amused myself on the shore, selecting petrifactions. I shall enlarge your cabinet of minerals very considerably, I think, if I reach home with all my treasures."

The following is a letter dated Louisville, Kentucky, July 10th.

"*My very dear Wife and Children.* After waiting a whole week in Cincinnati, going every

day to the post-office, until my face had become familiar to the post-master, he said very smilingly this morning when I entered, 'Yes, Mr. Jacobs, I have one.' I smiled too, as you may imagine, right glad to hear from you, though I grieve to learn that Rachel is ill; tell her to be careful, and I hope my Sarah will exercise prudence with regard to her cough. You must all be well when I get home. Till then, may every blessing be yours.

"As I know you are so far like the Publicans as to love every body who loves or is kind to your absent friend, I must mention to you Dr. Staughton, of C——, who is very eminent in his profession, and who very politely gave me his advice, and furnished me with a box of medicine.

"Among the passengers in the boat from Cincinnati, was a youth of sixteen years, in chains. He was handcuffed, and fettered, and chained to a post, while his keeper stood over him with an array of pistols. He is a murderer, going to Mississippi to be tried. My heart bled for him. I talked with him, and he told me he has no father, but his mother is still living. Alas, for that mother, what must be her wretchedness! I endeavored to impress on the mind of this miserable boy, the importance of seeking unto God, who alone can forgive sin, and recommended him to that Savior, whose blood can wash away the blackest stain.

"Louisville is the most thriving place I have seen, not excepting Cincinnati, which it threatens to rival. It is nearly as large as Providence,

(R. I.) is finely situated for trade at the falls of the Ohio. A superb canal is here cut through the solid rock, round the falls, for the passage of steamboats. I counted twenty-three steamboats here, some of which were very large. There is no place, for a long distance below, to share its business. I was sorry to hear unfavorable accounts of the purity of its females. They cannot, however, all be true. On the whole, I consider Louisville an interesting place. Children, put Mr. Van Boskirk on your list of people, who have been kind to your father.

"The Baptists in 'old Kentuck' are 'not any better than they should be.' Now, don't ask who *is?* Though numerous and wealthy, they do not exert themselves much, in promoting the cause of religion. Their pastors, if they have any, are mostly engaged in other pursuits, and preach to the churches but once a month. While Campbellism on the one hand, and Antinomianism on the other, exert their baleful influences. There are, of course, exceptions to this state of things, exceptions the more honorable, as being 'faithful found among the faithless.'

"From what I saw at Louisville, I should not suppose that the condition of the negro race was much, if any worse, than in the more northern states. I saw as many whites as blacks engaged in menial employments, and I saw some blacks living in apparent ease and comfort. Still I do not consider myself qualified to decide on the subject, as if I had lived here for a length of time.

"Let us remember each other in all our prayers. I am yours in all the dear relations.

B. JACOBS.

"Equality, July 14th.

"We had a pleasant run down the river, three hundred miles to Shawneetown. The uniformity, however, soon tires. One unvaried scene, woods and water, and no change in the banks of the river did not interest me much. We reached Shawneetown yesterday morning. No stage that day, and as I am unwilling to travel on the Sabbath, I made arrangements for coming here, about fifteen miles from Shawneetown, where the Presbyterians are holding a great meeting.

"I have spent to-day pleasantly with these brethren; I preached once, heard one sermon, saw five infants sprinkled, and witnessed, for the first time, the administration of the Lord's supper, after the manner of the Presbyterians. I received a great deal of marked attention, from some of the principal inhabitants of the place, especially from the post-master, an Irish gentleman, who was politely desirous that I would remain a week here, and visit what is rare and curious in this vicinity. He is a man of refined taste, and great suavity of manners. At parting, he said, 'Mr. Jacobs, the water of the prairies is very bad; take this bottle of claret, to sweeten it; and here is a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Kaskaskia, and may every blessing be yours.'

"After leaving Equality, I rode for one hun-

dred miles, through a thinly peopled region, mostly over prairies of from one to seven miles in extent, skirted with thin woods. I passed some salt licks, and, for the first time in my life, saw a wild deer, bounding freely in his native forests. When first started, he gave a few leaps, wheeled around, and gazed at us for an instant, and then bounded away out of sight. We twice lost our way on the prairies, but after two days shaking in this miserable wagon, which they call the stage coach, we arrived at vespers, at the ancient Catholic town of Kaskaskia.

"Kaskaskia.

"This place is rapidly declining, as the Protestants have left it. The houses are falling to ruins, and the place seems to be given up to a wretched population, who spend their days in idleness and filth, in fiddling and drinking whiskey. I was surprised to see the ancient capital of the state make such a sorry appearance.

"*July* 16*th.* — I have to-day crossed the prince of rivers, the Mississippi. The river was much higher and more rapid than I expected to find it, and as turbid and foul as I had been told. My emotions, when I came in sight of this father of waters, were great. What scenes has this stream witnessed, ages before the adventurous Italian discovered the Western world! and now throng hundreds of steamboats, where even a *few* years ago, was seen but now and then, the frail Indian canoe.

"Dined to-day at the house of Judge Grafton, in Genevieve. This is, like Kaskaskia, a strong

hold of Romanism. Almost all the inhabitants are French Catholics; I think, in a population of one thousand, there are but fourteen Protestant families. These maintain regular worship, though they have preaching but seldom. The Catholics are rebuilding their church of stone, and the inhabitants have subscribed ten thousand dollars towards establishing here a Catholic seminary. But, dark as it now is here, I believe the true light will yet shine upon this region, and that so brightly, that the mists of error will all disappear.

"I went this afternoon to see 'the Indian tracks,' or prints of footsteps in the solid rock. The impressions look as if made in clay, by men and boys walking through the creek.

"St. Louis, Missouri, July 23d.

"The Catholics here are numerous, but they have not that decided and overwhelming majority, which I expected; they rather gain their ascendancy by smooth manners and insinuating measures. This is especially the case with regard to their schools. At the nunnery in this place, they have a large school for young ladies, to which many Protestants send their children. They have a college also, and are building a splendid cathedral.

"As I was walking to-day, (which is very hot,) in one of the principal streets, with my black broad-brimmed hat, black gown, and cane, I was very reverently saluted by several individuals, who took me, evidently, for one of their priests.

"The silent but not less powerful efforts of the Catholics, I consider one of the greatest obstacles to the promotion of education, (Protestant education,) in the West. They are doing a great work, and are urging forward, in a secret, but systematic manner, what many of them doubtless think their pious purpose, the conquest of the West. They have men and money, and spare neither.

"Their teachers are as good, if not better than most others who have heretofore instructed; and if only on a level with those of other denominations with regard to attainments, they excel in suavity of manners and a courteous address; thus they conciliate the affections of many Protestants, whose children they cordially receive, and with whose religious creed they promise not to interfere. Nor is there any *direct* attack made on their sentiments; they are by far too wily to do that. A much safer, a more effectual way is, after blinding the parents to imbue the tender minds of their pupils with confidence in their teachers, 'the holy sisters,' and 'the good fathers of the church,' and induce them to practise, till they love the rites of mother church; then their worship is so imposing, and their doctrines so grateful to many, that the wonder is, perhaps, that so many escape.

"July 24th.

"Left St. Louis this morning for Alton (Ill.) The Mississippi presents but few changes of scenery; the banks are mostly low and crumbling; occasionally, however, are seen tall lime-

stone cliffs, standing like watchmen over the muddy waters; though this defilement belongs not to the Mississippi, but to his western brother, the great Missouri. I had, to-day, the pleasure of witnessing the meeting of these mighty streams. The view is, however, greatly obstructed by the numerous islands formed by the immense quantity of matter disgorged by this yellow river of half water and half clay. The silver-footed Ohio pleases me better than any other river in this western country.

"Edwardsville, (Ill.) July 28th.

"I came here two days since, for the purpose of attending an association, now in session in this place. I have delivered several addresses, and should, yesterday, have preached for the people, but I became so ill, that I was obliged to acknowledge myself sick, and seek medical aid. The good providence of God had directed me to the house of a kind friend, a brother in the common cause, and a physician. As I lay upon my couch through the day, and gazed on a large map of the United States, which hung before me, and contemplated the many and large states which separated me from my dear home, my heart sunk down as low as the mercury was high.

"There is a good state of feeling among the Baptists here; but they make as much noise and ado as the Methodists. Three times, the whole association came around me singing, to shake hands with me, by way of testifying their fellowship for me, and satisfaction in my remarks.

They express much disappointment that I am not able to preach to them to-day.

"This is the day that the dear people, long my charge, surround the table of the Lord; for many years I met them there, in the house of God, and joined with them in the delightful though sad service, which reminds us of the body broken, and the blood spilled for us. Now I am far away, perhaps never in the same capacity to unite with them again: should I return, another may fill that place: the thought is painful, but let me, without the shadow of a murmur, bow to His will, who ordereth all things aright.

"Vincennes, (Ill.) August 2d.

"Have been amid sickness during the last few days, and have suffered greatly myself. Last night was, I think, one of the most distressing I ever experienced. The hours seemed to move as if many nights had been compressed into one. I had the asthma very badly: we were in a miserable open wagon: the night was very damp and chill, enough so, indeed, to punish me severely for my carelessness in leaving my great coat where Gilpin's hat and wig were.

"I have crossed the Wabash, and taken leave of Illinois, nor can I regret it; true, it has a fertile soil, long rivers, and extensive prairies; but there are many drawbacks to these advantages.

"The rivers which bear their productions to other parts of the land, and give success to their commerce, waft not unfrequently disease and death; their prairies at first delight, but soon weary. I crossed that denominated 'Grand,'

said to be five hundred miles long, and twenty-one broad. I was engaged, all the while we were riding over it, in planting trees and rounding the surface into hills.

"Indianapolis, (Ind.) August 8th.

"I gave you no account of Terre Haute, at which place I witnessed a western election; noisy, for it was a warm election, and there was much whiskey concerned in the matter, but ending much more peaceably than one would suppose. Whence Terre Haute obtains its name, I do not know, as its site is not elevated above the surrounding country.

"I have, in the place in which I am now writing, met with much and polite attention. Have I ever given you a bill of fare? here it is;—fried chickens and apple-dumplings for breakfast; roast or fried deer with bacon, for dinner; bacon and chickens for tea, and at supper, pork, squash, and the everlasting chicken. This biped has appeared to me regularly three times a day, ever since I entered the valley three months ago.

"August 10th.

"For two days past I have been on the road from Indianapolis to Cincinnati; the water on our route is intolerably bad, the roads rough, and I sick. Oh, I think of home. After riding nearly three hours yesterday morning, feeling very faint, and having ten miles more to ride before we should reach our breakfast station, I stopped at a public house, when the following dialogue ensued between me and mine host:—

"'Can you give me any refreshment, landlord?'

"'Why I have some pretty good whiskey.'

"'Have you nothing else?'

"'Yes, I have some water, but it is somewhat sulphury.'

"'But have you no such thing as crackers or bread in the house?'

"'No.'

"So I had to go on, after trying to swallow some of his sulphur water, dashed with a little of his pretty good whiskey. The compound tasted like tar and sulphur.

"Cincinnati, August 12th.

"Though scarcely able to go out, I have yet made arrangements for my departure, which I must hasten, or the lime-water of this region will destroy me.

"I received a letter from you to-day, written by eight different hands, and dated a month since. I never saw such a variety in one epistle. Can a letter, written by eight secretaries, be said to belong to the class of *private* correspondence? A fig for such correspondents; it takes eight of you to write one small letter once a month; while I, standing alone against you all, send you a letter once a fortnight. No doubt some of yours have missed me. I slept but little last night, just long enough to dream of reaching home, and embracing you all.

"Baltimore, Md. August 19th.

"I am thus near you, having crossed the

Ohio, and bidden adieu to the Western states: yes, I have been in the ancient dominion. There was something pleasant to me in treading the ground of old Virginia, the land of Washington and Henry, and a host of lesser lights. I have crossed the Alleghanies. These mountains had ever presented a formidable idea to my imagination, and I had always associated with a passage over them, something terrific and awful; such is not, however, the case. The height of the various ranges or divisions is great, and the scenery magnificent; but the travelling over them is rendered comparatively easy by the great national road, which is usually excellent. From, none of the heights could I get as I wished, a glimpse of the western vale; look which way I would, mountains rose on mountains as far as the eye could reach.

"I have visited whatever was rare in this monument city. The monument itself afforded me a fine view of the city, harbor, bay, &c., less pleasing, I think, than that from the dome of the State-house in Boston. I was more gratified with the Catholic cathedral; for the sight of the images, pictures, and finery, I paid a trifle, the *guide* said for the benefit of the church, *I* said for the gratification of my curiosity. How soon I shall see you all! Let us thank Him from whom all good things do come."

CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

After Mr. Jacobs' return to Cambridge, he published for the committee of the Educational Association, a small pamphlet, entitled "A Voice from the West." The following is an extract.

"I am persuaded that descriptions of the West have been overwrought, and, in many instances, the coloring has been too high. Some tourists from the East, with a warm imagination and glowing fancy, have painted the country as a paradise; while others, to awaken, perhaps the sympathies of the East, in behalf of their moral and religious improvement, have underrated the morals of the inhabitants of the West, and have exhibited them in the light of semi-barbarians. The truth is evidently between these two extremes.

"They have undoubtedly many natural advantages, and an exceedingly good land; but, like the rest of our earth since the primeval curse, there are found 'thorns and briers' also. On the other hand, the morals of the people are not so low, as they too often have been represented

to be. In this respect, I am persuaded, they would bear a comparison with some other parts of our country, more highly distinguished by external privileges than they. Boatmen upon their waters, and loungers, for the most part foreigners, at the public inns, should not be received as a fair specimen of the inhabitants. This would not be admitted of any country, and much resembles the ill-natured strictures on our national character, which are sometimes made by visiters on the other side of the Atlantic. It is from a wish to rescue the good people of the West, from some of the foul aspersions cast upon them, and to disabuse the public, that I make these remarks.

"When it is considered that they are all strangers on the soil which they inhabit, that they came from every state in the Union, and from almost every kingdom in Europe, bringing with them all the peculiarities of their views their national and sectional prejudices; and when the destitution of those means which improve the morals, and secure the elevation of society, are taken into the account, I think it will rather appear surprising that the standard of morals is no lower. True, they cannot present that array of churches or meeting-houses, of academies and schools, which are found in the old states at the East. Yet there are beginnings of these things which promise well for time to come; and many very worthy, intelligent, and pious persons, who are exerting a salutary influence on the community, are scattered through all the region. Letters of agents, circulated in the periodicals

and public journals, representing the inhabitants of the West, in the lowest state of degradation, have gone back to them, and have had a powerful influence in prejudicing some worthy characters against the benevolent operations of the East.

"In relation to schools, it may be said, in general, that the inhabitants are anxious for their establishment and improvement; and I was every where cordially received, and treated with politeness, when my object was made known. All acknowledged that the promoters of this charity, were seeking the greatest good of the West. There are exceptions to this general sentiment. Persons are met with, who care but little for the education of their families; but such persons may be found every where, and this darkness the light of education must chase away.

"It is well known that the first emigrants to the West, as to most new countries, are those who seek mainly the good things of *this world*; they are allured to the Great Valley, by the cheapness of the land, the luxuriance of the soil, and the ease with which a livelihood can be obtained. To persons of this description, literary and religious privileges, if valued at all, are but secondary considerations; yet interspersed with these, are many who have been reared under the fostering hand of literary and religious education, who are desirous of seeing foundations of these things laid in the West, and are ready to lend their aid according to their ability. There is much doing, but yet there is a wide and extending field unoccupied, which, like their own luxuriant soil, invites cultivation."

Mr. Jacobs spent the succeeding autumn and most of the winter, in attending associations and conventions, in visiting the churches and the Literary Institutions connected with the Baptist denomination, with a view of interesting the students in the object contemplated by the Association.

In May, 1834, appeared a second "Report," urging on Baptists the importance of making greater effort, for the promotion of education in the Western States. In this report Mr. Jacobs says,—

"The Secretary has to lament that an appalling apathy seems to pervade the denomination very generally on this subject, though there are some worthy exceptions. The claims of this extensive region, situated in the very heart of our country, though often spread before the public, seem to have awakened but very little feeling among Protestants generally, and among our denomination far less than others.

"It is, however, matter of gratulation, that another denomination of evangelical Christians are making strenuous exertions in this praiseworthy undertaking. Their society has its principal seats in their seminaries; the instructers encourage the object, and the young men enter into it with zeal. The churches, also, cheerfully aid with their liberal contributions: there are instances, in which single churches support a teacher in the West. This is as it should be; and we are happy to add, that they are evidently accomplishing great good in the new States, while they are laying foundations on which

their own denomination will be greatly increased."

I have in my possession, but few letters written by Mr. Jacobs; indeed, until the last three years of his life, his correspondence was chiefly addressed to the members of his own family. After his return from the West, he wrote very many letters, but chiefly on business connected with the object of the Association, whose Secretary he was.

The following letter is of a very early date, and was addressed to a member of his church in Pawtuxet.

"Pawtuxet, July, 1814.

"*Dear Brother*,—With much affection permit your brother and your pastor to address you on a subject most interesting to you, to your family, and to the church with which you are connected. I was truly sorry to find, from what I discovered when you were here the other evening, that our brotherly admonitions and exhortations had not produced the desired effect.

"You cannot be insensible, my dear brother, in times of reflection, that the path you are treading, is hazardous in the extreme. Let me ask you to take into serious consideration a few reflections. "Strong drink is raging," says Solomon, and its awful consequences are known to us all. Thousands of living witnesses, who once held respectable standing in society, testify to us daily, of the miseries of this hateful vice. If we have a propensity towards it, we have need to watch and pray continually; but if we

indulge ourselves, and give way to the temptation, truly our feet stand on slippery places.

"Much might be said on your standing in society, and your respectability among your fellowmen; all this depends on your shunning this vice. But I shall confine myself to two things; your connection with your family, and with the church of God.

"Reflect, my dear brother, on the endearing relations of Husband and Parent, which you hold; and consider that an amiable woman, and several babes are depending on you, not only for their temporal support from day to day, but for their standing and character in the world, and, what is most of all, for their peace of mind, and domestic comfort. Can you look on that woman whom you have vowed to love, and not reflect on the distress and anguish you may bring upon her, weighing her down with pain and sorrow? Can you look on those little ones, and not reflect that you are bound to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? And will not the feelings of the father and the Christian induce you to teach them, not only by word, but by example, the way to heaven? To lead them in the paths of virtue, sobriety, and devotion? Can you bow the knee in your family, and in your closet, and in sincerity implore blessings on them, while you indulge in this sin? you certainly cannot. This spirit, and the spirit of the Lord cannot dwell together. Oh! then hear the exhortation, not mine, but Paul's, 'Touch not, taste not.'

"But you are a professor of religion, and

stand connected with a number for whom you have expressed the warmest attachment. What, then, must be their sensations, if you should forsake the paths of godliness to walk in those of sin? Do I suppose an impossibility? Heaven grant I may; but I confess I fear, and because I love you, I write; I would wish to warn you before it be too late. I feel under many obligations to you; I have been obliged by you in many things, for which I feel grateful both to God and yourself. I call to mind also how many times we have gone up to the house of God together; we have worshipped in his fear in public and in private; together have we bowed the knee, and supplicated the Father of mercies, and confessed our sins. Call to mind these happy seasons, and let me exhort you, my dear brother, 'if there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort in love, if any fellowship of the spirit, if any bowels and mercies,' that you will renounce this bewitching sin forever.

"Painful, indeed, my dear brother would it be to give you the parting hand; the thoughts of it fill my heart with sorrow; you can prevent it, and yet not you, but Jesus Christ assisting you. Oh, look unto him; pray without ceasing.

"With this letter in my hand, I have bowed the knee to our common Lord, and prayed for you, my brother, by name; that you may receive this letter in the spirit of the gospel—I trust it is thus written—and that the Lord would arm you with the resolution, and enable you to carry it into effect, to drink no more while you live. And who knows? perhaps my brother will hear,

and will turn. 'If you will be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine,' and many others. But if not, my soul shall weep for you in secret.

"That the God of mercy would smile upon you, grant you restraining grace and preserving mercy, and bring you at last, with yours, to his everlasting kingdom, prays your brother,

B. JACOBS.

Extract of a letter to the wife of a friend, who died in Calcutta.

"Cambridge, February, 1821.

"*Dear Madam*,—The pleasing acquaintance which I have had with your family for a number of years, and the tender sympathy which I feel for your present heavy affliction, together with an anxious solicitude for your welfare, induce me to write to you on this occasion, though I could have wished a more agreeable subject had called forth my first epistle. But perhaps this solemn stroke may have opened your heart, and prepared you to listen more particularly to the great subject of salvation. When our afflictions are sanctified unto us by Him who sends them, they have this effect; and it is my earnest prayer that my dear friend may reap the blessing of sanctified affliction.

"God has come near to you, indeed, and you are ready, perhaps, to exclaim, 'the stroke is heavier than I can bear; the Lord has afflicted me sore; lover and friend has he removed far from me; he has cut down my stay and my staff, and laid my hope and expectation in the dust.'

"It is not my wish to pierce your heart afresh, or lacerate your already wounded spirit. I would rather act the part of a comforter, and pour into your bleeding heart the oil of consolation. Let me assure you, then, that this providence, however awful it may appear, is sent to you in mercy, and is intended for your good. The Lord has said that he 'does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men;' it is to teach us the vanity of the world, the emptiness of earthly things. Let us learn, then, how fading are all things below the skies, and that 'there's nothing true but heaven.' All of us are, in a certain sense, the children of God, and we have gone astray from him; now these afflictions are the chastisements of his rod, and he deals with us as with children, punishing us, to bring us back to him with bitter repentance, to make us own, and acknowledge, and worship him. Let me entreat you, then, to come unto him, and pour your sorrows, your prayers, your tears, into his bosom. He will hear you; he can, and will assuage your grief, and give you consolation that will never die, if you trust in him. He has promised specially on your behalf, styling himself 'the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless.'

"If we were to enjoy uninterrupted prosperity, and were not visited with any affliction, we might forget that we were dying creatures, and be prone to look upon this world as our home; we might be careless of the future, and neglectful of everlasting things. This, then, is one method which the Lord makes use of, to awaken us to

a sense of our state, and to excite in us a solicitude to flee for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel, by cutting down our earthly props, that we might put our trust in God; by destroying our earthly hopes, that we might fix our hopes on heavenly things.

"I hope, my dear Madam, that you may be kept from a murmuring spirit, and that you may be enabled to see that the Judge of all the earth hath done right; and may you seek, by prayer and supplication, for that resignation which shall enable you to say, 'the Lord gave, he has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' This resignation will sweeten the bitter cup of sorrow; it will do more, it will give joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

"I wish to be particularly mentioned to the children; I feel much for them; tell them that I know what it is to be an orphan, that I was bereft of *both* my parents at a tender age. But he who was Israel's God, has been mine; I hope and pray he may be theirs. Tell them from me, as one who loves them, to 'remember their Creator in the days of their youth;' and may the God of mercy be their God, their Father, their Guardian and Guide."

The following is a letter to one of his daughter's on her eighteenth birth-day.

"*My dear Sarah*,—I congratulate you on the return of another birth-day, and that which brings you to womanhood; and it is my fervent prayer that you may witness many happy returns

of this your natal day. But there is one subject which gives me more anxiety, and for which I pour out more ardent prayers than even for your life; you already know to what I allude. It is that you might be interested in the blessed Savior. Look back, my dear, to the eighteen years that have rolled away, and view the mercies and blessings which you have enjoyed; and say, should not these lead you up to that heavenly Father, who has strewed your path with blessings, and crowned your life with loving kindness? Undoubtedly, you think you have been blessed with kind parents; it would be unkind in me to think otherwise of you; and these parents have been spared to you through your minority, a blessing not always enjoyed, and one which neither of your parents found. Has this consideration led you to pour out your grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of friends and mercies? You have possessed many advantages and privileges, that do not fall to the lot of common persons, and which it is desirable that you should appreciate.

"I know that you have sometimes thought there was a disadvantage in being a clergyman's daughter; but I am persuaded, if you view the subject fairly, after deducting all the petty inconveniences and privations which the situation imposes, you will discover great advantages that have, or may accrue. This has brought you into contact with the best, that is, the most intelligent part of society; this has, directly, or indirectly, offered many facilities for the improvement of your mind, and, (what is not least in my

estimation, and will not, perhaps, some time be in yours,) this has enlisted on your behalf *many prayers.*

"You are sensible that your parents feel much solicitude on your account. They have watched with anxiety and with satisfaction your opening mind in childhood, your gradual improvement through the years of youth; they have nothing to censure, they have much to commend. But of what avail, my dear child, are mental accomplishments or earthly blessings, if unaccompanied by the one thing needful? That you might possess this we earnestly pray, and I entreat you to pray for yourself; for I am persuaded that God hears and answers prayer. I will tell you a little incident which I know not that I have ever mentioned to any one.

"When you were an infant, your dear mother was brought, by wasting sickness, to death's door, and all thought her sinking swiftly to the grave; a consultation of physicians gave me no encouragement. I had a garden remote from the village, and which, at that time, was surrounded with an extensive field of corn.

"Musing one day in my garden on the deep gloom which appeared to hover over my family, my companion about to leave me for the world of spirits, and you, then a helpless babe, about to be left a motherless orphan, to make your way through I knew not what difficulties; pressed with these thoughts, I entered the field of corn, to ease my aching heart by prayer to God. I enjoyed great freedom in my supplication, and the effect upon my own mind was soothing be-

yond expression; I heard no voice, I saw no sight; but it was powerfully impressed on my mind that my wife should survive her present sickness; yea, that she should live to see you arrive at the age of eighteen. Now, whether it was right or wrong to trust in the impression, the event has not disappointed me.

"That all my prayers respecting my daughter may be as fully realized, is the earnest wish of her most affectionate father. B. JACOBS.

"Cambridge, Oct. 20th, 1831.

"To our dear children who are strolling about in Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

"*Dear Children*,—What a blow to our vanity was your letter. Listening to our self-estimation, we had supposed that you were so anxious to see us by this time, as to be quite homesick, when lo! your letter asks permission to prolong your visit. But, to say nothing about this mortification, and without even doubting the sincerity of your friends, in wishing you to remain longer with them, we seriously think you had better return on Saturday.

"My well-tuned ears are beginning to desire some music, and, after a little recreation, you know, we should remember we ought to return to the duties of home. So on my account, and on your own, come back.

"The Gibraltar has sailed, carrying from us our friends, Oliver and Harriet Cutter. The Grecian has arrived, and your old friend Capt. D—— is in good health; but I am sorry to say,

Mrs. D. is sick with a fever. So much for a marine list.

"Shall we thank you for the *information* your letters contain? I believe I may as well defer the expression of our gratitude till we meet.

"Your affectionate

FATHER AND FRIEND."

[TO AN ABSENT DAUGHTER.]

"May 13th, 1832.

"*My dear Child*,—I begin by the flattering assurance, that we miss you, and scold about you very much: we miss you at all hours, and scold when the mail comes in, without bringing us a letter. I went this morning to the office, and really felt quite disappointed, on receiving nothing; and then when I came home, the family looked very cross at me, and I think I even heard one say, it was a shame. But all countenances brightened, this afternoon, at the sight of Miss E—— and the package of letters; we thank you for writing so many. And now, as for ourselves; we are all in excellent health, though our females, (or as Monkbarns would say, my womankind) are all tired down, as this week has been that of the great May Revolution. Oh! that dreaded white washing,—but even cleaning house, cannot be made to last forever, and it is now, I believe, past for the present.

"Affairs with us are still interesting, though there is not so decided an attention to religion, as a few months ago. We have had one convert this week, a Catholic girl, and although there are, I believe, no new cases of conviction, there

is, I think, more feeling in the minds of some who have been for some time serious. I expect to baptize five next Sabbath.

"I have married two couples this week, and in contrast to these things, have attended two funerals. Such is life, sunshine and shade.

"And now, my dear girl, let me congratulate you that you are getting on so well, and let me also advise, as your friend and father should, the child so dear to him. I want you ever to feel the importance of your trust, as possessing a rational and accountable being—I want you to seek for wisdom from on high, cultivate, oh, cultivate assiduously, piety of heart; this is the most effectual safeguard from all danger.

"With regard to one part of your last letter, we rejoice to learn that you acted as you did. You did right, my dear, both as it respects your own conscience, and the proper dignity which you should maintain: study the truest propriety in all you do. I have found two short questions useful to me. 1st. Is the action right in the sight of God? 2d. Is it proper for me in my present situation? If either of these questions can admit a negative, do it not, though your whole heart be set on it. You are much on our hearts when we address the throne, and there you too, I hope, remember us."

[TO THE SAME.]

"June 13th, 1832.

"*My dear Child*,—My greatest solicitude respecting you, is as it relates to your mind, lest, situated, as from your sister's report you seem

to be, you should lose the sweet comfort of hope. The place in which you live, seems cold and stupid ; but you know my dear, where to go to get your heart warmed,' and to keep it so. Maintain daily intercourse with Heaven, and never let business or pleasure break in upon the sacred moments.

"You inquire, if we think it advisable for you to take a Bible class. You know my opinion of them in general, and I should think in this instance, it would be profitable to yourself and others. Your general acquaintance with the Scriptures, with ancient customs, localities, &c. and your habit of knowing how such things are done, will all come in play. A prayerful perusal of the lesson, will materially assist you, and you will find your ability to teach, becoming more and more as you proceed.

" I would advise you to begin with the gospels, the most important, and the most simple part of Holy Writ. I would not let the exercise exceed one hour, and don't forget the application ! I send by the bearer of this, the best helps.

" You are often on our hearts, and our absent child is never forgotten, when we bow at the foot of the throne, in family worship.

"Yours truly, by every tie, B. J."

[TO THE SAME.]

" Cambridge, August 22d, 1832.

" *My S*,—I suppose your sister, our Corresponding Secretary, is writing you all the news, such as that Dr. Chaplin preached for us on last

Lord's-day, and that Mr. Neal is to preach on the next. But perhaps you ask, Does not papa preach? O yes, the last Lord's day was an exchange, and I baptize on the next. Dr. Going was here yesterday, it is a pity you were not at home.

"The Gibraltar has arrived, bringing us letters from India; Oliver has sent me some *idols*, which I have not yet brought home. Dr. Going says, he thinks I have idols enough already; what think you?

"You express some fear about the cholera in this region; I think there is no reason for alarm. Boston is said to be unusually healthy, and should that disease come, it is His hand that holds the pestilence.

"Let us, my daughter, endeavor to live in the constant exercise of faith in the Lord, and habitual readiness to submit to His holy will, whatever that will may be. With the Bible for our companion to the borders of eternity, and Jesus for our guide through the dark valley, we will fear *no* evil."

[TO THE SAME.]

"Cambridge, January 31st, 1834.

"*My dear Child*,—We feel lonely sometimes, since Aunt Rachel's death, and our Sarah's absence, but we take courage, as we remember that two of the months have rolled away, and that the other sixteen will soon be fled, when, if the Lord will, we shall all meet again at our own dear home.

"My dear S—— always remember that you are a professor of religion, and that many eyes

are upon you; especially forget not the all-seeing Eye. 'Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy,' even should you be prevented from attending public worship.

"With regard to the news, I presume the scribblers around me, if I may judge by the noise of the pens and the tongues, will give you all there is. We found, after you left us, that your father's picture was missing. I told L—— to say to you in a former letter, that Rachel-like, you had stolen your father's image. Does it console you in the absence of the original?

"I have received an answer to the letter you wrote for me, just before you left us, to Mr. R ——of B—— ; he says,

"'You cannot at the East conceive of the necessity of primary schools. I *know*, from actual observation, having visited every settlement in the state; and should be willing to hazard every thing on the truth of the assertion, that not one female in ten, in the whole state of —— can read. Tell this to your daughters, and I am persuaded that their sex in —— will not be without their daily prayers for the success of the cause in which their father labors.'

"What an appeal to females of New England. God bless you, my child, and make you useful, is the constant prayer of your affectionate father."

[TO THE SAME.]

"April 7th, 1834.

"*My dear Child*,—Something was whispered in my ear, the other day, which, as your particular friend, I will mention. I allude to your

communing with the Presbyterians. Now as you had not yet mentioned this, you will wonder, perhaps, how I heard it. 'A bird of the air you know.' I shall not now attempt a vindication of what is termed 'Close Communion,' but only express my hopes, that in future, whatever may be your own views, you will maintain a course of conduct strictly Baptist. I certainly wish you to treat all, however they may differ from you, with the utmost kindness, and good feeling; you know this has always been my course.

"I trust, my dear, that you will not suppose that I conceive this an unpardonable sin. You know I do not so look on it; but I wish you to avoid giving offence, or wounding the feelings of any one. And I desire that my daughter should escape even the shadow of censure.

"You ask particulars respecting your Aunt R's exit. She finished her course in the chamber in which you left her; dying in her chair, leaning on the bosom of your mamma. She sleeps now in Mr. Hovey's tomb.

"Present my (what shall I call it? respect is a cold term to go to the warm South,) best love to your kind friends Mr. and Mrs. W. — tell them they have an important trust in my child. Adieu, dear S."

"June 3d, 1834.

"*My Dear*,—I wrote you, in my last, that I expected to resign after May, but at the annual meeting of the Western Bap. Ed. Society, there was so much interest manifested, and I was so-

licited so strongly to go on, that I have consented to another year's service. This will necessarily take me much from home, but not for long journies — as my field of labor will lie principally in New England. We had, during the last week, the most interesting meetings I ever witnessed. Mr. Reed, from London, addressing the N. Ed. Society, electrified the congregation, with his warm and insinuating eloquence; and forty-five scholarships of seventy-five dollars each, were taken on the spot.

"I am very busy just now, in getting out another report; when out, it will of course find its way to Georgia.

"Your dear mamma is much better, and even thinks of dismissing her physician to-day. We are rejoiced to learn that your health is so good: still continue to be prudent; watch over your health and heart, and life. How rejoiced would your father be to know, that by your becoming Christian deportment, any one had been induced to think more favorably of religion, and to turn to the Savior.

"I presume from your last, that you are now completely Southernized; has Mr. Webster this word? no matter. I am engaged, you know, in promoting education, and if I should now and then make a word, it would be a thing of course.

"I want you to tell me if the slaves receive much instruction; if they have preaching, &c.

"Your affectionate Parent."

[TO ANOTHER CHILD.]

"Cambridge, September 8th, 1834.

"*My dear L,*—I found it very lonely, when

I came home on Saturday night, and learned that you had gone. It was right, however, that you should go to your sick friend. I hope she will continue to improve. I believe we have no news since you left, except that important item in domestic life — a change of help. Your mamma has, instead of her Irish girl, one still more Irish, a lass as green as the Emerald Isle itself. Your mamma, in addition to all her other employments, has taken upon herself to beg a carpet for the meeting house. Many of the people have very much wondered that *she* should take this service upon her, and Mrs.—— says that nobody is required to forgive more than seventy times; but she is mistaken; for you know it is seventy times seven; and we have not forgiven half that number yet. Your mother's reply is, that the meeting-house has done no wrong.

"Your ever affectionate Father."

"Cambridge, September 18th, 1834.

"*Dear S*,—I wrote a letter to L. the other day, telling her that if Mr. B—— has, as he says, been intrusted with the secrets of the Western Baptists, he will find them to amount to little more than the famous masonic mysteries. We want to see your sister very much, as she has now been away for five weeks. But you ask, how is it with regard to the other daughter, who has been absent almost twice five months. Ah! we wish to see her more than we can tell, and in the expectation of that happy day, I take leave of you.

"Do you pride yourself on the *legibility* of

your hand-writing, or the reverse? The Lord bless you, my dear child, and return you to our arms, is the prayer of your father.

BELA JACOBS."

In 1835, Mr. Jacobs prepared a third Report, from which, as it was never published, a few extracts will now be given.

"Since liberty is nursed by knowledge, and since every year the balance of political power leans more and more westward, and as the Atlantic States must soon be far inferior in numbers to their sisters, the daughters of the Mississippi, let us look at the mental and moral condition of our future masters. Is the ark of our freedom to be intrusted to an ignorant populace? Say, rather, shall not New England send forth her intelligent sons to act efficiently and wisely on those minds, which are so soon either for good or for evil, to control the destinies of this whole nation.

"Effectually to counteract the influence of the Catholics, Protestants should establish schools of every grade, in every part of our land, under the guidance of educated and pious teachers; teachers, who will 'leave their mark' on the minds of untold numbers; teachers able and willing to exert a holy influence, to originate and maintain an atmosphere of religious and prayerful intelligence all around them. On the speedy and efficient measures of all true patriots and Christians hang suspended incalculable results.

"Oh for a voice of power to reach every ear, and thrill through every heart, from Louisiana to

the Canadas—for burning words to wake every sleeping Christian in these states.

"'Will ye sleep on *now*, and take your rest?' The providence of God says, 'It is enough—the hour is come—arise.'

"Should this lethargy continue fifty, nay twenty years, what will be the condition of our beloved country? On every lovely hill, once the chosen residence of civil and religious freedom, behold the convent of superstition! In every smiling valley, see the churches of that idolatrous faith, where, instead of truth, and rational devotion, are heard senseless prayers to the Virgin and the saints. Are these vain imaginings? Even now, the horizon is dark with the rising cloud; already it is larger than a man's hand. Shall it vanish harmless into nothing, and leave our sky bright as ever, or shall it rise, and darken and lower, till the whole heavens have gathered blackness, and the storm is full upon us?"

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. JACOBS' DEATH—REMARKS.

In the "Christian Watchman" of May 28th, 1836, appeared the following notice.

"Last Sabbath morning, the Rev. Bela Jacobs, pastor of the Baptist church in East Cambridge, was taken from us in a manner truly distressing. Mr. Jacobs still lived at his residence in Cambridge-port, which rendered it necessary that he should ride to meeting. Mrs. Jacobs was with him in the carriage, and they arrived at the meeting-house in safety; he had just driven up to the steps of the church, and, having dropped the reins, was about getting out. At this moment the bell, having been set, again struck, and so frightened his horse, that he sprang forward and ran furiously, bringing the chaise in contact with the corner of a building near the church. The head of Mr. Jacobs struck against the building, which produced a fracture of the skull, and he survived only about one hour. It is unnecessary for us to describe the gloom which this sad catastrophe has cast over the town and city. It is, however, mitigated by the encouraging prospect that Mrs. Jacobs, though seriously injured, will be restored to her accustomed sphere of usefulness, amid the circle of her Christian friend-

ships, and to the bosom of that dear family which has been nurtured by her maternal care."

Of those who read this notice, many, doubtless, gave it not a second thought; some who knew the subject of it, felt interested for a time, and a few mourned as they missed him, day by day; but who could estimate the bitterness of wo which this event had introduced into five young, and till then, happy hearts, or fully sympathise with the sorrow of their beloved and suffering mother?

Having completed the extracts from my father's journals and letters, I shall now address the reader in my own person, while I give the few remaining particulars of his life. As I have aimed at making him his own biographer as far as possible, selecting those extracts which seemed to me, at once, best to express his character, and continue the history of his life, I shall now mention briefly, some of his tastes and habits, hoping to meet with the same indulgence while fulfilling this part of my duty, which I trust has been accorded to the very few remarks I have judged it necessary to make for the purpose of connecting the narrative already given.

On the 23d of August, 1835, my father became the pastor of the second Baptist Church in Cambridge. To this new people he devoted himself with his characteristic energy during the remainder of his life. As the distance was very trifling, only two miles, and as we were all connected with the First church, we did not remove from our home at the Port. My father seldom, how-

ever, went alone, but was usually accompanied by my mother once on the Sabbath, and by another member of his family on the other part of the day.

It will be remembered that this church was that of which his lamented friend, Mr. Weston, had been the pastor; and he used to say, that, occupying the pulpit of a man so eminently holy, he felt himself required to be doubly diligent in the performance of his duties.

His successor at East Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Hervey, says, "Though no extraordinary occurrences attended his ministry with this people, yet during the short period of nine months, there was an increasing interest in the congregation, and a growing attachment to him as a pastor and preacher." And well did he deserve this affection, by his untiring efforts to promote the best interests of his new charge. My father never made any attempts towards what is technically called, getting up a revival, but ever went steadily forward, imparting all the information in his power, and aiming at the gradual but constant improvement of his people in knowledge and holiness. He loved to preach, but was, I think, never more happily employed, than when teaching a Bible class. The study of the word of God was his favorite pursuit, and he rendered it attractive to others by his simple, cheerful earnestness.

While at East Cambridge he took great interest in his Sabbath School, at which he was usually present; and though he did not always address the school, yet it seems to me, the calm,

benevolent look with which he watched our proceedings, was of itself sufficient to encourage both teachers and pupils in the performance of their pleasant task. As from his connection with the Board for Foreign Missions, he possessed ample information concerning the various stations, he succeeded in exciting in the minds of his people a deeper interest in missionary operations than they had ever before felt. His was truly a missionary heart; and as he represented the toils and pleasures, the successes and disappointments of Judson, Boardman, Wade, and others, whom he had personally known, and painted the degradation and wretchedness of the heathen world, and then drew a rapid sketch of Burmah, civilized, Christian, and elevated; his eye would kindle and his words flow fast and warm; while his hearers felt that to them, too, it would be a joy to bear some part in so high an enterprise.

On the 20th December, 1835, my father preached all day, in his former pulpit at the Port. As this was his last sermon to this his much-loved people, I will quote his very appropriate text; "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain." 1st Corinthians, xv. 1, 2.

Since he had been at East Cambridge, he had been confined by sickness but two Sabbaths; during the winter of 35, 36, he had enjoyed tolerable health; but as the spring opened, he suf-

fered considerably from frequent attacks of spasmodic asthma. The last entrance in his handwriting in his text-book, is "May 15th, Sick." During the week succeeding, he was unable to lie down, and on the morning of the 22d was quite unfit to preach; indeed he made two ineffectual attempts to obtain a supply. When he learned the failure of the last, about twenty minutes before time for service, he smiled sadly, as he was slowly and with difficulty drawing his boots on his swollen feet, and said, "Well, there is rest in heaven." Had he known that these were to be his last words at home, could he have chosen better?

The text he had selected for the morning on which he died, was "Enter ye in at the strait gate;" but before his lips could pronounce it in the temple dedicated to the service of God, he had himself entered the city whose "gates shall not be shut at all," and wherein is "no temple; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the temple of it."

The circumstances attending his death, so sudden, so strange; the place, his own church-door; the time, the morning of the Sabbath; the immediate cause, the tolling of the bell; all excited great interest in this town and its vicinity. The sympathy and kindness shown us, though not then so much valued, when we only felt crushed and stunned with our sorrow, have since been gratefully remembered.

My father's last words were, as all his words had been, those of kindness and love. My mother recollects that he said, "We must go over, but

don't, my dear, be frightened." She heard then a crash as the chaise struck the building, and when she next awoke to consciousness, we were desolate.

"On Tuesday, the 24th May, Mr. Jacobs was interred. The funeral services commenced at 3 o'clock, P. M., in his church, which was filled to overflowing at an early hour. The Rev. Mr. Aldrich offered the first, prayer, Mr. Stow, of the second Baptist church in Boston, delivered an affecting sermon from Luke xxiii. 28. 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.'

"In his application of this peculiarly well-adapted text, to the extraordinary occasion on which his numerous auditory had assembled, Mr. Stow was very happy and faithful. His allusion to the escape and situation of the wounded widow, and his address to the orphan children, melted every heart."—*Chr. Watchman.*

There are three villages in the town of Cambridge, and with each is the memory of my father associated. In one he lived and preached, in the second he preached and died, and in the third he sleeps till the resurrection. He lies in the tomb of L. Farwell, Esq., to whose house he came first in Cambridge, and whose house has again received him, to wait there till this friend and brother shall take his place beside him.

My father had preached at East Cambridge rather more than one hundred sermons; the last was on May 8th; the text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Was not his death, too, a sermon?

Though not an accurate writer or speaker, his preaching had always more effect on the minds of his children, than the most able efforts of any other minister. This arose from our full and perfect confidence in his sincerity and piety: the more we studied, the more we revered his character; his was not a religion sometimes worn as a bright robe, and sometimes tarnished with spots, and disfigured by rents and unsightly patches; but a garment plain and simple always, and always pure and pleasing.

When, growing up from childhood, we sometimes remarked the inconsistencies and capriciousness of the professedly pious, and were almost ready to find fault with religion itself, which we saw so "wounded in the house of its friends," we were saved from this error by contemplating the character of our father, so kind, so gentle, so cheerful, and we felt that it was a desirable thing to possess the religion whose effects were so lovely in him.

There was one trait in his character, to which nothing that he wrote does justice, but which was eminently conspicuous in social intercourse. I mean his cheerfulness; whatever stiffness there might be in his writings, there was none in his conversation. At home, when perfectly at ease, he was always playful and entertaining without effort to himself, and without becoming tedious to others. His constant cheerfulness was the more remarkable, as being exercised while under the pressure of incessant disease; and frequently has some amusing remark called a smile from those who were watching his sufferings with painful interest.

The little room in which he sat to inhale the fumes of burning saltpetre, (the only thing from which he derived any relief,) he was in the habit of calling his "den." A gentleman who saw him on one of these occasions, began to express his sorrow at finding him so much distressed, and, not expecting an answer, his surprise was great, as my father, gasping for breath, shook his hand, and with a smile, said,

"What! beard the lion in his *den*,
The Douglas in his hall?"

He always loved to see all his family around him; the absence of one from his table or fireside, seemed to disturb his comfort, and the anxious inquiry whether sickness was the cause, was followed by a summons to the absent one, and the message that papa was waiting,—an irresistible plea. A sad look, or even the absence of the accustomed smile, was sure to be noticed by him, and he never rested, till he had, by his own cheerful ways, succeeded in winning all his household to be happy. He loved "the sunshine of kind looks, and music of kind voices."

He could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, but even then, the gentleness of his nature was evinced in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd," "singular," &c., applied; he asked and was told the name of the individual in question. "Yes," said he gravely, "she is

an odd young lady, she is a *very* odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular;" he then added impressively, "she was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend." The rebuke was not soon forgotten by those who heard it.

He rarely punished his children; his own evident, unaffected grief at any wrong committed, was usually sufficient to deter from what was so certain to grieve one so tenderly loved. On one occasion, however, I remember a serious instance of disobedience; the children were all called into his study, and when he had, with tears, expressed his sorrow at his child's misconduct, he knelt, and putting his arm round the offending one, he implored the Father of all, to forgive a child who had broken His commands by refusing to obey her mother. That child never forgot that prayer, nor would the most stubborn heart have refused to repent of a sin, punished, not in anger, but in such sorrowful affection. Penitence was expressed before leaving him, and his kiss seemed to seal her forgiveness on earth and in heaven.

When tired, my father always wished for music, and few evenings passed when he did not have some of his children play for him. He had himself a pleasant voice, and could sing the air and bass of almost any tune he had heard. At evening prayers, he usually had a hymn sung; and there are some hymns which to us are hallowed by his fondness for them; one beginning,

"While Thee I seek, protecting power,"

he always had sung to the tune called "Brattle St." Another favorite, was Kirk White's hymn —"The Star of Bethlehem," to which he had appropriated the Scotch air of "Bonnie Doon." "Arlington" was set apart for the hymn commencing,

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,"

and "Auld Lang Syne" was made sacred to us, as we sang it to

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies."

I think our only other common hymn of an evening was,

"The day is past and gone."

which had a Methodist tune of its own. Well may we say, "music is sorrowful, now he is gone."

His favorite recreation in summer, was the cultivation of a garden; to his trees and flowers he came, when pained and tired with man, and man's selfishness, and was soothed. I think some of his best sermons were composed, not in his study with his pen and books, but while walking in his garden.

Cowper was decidedly his favorite author, furnishing him with mottos for all occasions. Next to Cowper, he placed Young, whose "Night Thoughts" he was very fond of reading. The winter evenings, when he had no engagements, were devoted to the instruction of his children;

then the books were brought; the lessons reviewed; all kinds of questions were discussed, and stories were told. Oh! no evenings ever passed so pleasantly as those. Few know—why do I say few? none can know the loss we have sustained; to his children, he was guide, counsellor, friend, play-fellow, every thing. His presence ever gave additional enjoyment to the social circle, his absence for a day even was regretted. Perhaps there was more tenderness mingling with our feelings for him than is usually the case; he was so often sick, he was so dependent on others for attention and comfort, and we were so accustomed to minister to his wants, that with the reverence we felt for him as our father and our pastor, there was a touch of care for him, a watching over him which endeared him to us beyond expression. We felt how necessary we were to him, and we loved him the more for his ill health, and frequent helplessness.

I have not attempted a regular analysis of my father's character; for this I refer the reader to the "Sketch" by the Rev. Mr. Sears. I have only wished to convey some faint idea of that loveliness of disposition which threw such a charm around his home.

Had his papers been of a literary or scientific character, their arrangement would have been entrusted to other hands than mine; but being as they are, the daily jottings down of religious feeling, or the unstudied record of familiar things, I fancied whatever of interest they might have to his friends, would not be diminished from the

fact, that a daughter's hand presented them. But if, by my awkwardness, I shall in any degree have lessened the respect entertained for him while living, or the affection in which his memory is held, I shall feel that I have been laying unholy hands on the Ark of God. S. S. J.

Cambridge, May, 1837.

ON THE DEATH OF REV. B. JACOBS.

From the Harvardiana, for June, 1836.

"Lay the form once loved and cherished
In its chamber dark and deep;
And the hopes that with him perished,
In the cold clay let them sleep:
And the earth shall slumber lightly
On the heart no love could save,
And the dew that falleth nightly,
Shall be tears above his grave.

"But the hearts that now are cheerless,
Who shall be their earthly stay?
And the eyes that once were tearless,
Who shall wipe those tears away?
Hopes there are, shall softly brighten
E'er the mourner's saddened eye,
And a ray the heart shall lighten;
'T is a day beam from on high.

"All that clogged the living spirit,
To its clay we give once more;
But the soul it did inherit,
Hath its home beyond our shore.
Every link that now is broken,
Closes in that brighter home;
Every tear-drop beams a token
Of a cloudless joy to come."

H.

The following lines express some of the thoughts with which we attempt, sometimes alas! how vainly, to console ourselves for the *manner* in which my father was taken from us. They are inserted here at the request of a friend.

S. S. J.

" Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast:
He heard the call, and rose with willing feet."

Death to the Christian—'tis a glorious thing,
From earth to flee away, and be at rest,
Where sin no more can its cold shadow fling
Upon the soul—to be forever blest
In life, and love, and joy, and endlessly
To worship God from pain and sorrow free.

Death to the Pastor—He who others fed
With words of truth, and purity, and love,
Beside still waters now himself is led
By the Great Shepherd, in the fields above;
A crown of glory resting on his head,
In the bright regions of the blessed dead.

Death of a sudden—ne'er to know the grief
Of separation, from the loved and left;
He did not fall as falls the dying leaf,
Lingering as loth to leave its stem bereft.
Surely 't was better with one rapid bound,
Springing from earth, to reach the heavenly ground.

Death on the Sabbath—to lay down the clay
That cumbered him; then fetterless and free,
On wings untried before, to mount, and be
Forever with the Lord; and, on the day
Which Jesus made the holiest of the seven,
To leave the church on earth for that of heaven.

Glorious the change—'t was his. 'T was his the song
Unmixed with tones of earth, to hear and sing;
Bowing, amid the crowned angelic throng,
'T was his, fresh joy to heaven's courts to bring;

For a new voice was heard before the throne,
Another harp gave forth its joyous tone.

Death by the house of God. Ah! it was meet
That holy man should die on holy ground,
Though at the threshold stayed his entering feet,
Though in his sacred desk he was not found,
He, looking upward, saw he already trod,
The living temple of the Eternal God.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER

OF

REV. BELA JACOBS.

BY PROFESSOR BARNAS SEARS, OF NEWTON.

In all biographical sketches, the exhibition of character is a principal course of interest. In the case of the character before us especially, there is less of incident than of character to attract attention. The l e of Mr. Jacobs is interwoven with no great political events, to lend it a charm; with nothing in the progress of science, and letters, to awaken the curiosity of the learned;—with no marvellous adventures; it presents the quiet scene of a Christian pastor's labors, where the unobtrusive virtues alone, shining purely by their own lustre, grace the narrative. But though the foregoing memoirs are destitute of that glare that dazzles in the fortunes and vicissitudes of men distinguished more for greatness than for goodness; they have the more solid merit of exhibiting a character, which, if studied, admired, and imitated, as it deserves, would remedy some of the worst evils of the present times, and revive some of the most sterling virtues of the past.

Mr. Jacobs was trained in the practical school of our fathers, and was among the few remaining specimens of ministerial character, formed by the writings of Fuller, and the example of Baldwin. Our rising ministry is furnished with a greater amount of critical learning, and trained to more exciting, if not to more efficient modes of action; yet we linger with delight upon the remains of a former generation, and indulge in heart-felt sorrow, when we think that its peculiar virtues, simplicity, discretion, and noiseless activity, are already sensibly diminished among us. Though we do not, upon the whole, desire, that the wheel of revolution should roll backward, we could wish that the practical good sense, the modest worth, the unfeverish zeal, and the disinterested policy of the fathers of our New England churches, might be ingrafted upon the schooled wisdom, and mechanical energy of their sons. We believe that the contemplation of such a character as that of the lamented Jacobs, would be salutary both to inexperienced pastors, and candidates for the sacred office, and to the religious community in general.

In giving a view of his character, we begin with a few words upon his intellectual powers.

He was a man of sound understanding. He had no shining qualities of intellect, but possessed a large share of common sense. He was more Roman than Grecian in the order of his mind; had more practical sense than genius. Moral reasoning interested him most as intellectual exercise; and in treating subjects of this nature, he always manifested a shrewd, discriminating mind.

His *judgment* was decidedly the predominant power of his intellect. He was clear-sighted, and penetrating, and seized with masculine energy upon the essential points of a question. It was upon *principles* that he fixed his chief attention, and was, therefore, pretty sure in his conclusions. In the exercise of his judgment he was independent; his judgment was his own, and founded on the nature of things, and from its decisions, the turbulence of popular opinion could not move him. But he was not one of those who are blinded by their own ingenuity. A sentiment was none the better for originating with himself. Truth weighed more with him than originality. Just views, however simple, or common-place, charmed him more than novelty.

As to his taste, he was pleased with simple beauty in every form. Without any pretensions to being a connoisseur, he was a good judge of poetry and eloquence; and in works of art could easily distinguish between artificial ornaments and natural beauty. In his reading he was select, choosing rather to read a few standard authors frequently, than to range at large, through works of various merit. Cowper was his favorite poet, and was almost as familiar to him as the bible. Fuller was his divine, and Campbell his biblical critic. With the manly sense, just views, and elevated feelings of these writers, he had a natural sympathy; and their works, "ten times repeated," were still read with new interest.

But the highest excellencies of his mind were

of a *moral* nature. In natural talent, he had many equals; in intellectual culture, many superiors; but in moral worth he was pre-eminent.

Strict integrity was among the brightest of his virtues. He had an honest heart; and with him, a sense of right and wrong was authoraitative—principle was sovereign. No man who knew him, ever feared, that he would not have courage and firmness to stand by the decisions of his conscience. He acted with a confidence that what was right would sustain him, and though kind and conciliating in manner, he did not feel himself at liberty to tamper with the dignity of truth for the sake of pleasing others.

Yet, few men knew better than he how to distinguish between settled principles and probable views of truth or of duty. He was eagle-eyed in discovering the desertion of a principle under the disguise of expediency; and his adherence to it was never the obstinacy of a stubborn will, but the virtuous tenacity of a conscientious mind.

Next, if not first among his excellent traits of character, was his *modesty*. He entertained no lofty views of his own importance, made no claims to distinction, envied no man's talents or honors. His meek and quiet spirit secured him against the fermentations of an unholy ambition. His desire was not so much to occupy a conspicuous station, as to adorn an humble one. But this feeling did not spring from a mere tameness of disposition. It was a pure and lofty sense of moral dignity, which made him look down upon petty strifes for worldly distinction,

as unworthy of the Christian name. He never put himself in the attitude of receiving flattery from his friends, never indulged a vain curiosity respecting the opinion entertained of his public performances. Such methods of gratifying a grovelling passion, were utterly abhorrent to his nature. His vanity did not betray him into indirect self-commendation, by recounting how many had been converted under his ministry, or how a church or congregation had prospered under his care. While he readily acknowledged the goodness of God to him in these respects, (for which he had great occasion,) he dwelt with more pleasure on the success of others, and esteemed others better than himself.

Though his *generosity* might be inferred from what we have already said, it was so important a feature of his mind, as to deserve particular notice. His feelings were instinctively noble and magnanimous. Nothing was farther from him than sullen disaffection, when things did not go to his mind. His importance was not shown by embarrassing others, if they would not consent to his views. He knew nothing of the selfishness of seeking to build up his own church, or society, at the expense of the general good; but was ready to make sacrifices at this point, if the interests of religion required it. If the formation of a new church in his vicinity would diminish his own, or require much labor from him in its early struggles for existence, the generosity of his nature, no less than religious principle, determined his mind at once to choose the nobler course. So, in considering any public

measure, his inquiry was not how it would affect him personally, but whether it would best promote the cause of truth. He was equally generous in giving and in receiving ministerial aid, being neither parsimonious in the one, nor greedy of the other. The great law of reciprocal kindness exercised sovereign control over his conduct; and his life exemplified, better than words can show, the inestimable value of a noble spirit in a minister of the gospel.

He was as *affectionate* as he was generous. He was cordial and sincere in his friendships, and was never suspected of forming them upon mere policy. He felt a fraternal interest in the happiness of the families under his pastoral care. With the afflicted, he sympathised with unusual tenderness. When he preached, it was with a mixture of pious zeal and personal affection, which gave a peculiar charm to his ministry. Strangers could not fully appreciate his worth, for it was not all on the outside; nor could they easily understand why his discourses were so relished by his flock. They did not know what a capital point he had gained before coming into the pulpit, by getting every heart in his possession. *Goodness* has here a power beyond what talent can give.

He was uniformly *cheerful.* He was lively, and even playful in his conversation, but without levity; and was grave without moroseness. There was, in him, a rare union of sobriety and cheerfulness. Equable calmness and serenity of mind, in which hope was predominant, were the most striking characteristics of his piety. His

natural vivacity did not forsake him in his frequent and protracted sufferings. Where most men would have become a prey to melancholy, he continued to wear his accustomed smile; and gentle sallies of innocent humor purified the atmosphere of his mind from noisome vapors. He was a delightful fire-side companion, and was a welcome visiter wherever he went; but his society was nowhere enjoyed with a keener relish than at home.

We might mention here, his love of order, which he manifested in everything,— in his discourses, in his pastoral visits,—even registering the names of the pious and serious in each family,—in regulating the affairs of the numerous benevolent societies which he originated: and, in general terms, a certain harmony of character, which made him always consistent with himself, a regular adjustment and balance in the powers of his mind, so that from a few cardinal points the rest might be deduced by inference; but we must drop this delineation of individual qualities, and proceed, though at the hazard of some little repetition, to present the man as he appeared in the complexity of his character in different spheres of action.

His virtues were best known, because most constantly exercised, *at home.* In his disposition cheerful, in his temper even, in his affection tender, in family government mild and conscientious, and in every religious exercise cordial and attractive, he threw a charm around the whole scene of domestic life, rarely witnessed, even in Christian families. He was not a business man,

and very naturally attached less importance than such men do, to strict business habits. In training his children, he was, therefore, mainly anxious to render them intelligent and virtuous, and to lay the foundation of their usefulness in intellectual culture and moral habits.

As a *pastor*, he was true to his character. There was nothing convulsive in his piety. He did not attempt, by terrific representations, to alarm his people, and to press them into the kingdom of heaven by a tempest of impassioned feeling; but he aimed, by a uniform method of calm discussion and tender expostulation, at a constant accumulation of conviction. He would sooner err from excessive caution, than from rashness. But this kind of cautiousness may easily be carried so far as to become dangerous. With him, however, a genuine and deep concern for souls, restored the balance, and secured the existence of a *warm*, as well as *rational* piety.

His fostering care extended to all the wants of his flock. His policy was, to enlist every member in some religious enterprise. The young were taught to enter into all the great designs of benevolence connected with the growth of Christianity, and were assiduously instructed in the fundamental principles of the gospel, and thus prepared to be its champions and supporters. If his designs and plans were not always carried into execution in their full extent, it was owing, not so much to a want of energy, as to the interruptions of incurable bodily disease.

In his intercourse with the world, he maintained the dignity, and secured the respect, due

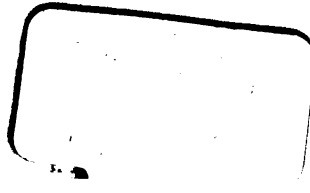
to his profession. He cautiously guarded against every impropriety, but was at the same time not only kind and affable, but perfectly frank in his demeanor, free from all affectation of consequence or gravity, and in his conversation highly companionable and engaging. He enjoyed the confidence and personal regard, of many, whose religious views were totally opposite to his own. No man was more guarded against giving offence, or had fewer personal enemies. He was opposed to the practice of those whose zeal leads them to direct personal address with every individual, believing it better to prepare the way for future usefulness, than to run the hazard of leaving a prejudice. It is exceedingly difficult to hit upon the right measure of caution here. If the abruptness of imprudent zeal, by wounding the delicacy of the refined, lowers the respectability, and weakens the influence of one class of ministers, extreme caution and civility as certainly unnerve the bold and direct energy of another class. Mr. Jacobs generally preserved the due medium; if he erred at all, it was in being occasionally too indirect in religious conversation.

In the *pulpit*, it must be confessed, that with a considerable diversity of subjects, he had a sameness of manner. This defect has justly been attributed, in a great degree, to the power of an almost uninterrupted illness in cramping the natural activity of his mind. It might be added, that, in the art of sermonizing, he followed his professed guides too faithfully. It may well be questioned, whether we have, upon the

whole, been benefited by the artificial moulds that have been so liberally furnished us for running up the materials of our discourses. A uniform manner, though it be the best in the world, does violence to nature, cuts off all opportunities for the agreeable surprises of novelty, and makes variety itself wear the garb of sameness. We could wish that Mr. Jacobs had consulted himself more, and his books of directions less. But he was not wholly a slave to system; far from it. He was, by nature, too independent for this. Still, in the pulpit, he cannot be said to have had a commanding greatness. He was orderly, pleasing, spiritual, and in the best sense of the word, edifying. Above all, the amiable spirit which was breathed into his discourses, the sweet accents with which they were uttered, and the unadulterated simplicity and purity of every sentiment that dropped from his lips, enabled him to come directly to the heart, and touch the sympathies of his beloved flock.

In our *benevolent institutions*, the influence of Mr. Jacobs was extensively felt. From the beginning, he was conscientiously their warm advocate and firm supporter. The same enlarged and correct views, which enabled him to foresee the results that we now witness, made him a wise counsellor, and skilful manager. Here his worth was greatest. He was formed, by nature, to act in a deliberative body; not, indeed, to occupy the front rank in devising and proposing measures; but he belonged to that class of men, who, though never placed at the head of affairs by any change of organization, are, for their sub-

stantial service, needed as a part of every one. The solidity of his character and soundness of his judgment in weighing the proposals of more elastic and brilliant minds, fitted him admirably to serve as a ballast to an agitated vessel. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise, that his name was eagerly sought to be placed on boards of trust, and that it was steadily retained, till a mysterious providence removed him, and created a vacancy simultaneously in them all.

Such was the character of the man, whose useful career, for a long series of years, during the most important period of our history, as a denomination, contributed largely to our present prosperity; who was loved and prized by the choice spirits who were his associates in labor and counsel; whose excellent clerical deportment was salutary as a model to the younger ministers of his acquaintance; whose spirit, while living among us, exhibited to all the genius of Christianity; and whose noble example, now that he is gone, is like another star, fixed above us, to attract by its sweet influences our uplifted eye, and to increase the pleasure of contemplating our heavenly home.

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